WEEK ENDING DEC. 3, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for

"Hands on Hips—
one-two-three-four!"

Leslie Thrasher

In this Issue

A TRIP SOUTH *by* RUDYARD KIPLING

Lifetime pen, $8.75

Radite pencil, $3.25

Lifetime pen, $8.75

Titan pencil, $4.25

Jade is Sheaffer color

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

The ideal gift is a jade pen with the little white dot

The world has acquired the fountain pen habit. Every year *millions more* people are using them, in large measure due to the dependability and beauty of the Lifetime° pen. Always it is an infallible writing instrument, made of brilliant, staunch radite, capable of making three clear carbon copies. An aristocratic pocket decoration! And it is unconditionally guaranteed for a lifetime. It ought to solve cleverly many of your Christmas gift perplexities.

At better dealers everywhere

Onyx or Italian Marble Lifetime Desk Fountain Pen Set, $11

Blue Label Leads 15 cents

SHEAFFER'S

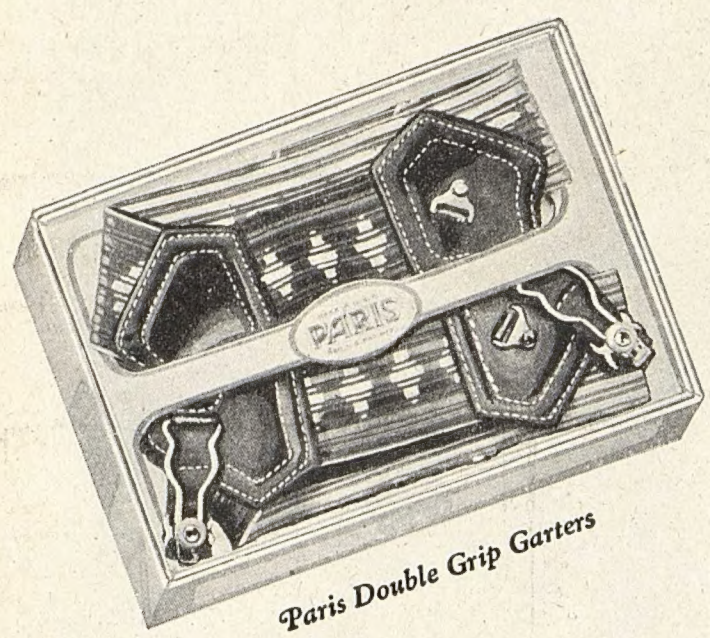
PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.
New York · · Chicago · · San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. · Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St., W.
Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · London—199 Regent St.

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PARIS

Gifts of Friendly Remembrance
In beautiful holiday boxes



Paris Double Grip Garters

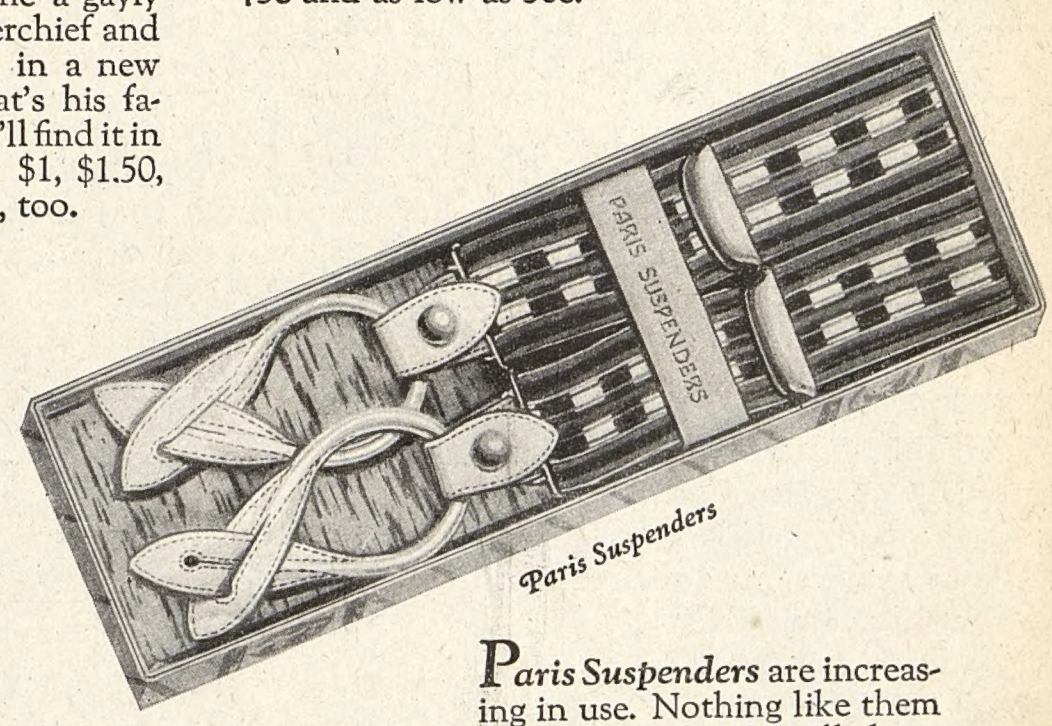
Paris Garters are always acceptable as gifts because of their utility—and of course, men prefer Paris. In handsome holiday boxes at no extra cost, these garters make ideal Christmas presents—especially for the informal remembrance. Put a pair on the tree for each of your menfolk and buy a few extra for last minute needs. New designs and new colors this year—most striking patterns that Paris has ever shown. The styles and qualities at 50c to $1 are particularly recommended. In both single and double grip styles.

Paris Garter and Arm Band Set

Paris Garter and Handkerchief Set

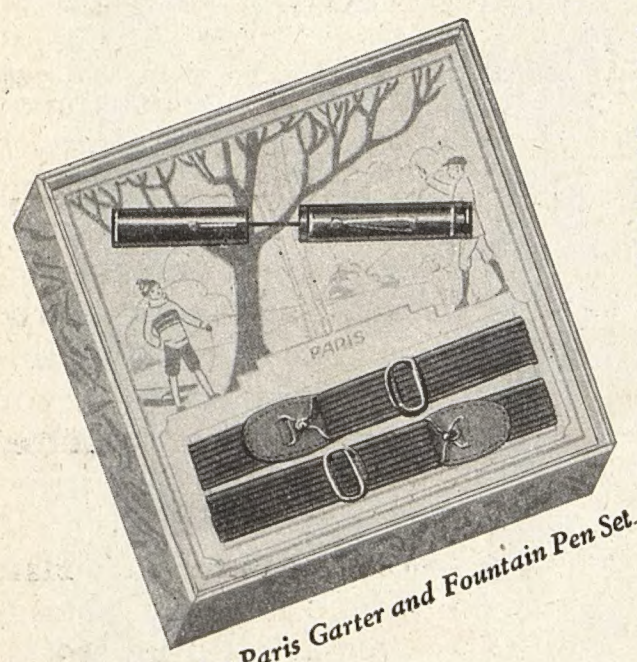
Paris Garters and Handkerchief—A rather new combination, and one that menfolk particularly like. The Paris single grip garters match in tone a gayly bordered handkerchief and both are packed in a new design box. What's his favorite color? You'll find it in this assortment. $1, $1.50, and lower prices, too.

Paris Garters and Arm Bands—made of matching elastic with satin trim—a most useful combination and one of our best values. A complete selection of new colors, in a new gift box. Priced at $1, 75c and as low as 50c.



Paris Suspenders

Paris Suspenders are increasing in use. Nothing like them for solid comfort! You'll please some man a whole lot with this thoughtful remembrance. Choose any color combination—Paris offers practically everything. Boxed, $1 up.



Junior Paris Garter and Fountain Pen Set.

For Boys—Something new and a big success—Junior Paris Garters in bright, live colors, packed in a special box with a red fountain pen, $1. Or garters and renewable lead pencil, $1. Garters and handkerchief to match, 50c.

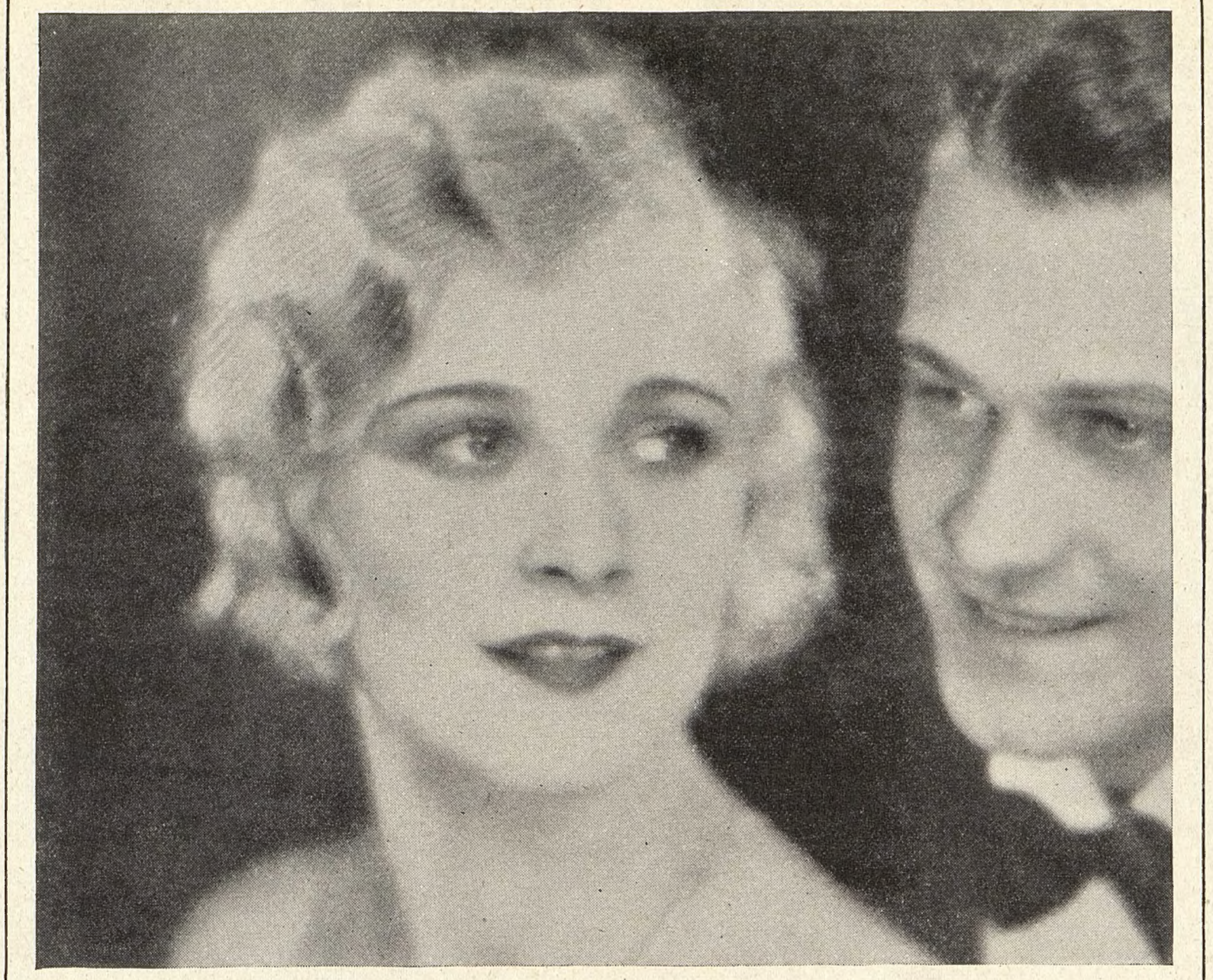
You Can Get These Gifts

at most good stores. Look for the special displays of Paris Christmas Presents. If you do not find what you want, send in your order direct, mentioning your dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1141 W. Congress Street, Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO

NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO



The *Safe* hair treatment for blondes

FREE—*Not only blondes, but brunettes, both masculine and feminine, are urged to try "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at our expense. Send this coupon for free trial size bottle. Do it now.*

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., Dept. L12-3
17 State Street, New York

Please send me a free trial size bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

Name _____
Please Print Name

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

© CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 1927

IF you long to transform your fluffy blond hair into the sleek golden crown that is fashion's favorite today, you can do it safely through the use of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Safely because "Vaseline" Hair Tonic won't stain or discolor or darken the hair in any way. It is a clear, colorless delicately perfumed liquid for use both on the hair as a dressing and for scalp massage.

To give your hair that flat, "high-lighted" look do this:

Pour a very small amount of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic into the palms of the hands. Rub them together to spread the Tonic. Then rub them over your hair. Finish by brushing vigorously. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic won't drag out the wave as the thick paste dressings do—it encourages your wave, protects it against dampness and gives the sheen and lustre necessary to turn blond hair into gold.

To treat the scalp do this:

Before each shampoo massage the scalp with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic till it is loose and tingly. Leave the Tonic on overnight and shampoo the next day. If you use this treatment each time you can wash your hair often without fear of destroying the natural scalp oils. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is easily obtainable at all drug stores. Buy it and *use* it.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DEC. 3, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4
No. 31

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

SOLDIERS' FIELD

Chicago has been discussing the name of the place where the Army and Navy played football last year, and where, more recently, Messrs. Tunney and Dempsey staged one of their attempts to determine which is the better fighter.

This is a fine, spacious area in Grant Park, close to the heart of the city, and surrounded by a stately structure built on Greek lines.

They were going to call it the Grant Park Stadium, which would have sounded well and meant practically nothing.

The Chicago *Tribune* urged that the name be Soldiers' Field. There had been a movement to make a war memorial out of a new bridge, but this seemed better.

Long ago, Harvard honored the memory of its Civil War dead by calling its athletic ground Soldiers Field. Here, Chicagoans agreed, was a good example.

So the name was adopted. At least, so nearly every one supposed.

But the secretary of the South Park Commission has been writing letters to the papers. He submits that the proper name is Soldier Field, and that there should be an effort to " establish the correct spelling in the mind of the public."

To this the *Tribune* replies that, whatever it is in the official records, it will continue to be Soldiers' Field in the *Tribune*. There is a dark suspicion among the editors that a clerk or somebody in the commissioners' office got it wrong. However that may be, it is suggested that the spelling be changed to conform to good sense, popular usage, and the peculiarities of the tongue accustomed to speaking English. Besides, the field is to commemorate soldiers, not one soldier.

The argument in Chicago is over that. But, in general, we recommend the name as a good one whenever any one wants to build an athletic field.

Simple names, preferably of Anglo-Saxon origin, are better than difficult Greek or Latin terms. Anglo-Saxon words are more familiar. We learn them earlier—a child's vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon. They come more easily to mind, and are more intimately associated with the things of daily life.

Such Greek and Latin words as stadium, lyceum, hippodrome, and amphitheater are grandiloquent, but their use is quite properly dying out. Field and house and hall mean more —and they are pure Anglo-Saxon.

The athletic field at New Haven, Connecticut, has an almost ideal name. Two syllables—Yale Bowl. Easy to say and easy to remember.

Most high-school and college students have read and forgotten Herbert Spencer's long essay on The Philosophy of Style. It is largely an argument for the use of plain, Anglo-Saxon words. Years after it was published, Spencer wrote that he found his own language was mostly Latin, and he was apologetic about it.

The tendency to use big words is a curiously common one. Young writers always run to pompous ways of expressing themselves. Only skill brings simplicity. Most literary masterpieces are perfectly intelligible to children.

So we like simple names for public places. And there is no better name for an athletic field than Soldiers' Field, a name that in itself suggests courage, strength, and endurance.

IN THIS ISSUE

Snitch.....By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN 7
Clearing up the mystery in the murder of a gangster's girl

A Trip South.....By RUDYARD KIPLING 12
The noted poet and author begins a series of sketches on a tour of Brazil

The He-Man of Hollywood.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 18
Fred Thomson makes a movie hit as Jesse James

The Clock Strikes Two.....By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER 21
A story of love and crime in a house of mystery (Part Two)

Ruth Roland Rolls in Royces.....By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 33
The story of how a serial queen ran $35 a week into $3,000,000

My Fight with Richthofen.....By A. ROY BROWN 40
The Canadian Ace bags three of the Red Knight's men and is shot down

The Amok Beat.....By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS 51
A short story of haunting terror

There's No Accounting for Tastes..... 53

Come On Out and Play.....By TONI, JR. 56
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

The Break of the Game.....By WALTER ECKERSALL 58
Psychology—Carnegie Tech versus Notre Dame (1926)

Why the Japanese Earthquake Did Not Destroy the Hotel Imperial.....By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT 61

The Doves of Sandona.....By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER 72
A comedy of Florida at its wildest, money at its maddest, and love at its tenderest

The Only Child.....By BRENDA UELAND 79
Discussing the advantages of having brothers and sisters

News of the World (p. 17); Cross-Word Puzzle (50); For the Love o' Lil (54); Bright Sayings of Children (54); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (55); Twenty Questions (67); Vox Pop (68); Food (71); Fashions (77–78). Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

REX BEACH has turned his witty satire against the fallacy that happy middle age for man depends upon a wasp-like waist. In FIT, FAT, AND FIFTY, between chuckles he strikes a blow against girth control that will bring cheers from the multitude of flesh-bearing males.

THREE STARS GLITTERED GREEN, a short story by ACHMED ABDULLAH, tells of a man who faced the problem of choosing between life and honor in a terrible night in the African jungle.

PRINCESS RADZIWILL, a former Russian noblewoman, in an article, WHY I PREFER AMERICAN MEN, has written an answer to one published recently in LIBERTY by MARJORIE OELRICHS, entitled WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICAN MEN? The former's view-point has been developed by a lifetime association with Continentals.

HOT TO MOLLIE, a short story by VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE, is the adventure of an American girl in Mexico City who, through pity for an under dog, got entangled in a romance that gave her the surprise of her life.

While John Nolan carried his mail-sack through Boston's streets fifty years ago, he little dreamed that his children would make him famous. But, of his brood of fifteen, one became the wife of a great actor, another of a great producer, and that's only a fraction of his true story told in THE NOLANS OF BOSTON, by EDWARD DOHERTY.

December 3, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 31

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is enclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice-President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

A Radiotron for every purpose

RADIOTRON UX-201-A
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UV-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WD-11
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WX-12
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-200-A
Detector Only

RADIOTRON UX-120
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-112
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-171
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-210
Power Amplifier Oscillator

RADIOTRON UX-240
Detector Amplifier for Resistance-coupled Amplification

RADIOTRON UX-213
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-216-B
Half-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-226
A.C. Filament

RADIOTRON UY-227
A.C. Heater

RADIOTRON UX-280
Full-Wave Rectifier

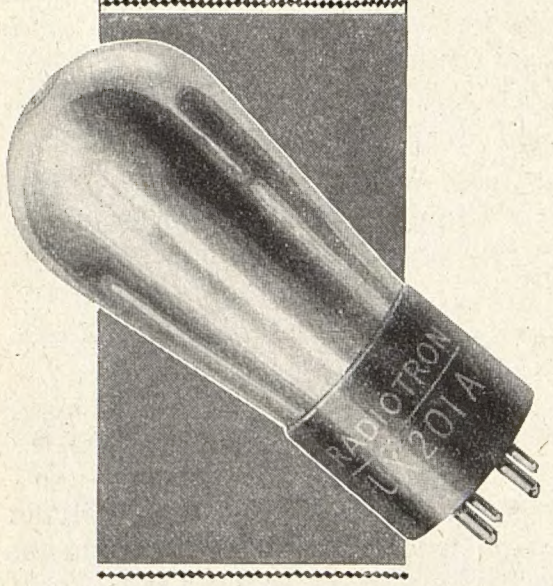
RADIOTRON UX-281
Half-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-874
Voltage Regulator Tube

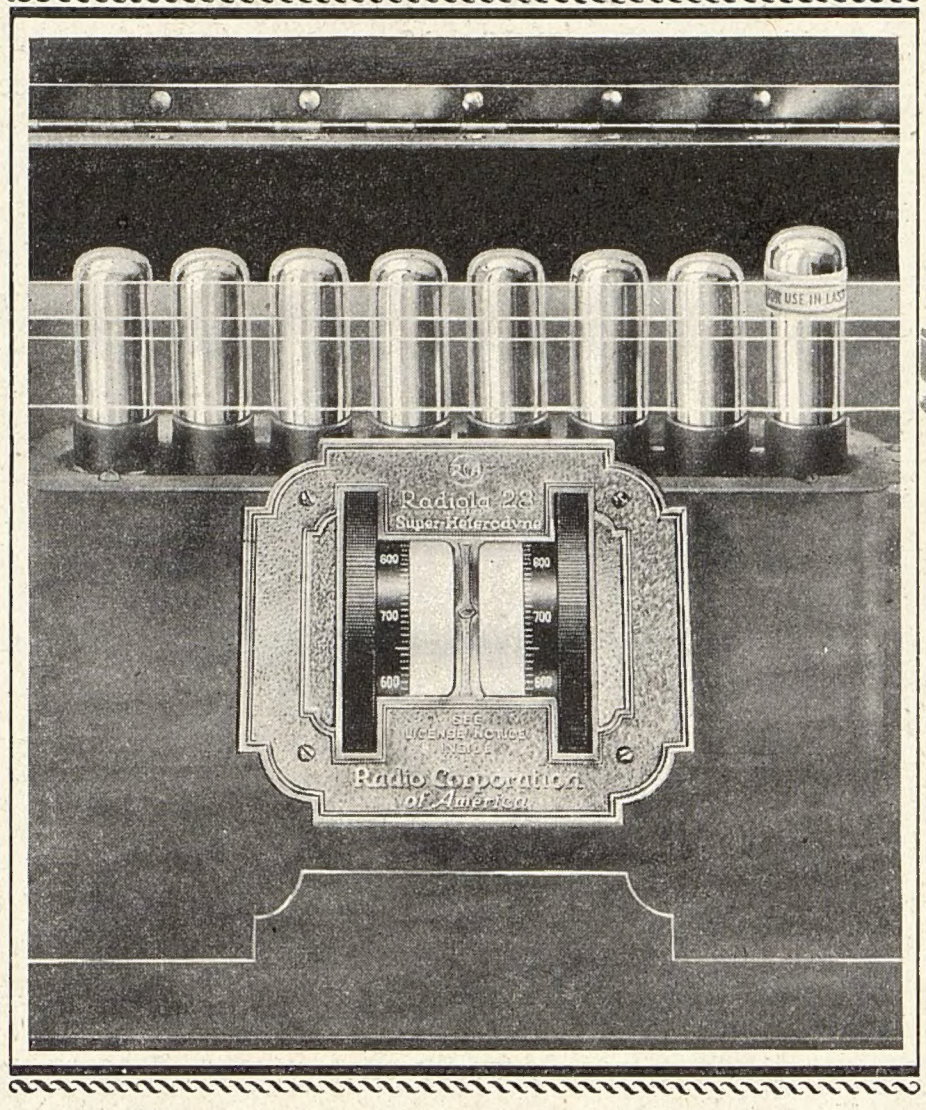
RADIOTRON UV-876
Ballast Tube

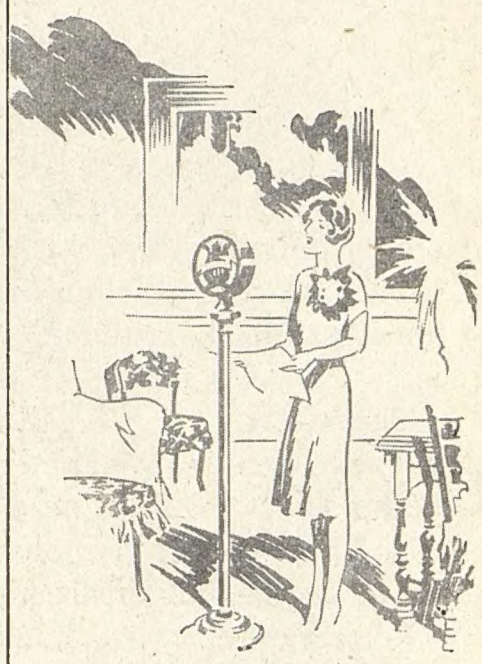
RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated



Look for this mark on every Radiotron





A radio set is as old as its tubes. Radiotrons throughout are the best insurance against tube troubles and the best guarantee of long life.

If the tubes do not work properly then nothing works properly. Many a set which was thought to be a hopelessly poor set has been put in first-class condition merely by installing Radiotrons. The Radiotron is the joint product of the engineers of RCA, Westinghouse and General Electric—the world's leading authorities on things electrical.

Don't use new tubes with old ones

If your vacuum tubes have been in use for a year—and *one* needs replacing—much better results will be obtained by *replacing all the Radiotrons.* Don't use a new tube with old ones.

To keep your radio set at maximum reproducing efficiency, *change all your tubes* at least once a year.

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

BLAM! blam! blam! goes Sarah's gun, and Big George falls. I and Ollie was in the hall.

Snitch

Clearing Up the Mystery in the Murder of a Gangster's Girl

A Short Story by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Pictures by RICO TOMASO

(Reading time: 26 minutes 30 seconds.)

I'M snitching, see? I'm blowing the works, Mr. State's Attorney. I didn't croak that moll, Ollie Bibb, and I ain't taking the rap for it. I'm turning up the people who are right for this job and a whole lot more. When you hear what I got to say about this gang war, you'll see how the papers ain't told the half of it. Bloody Williamson County? I'll say she's bloody.

Big George and his wife have skipped and let those Geltons lay it all onto me. Why, sure, you know um — Big George Truitt and that red-headed wife of his. It's all bunk what the papers say about a lot of the Truitt gang being left, and how Big George is coming back some day and knock off a few more of those Geltons.

He ain't *never* coming back, and how I know is, his wife won't let him. As for any of the boys being left—sa-ay, that's tripe. The Truitt boys is all wiped out or scattered. I'm the last one left in southern Illinois and that's a honest-to-God fact.

What if I am a snitch? I ain't a-going to be framed into the rope by Sarah Truitt, damn her. She bumped off Ollie Bibb herself to save that lousy husband of hers, and blew, leaving me to take the rap. Listen, Mr. State's Attorney: I know where they're at right this minute. I'm snitching, see? You wire the bulls in Portland, Oregon, to drop around to 219A Mason Street and pick up a couple that goes by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Minor. That's them and I can tell you how to put the finger on um.

Sarah Truitt's a tall, slim dame, and she looks like a million dollars, even if she does show her age a little. I guess she's forty now. She's prob'ly dyed her hair, so you won't be able to tell by that. But one of her eyes is blue and the other is brown. Is the steno getting this? Yep, the right one is brown and the left is blue. And she's got a little mole right where a dimple comes in her cheek when she laughs.

She ain't no ordinary gangster's moll, Sarah ain't. She's a swell dame from a respectable Southern family in Cromwell, Oklahoma, and before she took up with Big George she was a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SNITCH
Continued from Page Seven]

trained nurse. Talks swell educated, but tell the bulls to get her mad and she'll cuss. The best way to make her mad is to take Big George and give him a good pistol-whipping right in front of her.

George Truitt? Aw, you could pick him out with your eyes shut. You've seen him, ain't you? Well, tell the bulls to look for a guy that weighs about two-forty and stands six feet two in his socks. He's got black hair and black eyes and three gold teeth. He's a handsome—! Excuse me, miss. I'll cut out the cuss words. Anyway, the bulls can put the finger on Big George by his scars. A bullet creased him by the right temple in that scrap at Smith's Garage in Herrin. Johnny Turpin shot the trigger-finger off'n his right hand a couple of days after Glenn Young got killed. There's three slugs in his breather that he got during a set-to in Breathitt County, Kentucky.

BUT the one you've got to look out for is Sarah. She's a hell-cat, and so plumb loco over Big George she'd scratch a guy's eyes out. I ought to know. Didn't she frame me for that no-good dumb husband of hers?

That's what gripes me, Mr. State's Attorney. I ain't no angel, but I'm St. Peter alongside Big George Truitt, and I ain't never found a moll who would stick by me the way Sarah Truitt's stuck by that guy. Why, to save his hide she framed me. Framed *me*, when I was the only one of the boys who stuck to the last when those Geltons were a-fixing to massacree us all. They pretty near did, too. Women is funny. The worse a guy is, the nuttier they are about him. Well, Big George must have had a lot of dames nutty about him, in his time.

Look at the way he treated Sarah, too. Along about ten years ago Big George got bored in a gun fight at Drumright, Oklahoma, and they took him to a hospital in Tulsa. She was a-nursing there. Got crazy about him, see? Big George wasn't doing any marrying for no skirt, but she went off with him anyway. Pretty soon the no-'count bum gets into another scrap and they give him ten-to-life at McAlester. What does she do? She visits him in the jail, and just for damn meanness she unscrews a tap from a water faucet, puts it in a stocking, and slugs a jailer with it.

She could of got off, maybe, with peace disturbance—they wasn't so particular in old Drumright them days—but she up and pleaded guilty to assault with intent to kill. So they sends her along with Big George to McAlester.

Listen—I got this straight from a pal of mine that was doing a stretch at McAlester at the time—that red-headed dame raised hell. She would scream all night long and throw fits unless they let her see Big George.

Fin'ly they give up, and every evening when the men cons was in the walk-around they'd take her to a window on the women's side and let her look at Big George. She'd throw him a kiss and not make no more trouble. Sometimes he wouldn't even wave back.

Well, she done her year and six and was sprung. If I'd 'a' been in her place I'd of give Big George the air, after all the dirt he done her. I'll say this for her: even if she did frame me for killing Ollie Bibb, Sarah Truitt ain't a welsher. She went and worked and saved her money, and found a lot of witnesses to Big George's scrap, and showed the Governor how Big George only croaked the guy in self-defense. Pardoned him, the Governor did. He was sprung just before the mine riots in '21. They drifted up here to Williamson, just like a lot of Kentuckians and Oklahoma people done.

What the papers say, laying all these gang wars and killings down here to dagoes and bohunks, is tripe. The folks that has made the real trouble are guys like Big George Truitt, what got run out of Breathitt County after all his folks was killed in a feud. South Carolina bad nuts, Kentucky gun-fighters, Tennessee still-tenders—that kind has done the shooting in old Williamson. These Sicilian miners knife a guy occasionally, but that don't amount to nothing.

Big George got right into the killing. They tell me he was the guy that pulled a scab's ears off with a pair of pliers over at Herrin. I know he took a Burns dick out and pinned his badge through his cheek at Christopher one night. I was there.

Big George is hard. He'll hold matches against you. He crosses his bullets so's they'll make a big hole coming out—and I've seen him poison them. Just a no good— Excuse me.

Living with a guy like that, it ain't no surprise to me that Sarah got pretty hard herself. I ain't a-making no out for Sarah Truitt, Mr. State's Attorney. She framed me, damn her. But the way she handled Big George was funny.

One night a lot of us that had begun to trail with Big George was in Little Shake Wilson's place at Dowell.

"George," says Sarah, "I can carry more gin than you."

"Don't kid me," says George.

I could see a little shiny, glittering look in her brown eye. She shoved her hair back and reached for the gin bottle.

"George," she told him, "if I drink you down will you marry me?"

George like to bust a gut laughing at her. He says: "Sure; I ain't in no danger."

Honest to God, she pulled it off. She had George giggling and foolish in no time, and she didn't toss *her* drinks over her shoulder, like they do in the movies. She was cold sober, too. I guess it meant a lot to her, at that.

She was always bulling George into buying wedding-rings for her. Had a whole collection. Can you beat it? Seemed like she was crazier about wedding-rings than diamonds. George offered her diamonds, too, oncet in a while, when we had h'isted a bunch of tourists and made a haul. But she liked plain gold wedding-rings best.

George got so ginned up we had to hold him while the preacher was tying the knot. But they was married regular, see?

Then along come this gang war between us and those Geltons. It started after Orrie Thomas and Glenn Young got bumped off in Herrin and the Kluxers was run out of town. Larry Gelton and Big George was partners running whisky from New Orleans and Florida to St. Louis. They done a nice business, though they was paying three grand a week for protection.

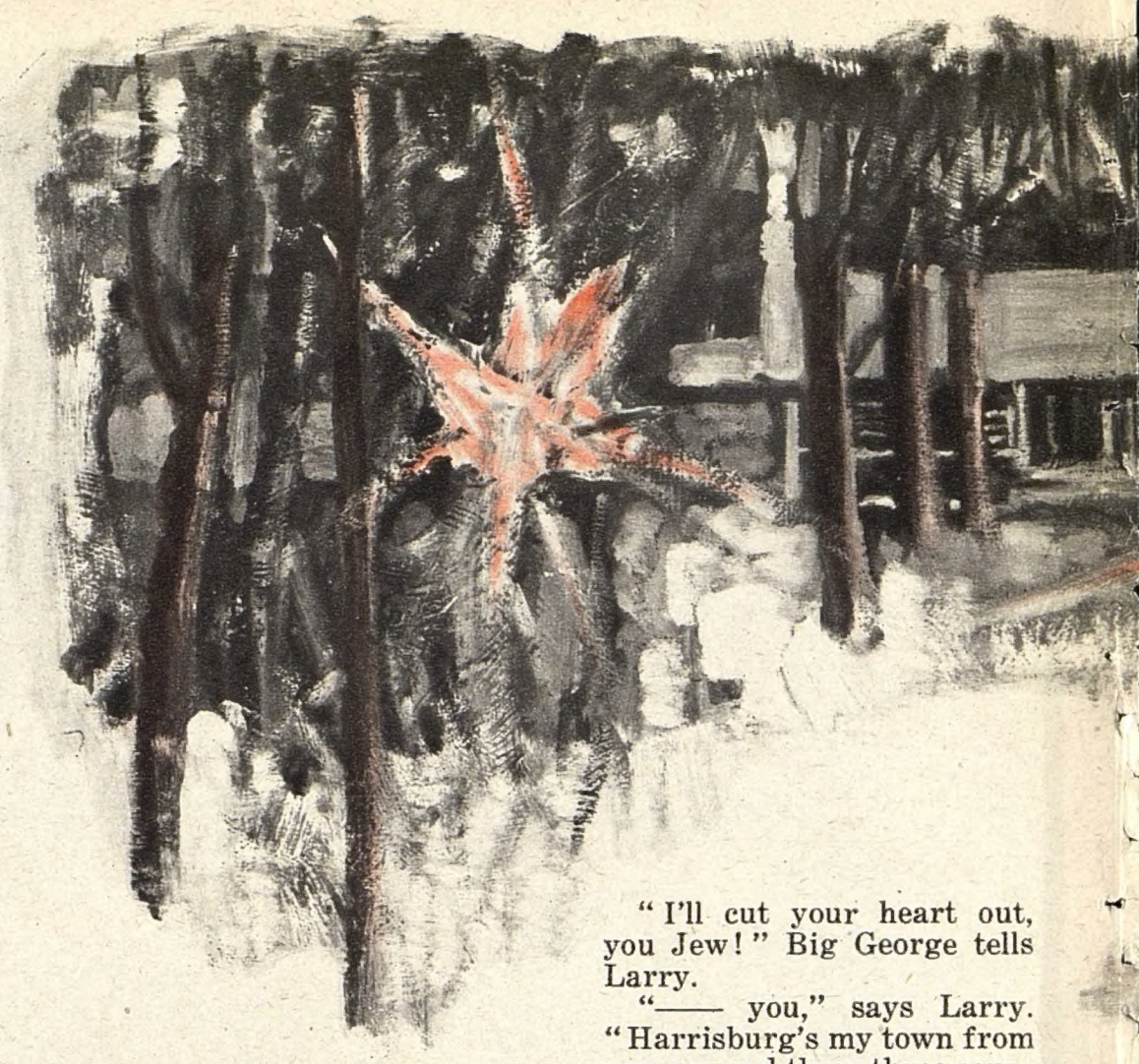
Who to? Sa-ay, I'm talking about the Ollie Bibb killing. I don't want to get hurt taking in too much territory. Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies.

BIG George and Larry Gelton busted up over a split, Larry claiming George's crowd hijacked one of his trucks. They had a row in the lobby of the European Hotel in Herrin.

They wasn't wearing their guns that night or they'd of killed each other then and there—though I guess only Larry would of got killed.

George is the rapidest man with a gun I ever saw. You'd better tell those Portland bulls to do their stuff quick.

Well, as I say, George and Larry cussed each other out. Everybody ducked, like they always do in Herrin when gun-fighters are talking loud in town. But there wasn't no shooting that night.



"I'll cut your heart out, you Jew!" Big George tells Larry.

"—— you," says Larry. "Harrisburg's my town from now on, and these three counties is my territory. If I ever catch you running hooch through here I'll turn a machine gun loose on you."

Fill in the rest to suit yourself, Mr. State's Attorney. They meant it all, see?

Larry Gelton is the kind that don't fight fair. Sarah Truitt was with George that night. She knew her dumb husband wouldn't be no match for Larry in a free-for-all regular war.

Big George's idea of a scrap was to walk down a street with his guns sticking out of his front pants pockets till he saw the guy he wanted in the right spot. Then, blam-blam!—and whoever shot last was ripe for a burying.

SO Sarah pushed between George and Larry and shook her fist in Larry's face.

"Don't pull none of your Jew tricks on my husband!" she yells, "Say the word and he'll shoot it out with you across a table right tonight. You can go to our room and I'll bring the guns. But you're not going to sneak around and hunt him on the sly."

Gelton didn't want any set-to across a table with as fast a hand as Big George. He just cussed George and Sarah and walked out.

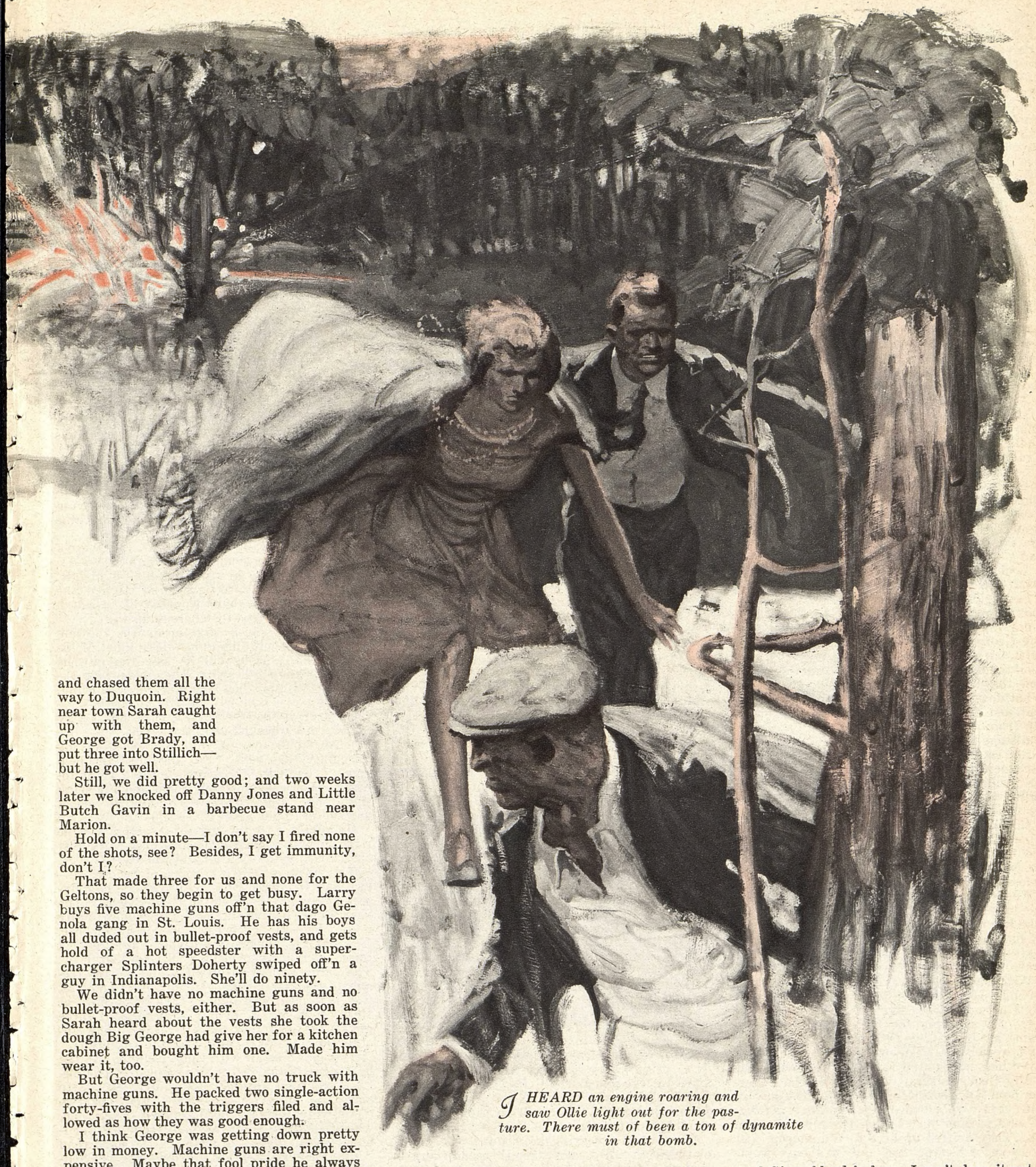
Talk about your gang wars! I been in several, but that was a pip. Big George had sixteen boys and those Geltons about twenty. The sheriff had three deputies, and no money to hire more. He didn't bother us none. He had sense.

We didn't take too much advantage, see? I guess you know that, Mr. State's Attorney. The killings was scattered out and not too frequent. The troops come in only oncet and that was just accidental like. Those folks down at Herrin has got so nervous, they think if three guys get killed there in one evening it's another riot and start yelling for the soldiers.

The odds was all with those Geltons. In the first place, Sarah Truitt made a heap of trouble. She squawked around and wanted George to leave the country. He had to give her two pistol-whippings to quiet her down. Even then, whenever George started out from his roadhouse—yeh, that's the place, on the hard road between Harrisburg and Marion—she was hell-bent to go with him. He fin'lly give up that much, and she used to drive his car.

I and Dan Rowan and Charley Butts and Wilbur Thompson generally was with um. About six of the other boys used another car. Both would do around seventy.

We caught George Stephen and Brado Stillich and Morris Brady—they was Geltons—out on the road near the Ashley Y one night,



I HEARD an engine roaring and saw Ollie light out for the pasture. There must of been a ton of dynamite in that bomb.

and chased them all the way to Duquoin. Right near town Sarah caught up with them, and George got Brady, and put three into Stillich—but he got well.

Still, we did pretty good; and two weeks later we knocked off Danny Jones and Little Butch Gavin in a barbecue stand near Marion.

Hold on a minute—I don't say I fired none of the shots, see? Besides, I get immunity, don't I?

That made three for us and none for the Geltons, so they begin to get busy. Larry buys five machine guns off'n that dago Genola gang in St. Louis. He has his boys all duded out in bullet-proof vests, and gets hold of a hot speedster with a supercharger Splinters Doherty swiped off'n a guy in Indianapolis. She'll do ninety.

We didn't have no machine guns and no bullet-proof vests, either. But as soon as Sarah heard about the vests she took the dough Big George had give her for a kitchen cabinet and bought him one. Made him wear it, too.

But George wouldn't have no truck with machine guns. He packed two single-action forty-fives with the triggers filed and allowed as how they was good enough.

I think George was getting down pretty low in money. Machine guns are right expensive. Maybe that fool pride he always was a-bragging on kept him from owning up he didn't have the dough to buy quick-shooters.

Sarah Truitt again, see? She used to get George's dough off'n him when he was pie-eyed, and sink it in a little hotel at Herrin. What would Big George ever want with a hotel? That's what we all said then, though later it came in handy.

Even at that, we would of cleaned out those Geltons, for all their machine guns, if Larry Gelton hadn't a-sprung this woman, Ollie Bibb, on us. Trust him to pull a trick like that!

She come prancing into the road-house one night after we had hijacked one of Larry's trucks and was all lit up on good Bahama booze. She must have had Chinese and Indian and Jew and Gipsy blood in her. I can't dope it out no other way. She was too mean to be just plain Jew or plain Chink.

Not that she wasn't a swell moll. Black hair, see? Slanty eyes. And she knew her stuff. Big George took a shine to her right off. Women ain't got any business mixing into gang wars.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SNITCH Continued from Page Nine]

It was bad enough with Sarah Truitt holding a hand; but Ollie made it worse.

I was expecting Sarah to claw the eyes out of the little devil the first time she kissed Big George. But Sarah just got white around the mouth and said nothing.

I walks over to Sarah, after George and Ollie goes into a room, and says: "This jane smells bad, Sarah. I think she's a Gelton moll. Let's give her a good beating and throw her out."

Sarah draws herself up and says: "Don't talk thataway about George's sister."

I know what I thought, but I didn't say it. I figured Sarah was playing her own game against this moll, and I didn't want to queer her.

Well, it didn't take long for Ollie to start the dirty work. The second night, a bunch of us went to a dance at Mom's Place in Colp, and Ollie give Sam Thomas a little loving.

Big George flew off the handle, and him and Sam bumped bellies in the worst scrap you ever saw. When it was over, we had to throw Sam down a mine-shaft near town. Sam was a pretty good boy, too, and a lot of us thought George went a mite strong.

Little things like that make the boys sore at each other, and don't do no good when you're fighting a crowd like the Geltons.

ABOUT a week later Hoghead Miller and Joe Reilly, two of the best gun-fighters in our outfit, got theirselves captured in a drug store at Marion by the Geltons. Damn fools! Went there without cannons on a hurry trip to get medicine for Hoghead's mother. How did the Geltons know it? I ain't a-swearing Ollie tipped them off, but I know what I think.

Well, around two in the morning Big George got a telephone call from Larry Gelton.

"You big dough-bellied blankety blank," Larry says, "you'll find your boys in a slough the other side of Okawville—if they ain't already sunk. We took um for a ride tonight, and let um try to run away from a couple of machine guns. If you ain't out of the country by Saturday night you'll get the same."

When George got through cussing he told me about it, and I says: "Ollie tipped those Geltons off."

He grabs me by the throat and says: "Don't you never let me hear you talk thataway again. Ollie's a nice little chicken."

I looks at Sarah, who was having a smoke on a di-van; but she pretends she never heard it.

A bunch of us got together and figured on taking the Bibb dame out and making her drink some hot oil. But we decided George was a-watching her too close-t.

We weren't scared of George, exactly. We reckoned we could burn him down before he got more'n two of us. But nobody was a-hankering to be that two. Making a die ain't so bad, but I ain't anxious to pass out in a gun-fight with George Truitt. Even if the other boys got him right afterwards, his ghost would still be there, and the minute it saw you it would be clawing you all the way down to hell.

Right after little Willie Todd got barbecued by the Geltons—they burned a shack down on top of him after catching him alone in the woods one night near West City—six of our boys beat it. I always will say Ollie Bibb made a date with that kid and let the Geltons keep it for her. I told Sarah Truitt so the same night.

"There's only five of us left, Sarah," I says. "If you don't get rid of that Bibb dame, we'll all get ours some night."

Her brown eye had a way of sort of catching fire, while her blue eye looked kind of froze, when she was sore. But she only tossed her fool red head and said: "George's own sister wouldn't do a thing like that."

I said something I won't repeat in front of this young lady that's taking notes; and with that Sarah clouts me one behind the ear. I'll say she had a punch on her.

When I got my head to quit buzzing, she had a little automatic in her hand, and says, tearful-like: "I'm sorry for that. But let me play this game alone, see?"

You know, I got an idea that Sarah was right kind-hearted underneath.

THINGS got to looking real bad a few nights later. Those Geltons hired a St. Louis red-hot with an airplane to bomb Big George's road-house. Big George and Sarah had suddenly took a notion that evening to go to a picture show over to Benton.

I was a-sitting in a corner of the bar, wondering why Ollie Bibb was a-playing with a flashlight outside. Homer Drew and Tony Padroni and Wally Rutts and a customer was in a pitch game in a back room.

First thing I knew, I heard an engine roaring, and saw Ollie light out for the pasture. I give a yell to the boys and took out after her.

There must of been a ton of dynamite in that bomb. It sounded like one of them things the Heinies used to toss at us in the Argonne. I was a block away when it hit, but it threw me nose first into a pile of corn-cobs and whisky mash.

The newspaper boys came down from St. Louis the next day, and had a piece in the paper about the charred remains of four unidentified bodies. I'll say they was charred. I picked out Wally Rutts by his belt buckle in the morgue at Herrin the next day. His own mother wouldn't of knowed him.

When Sarah Truitt heard about what happened, she got white and fell on her knees and begged Big George to blow the country. We was in the lobby of Sarah's hotel, across from the I. C. depot in Herrin. Me and George looked at each other. We was all that was left of the Truitt gang. I didn't say anything, but I walked over to the big front window careful like, and took a peek up and down the street.

There was a Gelton killer leaning against a telephone pole not twenty yards away.

"I don't guess we'll be leaving awhile yet," I says to George, jerking a thumb at the Gelton red-hot.

Big George gave a growl, kicked Sarah loose, took a squint at the red-hot, felt to see if his guns was easy in his pockets, and started for the door.

Picture by HARRY TOWNSEND

THEN along come this gang war with those Geltons. It started after Orrie Thomas and Glenn Young got bumped off in Herrin.

Sarah was game. She could stand a lot of punishment. She grabbed her no-good husband by the legs again, and he dragged her a few steps.

"You're not a-going out that door, George," she says.

"I'll burn him down," says George.

I don't know why I did it, but I took Sarah's part. I gets in front of George and says:

"Listen, you dumb blankety blank. Do you want to give Larry Gelton the satisfaction of filling you full of lead? He's got at least a dozen of his boys stashed in this town, and you ain't worth a-burying if you walk out that door."

George saw the point and give in for the time being. We got back out of sight in the dining-room—what few customers there was had skipped when George arrived—and talked it over.

It sure looked right ticklish. Sarah's hand was bloody where Big George had tromped on it, and she had a swell shiner on her brown eye. I told her if it had been on the blue eye it would look better. I'm a kidder sometimes. The only cheerful thing we could think of was that the Geltons wasn't apt to do no more bombing.

"We're too close to that bank," Sarah says, "and if they bomb us the vigilantes will turn out, thinking there's a bank job on, and the Bankers' Association will make trouble for that blankety blank Jew. Nope. They'll lay for George when he steps out. That means George stays right here."

Why didn't we appeal to the sheriff for protection? Sa-ay, Mr. State's Attorney, you ain't been in office long, have you? Folks that is good people in our racket fights their own battles. They don't go whining to the bulls. The sheriff and his three deputies wouldn't of done no good against the Gelton gang in them days, anyway.

Well, as I was a-saying, I looked at Sarah sort of curious. She seemed like she was right happy. Then I remembered we had shook the Gelton moll, Ollie Bibb. Sarah had George to herself again, though God knows if *that* was any gift. The way Sarah was nutty about George was a caution.

THE next five days in that hotel was just plain hell, Mr. State's Attorney. Nobody in Herrin knew that Big George was laying low or that the Geltons had him hemmed in. The Geltons didn't show any guns, but they was a-watching every rat-hole. Sarah guarded George in the daytime, and I stayed up at night. Hers was the hardest trick, because at night George pounded his ear and wasn't hankering to stray out and get bumped off.

Sarah had a time with that no-good bum, I'll tell the weeping world.

She kept him half drunk most of the time. She played the phonograph for him, and borrowed a radio set so's he could follow the Cardinals, and played checkers with him, and read him story-books. He liked sad story-books when he was stewed—yarns about dogs and horses and little kids dying and the like. He'd sit up in an inside bedroom with his six-guns in his lap, and cry like a baby over Sarah's yarns.

Me? I wasn't doing so well. I got so I took to sweating in the palms of my hands at night. There were so many doors and windows to watch in that empty hotel. I figured Larry would try to slip one of his Bulgarians into the place, with a knife to cut our throats.

I was funny. I got to be as bad as an old maid, looking under beds, and keeping my shadow off'n the windows, and jumping at every rat that run acrost the floor.

I damn near walked my legs off upstairs and down, with an automatic in each fist. Oncet I come within a trigger-pull of blowing a milkman's head off; and another time I nearly croaked Sarah, who had got up to get an iced towel for George's head.

The sixth day George got out of hand, and when Sarah wasn't looking he jumped out the door with his fists full of gat. A shot that he never heard or saw took him in the elbow, and he backed up, cussing.

Sarah nearly threw a fit when she saw him bleeding. He could of bled himself white for all of me. I was getting fed up with George, and figured I'd do a quiet fade-away that night.

But that night this lousy moll, Ollie Bibb, come back.

Sarah didn't want to let her in; but George shoved Sarah aside and give Ollie a hug and a kiss. Then they went upstairs to get drunk, laughing and carrying on.

"Sarah," I says, "I'll kill that dame for you tonight."

She looked pretty bad, but she said:

"No. He'll be contented to stay inside now —with her. He mustn't get shot. I'll stand for anything—you hear? Anything—if it saves him. If it gets him out of this town alive. Besides, I want to find out what her game is, this time."

Can you beat it? Some women carry this love stuff too far; that's all I've got to say.

"Listen, Sarah," I says, cold turkey, "she'll slip a knife into him one of these nights. She's a Gelton moll."

That took all the blood out of her face. Her red hair looked like it was turning white, too. She got herself a package of cigarets from the case in the lobby, and went upstairs.

I should of sloped right then. Beat it. Faded. Blew. See? But I stayed. I don't know why. A man does foolish things that he don't know why.

Well, the next morning Sarah walks into George's room after he had got dressed. She had a .45 automatic in her hand. I and Ollie was in the hall.

"George," she says, "this has gone far enough."

Blam! blam! blam! goes the gun. The Bibb moll gives a yelp and beats it out of the hotel.

I tried to say something, but I couldn't. There was George on the floor, and there was Sarah standing over him. She swung around on me, smiling-like.

"These guns have a kick like a mule. I've knocked all the wind out of George."

That bullet-proof vest, see?

"SEND for the coroner and the sheriff," she says. "I think, when I explain to them, they'll let me take George out of town in a coffin tonight. Wait! Hand me that syringe in the other room. I'll give him a shot to keep him quiet."

The sheriff and the coroner was sensible men. They were right glad to help Sarah get George out of town. They didn't want any more gun-fights in Herrin. The town was getting a bad name. The coroner signed a death certificate like a good guy, and the sheriff kept the crowd back, telling the newspaper boys that he had Sarah under arrest in a safe place.

Sarah didn't even have to pay for a coffin. The Bibb moll carried the word to Larry Gelton. About three in the afternoon a hearse drove up with a swell coffin and outside box. There was a note on the lid.

"Thanks, Sarah," it said; "you saved us the trouble." It was signed, "Larry."

We thought we had got rid of Ollie Bibb once and for all. But about supper-time she come back, all dolled up in a black suit and wearing a floppy black hat. She cried on Sarah's shoulder, and Sarah give me the wink.

If I had known then what I found out afterwards from a Gelton boy that quit Larry, I'd of kicked that Bibb dame all around Herrin. If I had only tumbled to the play!

You see, I found out afterwards that Gelton had sent Ollie Bibb back to make sure George was really dead. She had orders to make sure it wasn't a trick.

If George was really dead she was to pin a red carnation on her dress and sit in the lobby that evening while the casket was lying on a baggage-truck on the I. C. platform, waiting for the eight-forty train to Carbondale. If George was alive, that Bibb moll was to wear a white carnation on her dress.

Then those Geltons, heavy-heeled, was to ride slowly past in two cars and get the signal. If Ollie wore a white carnation, they aimed to let loose a burst of machine-gun bullets at the box on the station platform. If Ollie wore a red carnation, there wouldn't be no shooting. Larry was a superstitious kike, and he said it was bad luck to fire bullets into a corpse. White if he was alive; red if he was dead. See?

Of course, I didn't know all that, then. The hearse took George to the station, and I noticed that Ollie was studying the pine box right close-t. But she didn't say anything and she looked natural. She was a slick actor all right.

Ollie didn't have nothing on Sarah when it come to acting, though. Such caterwauling you never did hear. Sarah was the sorrering widder, and she blubbered all over the deputy's shoulder that was supposed to be her guard.

Quite a crowd gathered; but they got tired of looking at the box on the baggage-truck and went home to supper. Sarah and Ollie and me went back to the hotel to wait for the train.

Sarah kept her eyes on that box, while Ollie talked about how George had been a big brother to her and how sorry she felt for poor, dear Sarah. The deputy beat it, after telling Sarah it wasn't no use to escape.

"By the way, Ollie dear," says Sarah, after a while, "George had some diamonds he always wanted to give you. I wouldn't touch them for anything. Come on upstairs."

Ollie looked like she was suspicious; but, being a greedy little whelp, she fin'lly went upstairs with Sarah.

I watched the box acrost the street. It already was pretty dark and cold outside, and a bit of snow was falling. I wondered if Big George was getting cold.

Well, I heard Ollie and Sarah talking upstairs. Their voices sounded like they was quarreling and had the door closed. Muffled-like. I heard a low thud pretty soon—well, maybe it was an hour and a half, all told. Then— Now, get this straight, Mr. State's Attorney: it may sound fishy, but it's the honest-to-God truth.

Sarah come downstairs carrying this Bibb moll. She didn't say nothing to me, but carried her quick to a chair by the front window, and propped her up.

"My God, Sarah!" I says.

That big, red-headed woman walks over to me and jams her pistol in my gut. Her blue eye looked froze and her brown eye looked like a coal of fire.

"I got the truth out of Ollie," she says, "after I caught her examining that syringe we used. You sit here at this desk and pretend you're writing, as if nothing had happened. You'll sit here until the train leaves. Give me your gun. One false move and I'll come acrost the street and kill you."

With this she walks out the door as cool as you please, and acrost the street to the station platform, and stands by the pine box that had Big George in it. I was too dumb to move. There I sat by the desk, and there sat Ollie Bibb natural-like by the window, her big hat shading her face.

All of a sudden down the street come two automobile-loads of Geltons. They was carrying plenty of machine guns, what I mean. I tumbled then to why nobody had passed the hotel window and seen Ollie. When the Geltons rode into Herrin them days, nobody stayed on the streets. They lit out for the nearest cover.

The first car rolled by slow. I grabbed up a pen and commenced to write. The second car rolled by. Out of the corner of my eye I could see them giving Ollie Bibb the once-over. She didn't move.

The cars turned the corner and drove by the station platform. I could see the pine box white-like under the lamps in the snow. I could see Sarah Truitt standing alongside it.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the Geltons giving Ollie Bibb the once-over. She didn't move.

THE Geltons stopped and poked machine guns toward the box. Sarah, the damn fool, moved over so's if they shot, her body would be in front of the place where Big George's head was.

But they didn't shoot. They looked like they was saying something to her, and I could see her chin go up. Her head shook a little, like it always did when she was cussing somebody back. It's a wonder they didn't turn the machine guns loose at Sarah.

Pretty soon —it seemed like an hour to me, but it couldn't of been more than a minute—I heard their engines roar, and they drove off with gears in second, like the Geltons always do. I saw their tail lights on the hard road to Marion.

Then the train was there, r'aring to go. I swore at the damn baggagemen—they was so slow getting that box into the car. Sarah helped um. Fin'lly Big George was loaded on board, and Sarah ran back to climb into a coach.

Just before she disappeared she turned and waved a hand at me. Yeh, waved at me. Ain't that a nerve? Just as if she and Big George wasn't leaving me flat. Just as if she hadn't framed me!

I saw the tail light of the train disappear. Then I came to my senses.

Jumping up, I ran over to the window and looked at Ollie Bibb. Dead? Deader than a scab miner. Sarah had bored her right above the heart. There was a carnation pinned on Ollie's dress.

Sarah must of used it—and a-purpose, the hard-boiled she-devil, because there was plenty red ones right handy from the coffin—to sort of sop up the blood before she carried Ollie downstairs. I looked at that carnation pretty close.

It had been a white carnation—oncet.

THE END

Brazilian Sketches

I had some friends—but I dreamed that they were dead—
Who used to dance with lanterns round a little boy in bed—
Green and white lanterns that waved to and fro:
And I haven't seen a Firefly since ever so long ago!

I had some friends—their crowns were in the sky—
Who used to nod and whisper when a little boy went by;
As the nuts began to tumble and the breeze began to blow:
And I haven't seen a Cocoa-palm since ever so long ago!

I had a friend—he came up from Cape Horn,
With a Coal-sack on his shoulder when a little boy was born;
He heard me learn to talk, and he helped me thrive and grow:
And I haven't seen the Southern Cross since ever so long ago!

I had a boat—I out and let her drive,
Till I found my dream was foolish, for my friends were all alive.
The Cocoa-palms were real, and the Southern Cross was true:
And the Fireflies were dancing—so I danced too!

Copyright, 1927, by Rudyard Kipling in the U. S. A.

Picture by J. E. ALLEN
Maps by ERNEST CLEGG

A Trip South by

(Reading time: 8 minutes 30 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of Brazilian Sketches in which you see the beauty and glamour of South America through the searching, imaginative eyes of Rudyard Kipling. The genius that made his India familiar to all the world is again at work here.]

ONCE, in a child's dream, I wandered into a Fifth Quarter of the world, and found everything different from all previous knowledge, as only children or old folk desire it to be. Now, the dream has come true.

The South American boats are a world to themselves, more intimate and specialized than any other. Inquiries begin to be answered in Portuguese or Spanish, while we lie at Southampton docks; the ship's notices stand in both tongues; and the passengers do not in the least concern themselves with anything or anybody or any motive or policy that, till then, one had held to be important. Before our steamer began to shift the sun, all known centres of gravity had shifted, and were spinning on new bearings.

One companion of the way drew, by birth and inheritance, from the Falkland Islands, and knew that very woman who sent in word to Sturdee's people that the enemy were coming down not guessing that our ships were at hand.

He was used to circulate by boat among the firths and fiords of the islands, and by horse ("Saddle-bags, of course. There's no way of carrying a trunk.") inland across rivers of stone, and moors where no trees grow, and men fence in the wild sea-birds at nesting-time that they may better manure the pastures. This had been his father's life before him, and he loved it more than all his great possessions.

Other passengers inhabited beyond the limits of imagination—among the snows and fires of the Cordilleras; or in sweating forest concessions Northward where unknown rivers out of the hearts of unknown forests rise and drown unknown tribes whose bodies presently arrive, face-down, at the frontiers of civilization.

RUDYARD KIPLING

There were cattle-men owning flat and stoneless land by the hundred square league, through which railways run for ever and ever without a bend or a rise or a culvert to them. Their wives and daughters, and the families of the coffee-Princes, had, by the look of them, been in the Rue de la Paix till the last moment.

There were men also, with English and Irish names, as Southern as their Argentine wives, and their electrically quick children who used three languages at once in their play and went to bed when they felt sleepy, and not before.

As the blessed warmth brought back all the rules of right living—the light kit, the long drink, and the disregard of what manufactured clocks say up North,—men talked. Every man felt it his duty to point out that the place one was going to was not the place one ought to see, at any rate not at first. There were Inca cities and causeways, for instance, fifteen thousand feet up in the air, with copper mines (or was it gold-stuffed glacial deposits?) just beneath them. A mere picnic to reach.

But, said another, not to be compared with two hundred solid miles of high-grade Herefords, all going to be turned into beef-tea, and all accessible by luxurious Pullmans. Or did one desire cities as progressive as Birmingham, with Opera and Town Halls, and race-courses of limitless cost and size? Or still green worlds of coffee, or whispering, dark cocoa-nut plantations, where old houses were hidden beside old, old chapels, and one could catch a breath of what life used to be in the days of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A TRIP SOUTH
Continued from Page Thirteen]

the superb Brazilian Empire? Or suburban railways that corkscrewed themselves up the faces of three-thousand-foot mountains; or transcontinentals that rumbled nightly over the Andes, and fed you rather decently en route?

These things, and heaps more, were to be played with; and the men of the cattle, coffee, shipping, oil, rail, and all the other interests, said, and meant it, that they would give one a good time. But time was quite good enough as it came up day after day with the ripening warmth, under escort of squadrons of flying-fish always rounding to across our steady bows.

The Portuguese and Spanish emigrants taken in at Vigo and Lisbon, lay out on the foc'sle, and lived in the open after their easy custom. The life that they were going to, men told me, would be the same as that they had left, with the difference that in the South, they could become as rich as their talents justified. They had no difficulties to overcome; an Italian could pick up working Portuguese in a fortnight. Climate custom and language had apportioned those Southern countries for the Latin.

There were Basques, also; and that was a stock that did well. The present ruler of one of the great Southern Republics was, for example, pure Basque. And emigrants were needed. Did I realize?—Here they spouted figures of square mileage and population thereto, showing how many millions could be thrown into the illimitable South before it ceased to echo.

SOME of my informants used "South" specifically, because they said the North means the Tropics where men grow lazy; whereas the businesslike South is swept by Polar breezes and bucked up by frosty winters. To which the North replied in effect:—"Don't you wish you were like us? What would *you* give to be the Paris of the North?" and so on.

One got at these things easily as the days grew warmer, and more and more Spanish and Portuguese *lingua franca* crept into the talk, and the children's voices lifted themselves along the decks:—"Eduardo! *Ahora se! Do* look out you—you—*petit imbécile!*" Or, when it was necessary to suppress Eduardo further, in Portuguese:—"Oh, go away and plant potatoes!"

But my business was the pursuit of the Beautiful, and beyond a desire to hang Architects, I had never taken interest in Municipal buildings. The purple-blue sea pushed under and crowded back behind the ship; the sunrises without a shiver to them, when the day rules at once, full-born, everywhere; and the instant down-dive of night over the very head of sunset, had been forgotten too long for the soul's health. One had to catch up with them.

Then, one early morn, the ship stopped, and by consequence all the little drafts and breezes that run up and down her stopped too; and heat—the genuine heat of lands that have not "weather"—beat friendlily on the back.

It was Pernambuco, opening another jewelled day, with boats alongside where men sold golden and pink mangoes, and green parrakeets, every patch and flash of colour definite as enamel work; the whole backed by the concrete of new piers, oil-tanks and warehouses. Behind these, low coast with veritable palms and bananas, quite unchanged since last met, and hints of villas on a wooded cape that ran out into the turquoise.

Overside, dim shapes of shovel-nosed sharks who are respectable harbour scavengers and need not be fished for. And as one stared, there unrolled itself a length of well-known film—a shore-boat with a man in white kit that had been often washed. He came aboard and introduced himself to a very young man in quite new London "whites," with the crease still down the front of the trousers, who turned to his companions and bade them farewell. It was just a Pernambuco Bank taking over a new clerk.

When the pair were gone—the young figure looking all ways at once—and I had finished estimating the number of shore-boats of different makes, in different ports at that hour, with allowance for changes of time, convoying just the same suit of whites—I asked a man, "What do you think he'll make of it?"

"He'll like it no end," was the answer, "and he'll talk about his first commission at Pernam, as long as he lives. They all do; I know *I* did. It's a dear little place." Which may be good news to some mother, the far side of the sea.

And further, this beach gave me this tale for the instruction of psychologists. Not long since, a couple of Bank clerks of Pernambuco went out (men take liberties with these waters) three miles in a Canadian canoe, which upset. After due consideration, the one who could swim best pushed off for the shore to get help. It took him hours and hours, but what he resented most, at the last despairing lap, was the sight of his lit club-house on the shore, where he knew his friends were all drinking happily.

However, he survived, gave the news, and a launch hurried out and rescued the other man after some sixteen hours' soaking. *He*, the tale ended, was all right; but the swimmer went absolutely "off" gin and bitters for weeks. He said they, somehow, reminded him of the taste of salt water.

THERE is a fascinating and old-established life behind the green of the shores—with adventure and fun to-day, and unbroken tradition from Elizabeth's time, and in the background, a world almost untouched. We had entered a stream of its society—people going up and down the coast on little excursions, all apparently rich, all pleasantly at ease, all well acquainted with each other, or each other's acquaintances. It snapped whatever last link there had been with the rest of the world. These places belonged to another Power, and had risen on foundations utterly alien to ours.

An old Portuguese fort beside some new harbour-works hinted as much. A Dutch cut on the sterns of the sailing-barges added another hint (the Dutch and the Portuguese had it out together, here, a couple of centuries since) and the easy-moving, easy-spoken passengers filled in the rest. They were going, on their own concerns, to Bahia—three hundred—or Rio—a thousand—or Buenos Ayres—two thousand odd—miles down the road.

That boat yonder with the banded funnels was a Brazilian Lloyd. She would run twelve hundred miles North, and then up the Amazon for another thousand or two. Letters for Europe would be posted at Pernambuco because the Dutch or the Italian or the French mail would be up to-morrow to take them on.

So learning, we brushed along the green, resounding empty coasts till a vast bay opened and we lay off Bahia, where, again, everyone coming aboard knew everyone, and the impression of age and solidity deepened in the face of ancient churches and serene old houses.

One felt, without telling, that Bahia was the Mother City—the hearth of all that flaming energy when Brazil was being born. Here, too, the Church had ruled, very completely; and here had come the slaves in their thousands, unaware that their children should be citizens of a Republic where the colour question is not.

The route to Southern wonders taken by the author.

HERE you find the dishes and meats of the old régime—wonderful confections that derive from "palm-oil chop" at its highest; the fruits and the fruit-juice drinks; the rampant colours, greens reds and yellows, as of a negress's head-dress; the glare and blaze that takes possession but does not hurt; and the orderly alternation of the land and sea breezes. Everything that really civilized men can need; and just because of these advantages they prefer to talk about their docks and wharves, which after all come by nature and public loans to any decent seaboard town.

So we went on, and ran past a certain cape where the air and water are always chilly for a few hours, while a Brazilian told me tales of the old time explorers and Captains and the Priests who came after them, in the years when Portugal was raking half the world into her lap. They had as little fear, reason, or what is called common-sense, as any of our sea-workers of the same date. Otherwise, they would have left the proposition alone. For, he pointed out, from Bahia south to Rio runs a ridge of mountain some two or three thousand feet high within a few miles of the coast, and to get anywhere at all, they had first to deal with the tribes in the low ground, and then to work themselves up to the ledge that gives on to the real country.

"You'll see it better when you are at Rio or Santos," said he. "That ledge has held us back fifty years. In the old days, one rode it on mule back—as my father did. Everything came down in packages—coffee and all. That was why we had to have slaves. People don't keep slaves for fun. It's a question of transport. Nothing kills slavery but roads."

And while he was explaining, the heat, past Cape Frio, sucked in again, the mountains lifted themselves more loftily and fantastically into hammer-heads and tusks of rock, velveted up to any slope short of vertical with matted, solid fighting green forest growth, and there was a general stir and possessiveness along the decks, for most of our Southampton passengers were "almost home again."

Copyright, 1927, by Rudyard Kipling in the U. S. A.

In an early issue Rudyard Kipling will describe that colorful Paris of South America, Rio de Janeiro.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

SOUP
and the girl with "It"

DON'T ASK us what "it" is! Clara Bow tried to tell the world—and after a delightful session in her company on the screen, you came away forgetting all about "it" and remembering only Clara Bow. After all, that "definition" should be entirely satisfactory to Clara—and to any other girl.

"Get your man—Get your man—Get your man" runs the motto of a fast-stepping chorus. And the independent young lady of the day goes about it with delightful assurance and fascinating cleverness. No misgivings, she! No excuses or apologies. Instead a frank, somewhat headlong, but altogether admirable zest for her Great Adventure. And who can help but join in the whole-souled applause? For is not this the age that belongs to the alert and sensible and self-reliant woman? And aren't the men all having the time of their lives in their new role as "willin' victims"?

IF THE GIRLS of today have a different idea about their food, for example, isn't this simply another sign that they have graduated from the "clinging vine" class that used to be so fashionable?

Girls nowadays know that the kind of food they eat is before long reflected in their faces and their oh, so precious silhouettes. The glowing cheek, the winning smile, the lithe and graceful lines of perfect health—these they seek to get through the right selection of their food.

HOW DO YOU account for the tremendous popularity of soup today? In the past decade or two, the use of soup in this country has increased with astonishing rapidity until now it is one of the great national dishes. The answer is simple: Better knowledge of the right foods to eat and delicious soups sold everywhere in condensed form. Flappers and their older sisters, men in all walks of life have developed a fondness for soup because it tastes so good and is so beneficial.

Soup provides tempting food. Soup stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and thus promotes digestion. The hot liquid has a bracing, tonic effect which acts as a wholesome stimulant. And Campbell's Soups—twenty-one different soups all listed on the label—simply require the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes simmering! 12 cents a can.

That I am keen is plainly seen,
I've brain and muscle, too.
From Campbell's meal I get my zeal
And deeds of daring—do!

The Christmas Favorite

"If you want to make your own Christmas a merrier one, buy a whole box of 24 delicious bars of Baby Ruth. Trim your tree with it, fill up the children's stockings, and keep the rest on the table for an all-day treat.

Sparkling eyes, happy faces and thankful hearts will reward your thoughtfulness.

America's Favorite Candy will make every home merry on Christmas morn!

Buy Baby Ruth by the box for Christmas Gifts."

Otto Y. Schnering,
President.

NEW YORK
BOSTON

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
Candy Makers to the American Nation

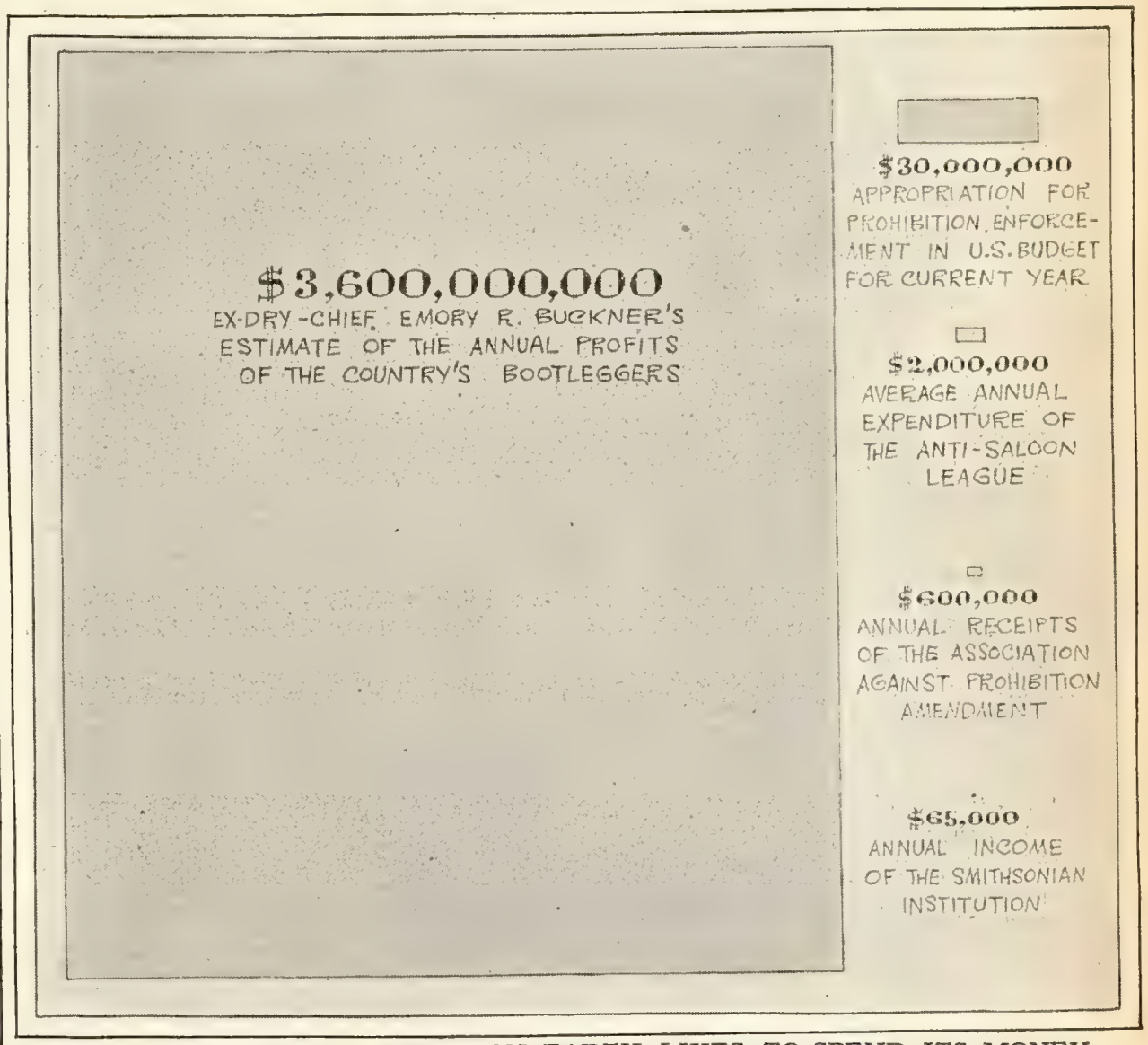
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

INCONSISTENCIES OF MODERN CIVILIZATION: Our progressive age boasts of having abolished the rack, the wheel, the thumbscrews, the stake, and the iron maiden, but it still tolerates after-dinner speaking openly.



HOW THE RICHEST NATION ON EARTH LIKES TO SPEND ITS MONEY: Scale diagram of what becomes of $3,632,665,000 out of the people's pockets every year.

(Note: The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., was established by statute in 1846 "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men" and to conduct and encourage scientific researches and investigations. It maintains a library of 1,000,000 volumes and has charge of the National Museum, the National Gallery of Art, the Freer Gallery of Art, the International Exchange Service, the Bureau of American Ethnology, the National Zoological Park, the Astrophysical Observatory, and the United States Regional Bureau for the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature.)

A DISQUIETING HALF-HOUR IN SMART PARK AVENUE ADVERTISING CIRCLES: Ambulance surgeons applying artificial respiration to members of advertising agency overcome when foreign artist submitted a painting of a housewife frowning.

OUR RESPONSE TO SECRETARY DAVIS' APPEAL: 10,000 sets of Norman Bel Geddes' desk-golf game supplied to high-powered officials to help them kill time saved by time-saving devices.

The HE-MAN of Hollywood

Fred Thomson, the American Boy's Film Favorite, Makes a Hit as Jesse James

A Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 15 seconds.)

FRANK MERRIWELL taxed the faith of the skeptical in the old pre-movie days. But even *Frank* would have to give ground to Fred Thomson, portrayer of Western rôles de luxe.

Thomson was a student at Occidental College, Pasadena, from 1905 to 1910. He was on the varsity football, basketball, and baseball teams, besides being captain of the track team. I shudder to think how many last-second touch-downs and home runs were to his credit.

Then Thomson became a postgraduate student at the Princeton Theological Seminary. Since his postgraduate status prevented him from entering the athletic activities of Old Nassau, he devoted himself to trying for the amateur athletic championship of the country.

He tried in 1910 and in 1911. In 1912 he won the prize as all-round athlete of the land. *Frank Merriwell* could not have done better.

Thomson is the son of a minister, the Rev. H. C. Thomson. He was born in Pasadena in 1890. Fred intended to follow in his father's footsteps. He went to Goldfield from Princeton. In 1916 he became Boy Scout commissioner for the State of Nevada. Then the World War came along. Thomson went over as chaplain with the 143d Field Artillery, Fortieth Division.

Thomson did his bit organizing soldier sports behind the lines. After the Armistice he had to work even harder. The doughboys wanted to get home, and it was more difficult than ever to keep them amused.

In those days Thomson met Gene Tunney. They are still close friends.

It was during this period of 1918 that Thomson took part in the inter-Allied games in Paris. He won the pentathlon and shattered the world's record for tossing the hand-grenade. Then he had the bad luck to break his leg in an inter-Allied football game.

Still, it was not wholly ill luck, for among the spectators at this game was Frances Marion, the scenario-writer. Thomson met her later in Paris and, upon their return to New York, they were married.

By this time Thomson had given up his plans of being a minister. Doubtless the movies suggested themselves. Visiting a Manhattan riding academy, Thomson saw a superb white Irish hunter. The horse was unmanageable, but Thomson bought and broke him. The hunter is Silver King.

Miss Marion had always been a close friend and frequent co-worker of Mary Pickford. She obtained an opportunity for her husband in that star's The Love Light. Then Thomson, with Silver King, struck out for himself. He did a little work as a double, made a quickie, followed it with a serial, and then was signed by the Film Booking Offices to make Westerns.

JESSE JAMES, all decked out in a movie costume.

His pictures caught on and soon the various companies were bidding for his services. Now Paramount releases his films and Thomson gets $10,000 a week. After all, *Frank Merriwell* was a piker.

Thomson's first Paramount release is Jesse James, an exciting glorification of the Missourian who shot his way into border history.

For film purposes James becomes a persecuted young chap who is forced to adopt evil ways. Facts are embroidered and shuffled about to get the necessary celluloid sympathy for *Jesse*.

Thomson's *Jesse James* is his customary acrobatic self, and Silver King is, as usual, an excellent aid. A film find, Nora Lane, plays the girl beloved by *Jesse*.

FRED THOMSON, dashing up on Silver King, lends the popular acrobatic touch to a train holdup.

The scenario is credited, as are all Thomson's stories, to Frank Emmett Clifton. Since you can not find Mr. Clifton in any existing list of scenarists, Frances Marion always is suspected as the author.

Incidentally, the combination of Thomson and Miss Marion brings home a healthy pair of checks each week. Miss Marion is the highest paid woman writer in pictures. Between them, they easily earn a million a year.

Jesse James doubtless is a popular box-office picture. Thomson may be colorless to you and me, but he has a tremendous following among the boys of America. That's enough. Why worry about the grown-ups when you have the steadfast following of young America? Didn't these boys make Bill Hart and Tom Mix rich?

Brief Review

The Jazz Singer—Al Jolson playing himself thinly disguised. The *Rabinowitzes* have been Jewish cantors for five generations. When *Jakie* elects to become a stage singer, he is lillian-gished from the *Rabinowitz* flat. Years later *Jakie* is faced with the problem of going on at the Winter Garden for his long-awaited opportunity, or of singing in the synagog as wished by his dying father. Jolson isn't an actor, The Jazz Singer is poor drama, and the one redeeming feature is the interpolated Vitaphone vocalism.

Do you know that—

Lon Chaney is to do Laugh, Clown, Laugh? . . . Director John Robertson has gone to Europe? . . . Jaime del Rio, Dolores' husband, is going into pictures as an actor?

Are you a Skinflint toward your Beauty?

The Business of Keeping Youth and Beauty on Tiptoe is one of the Arts of Life!

* * *

TO guard in all its unspoiled freshness that lovely gift called Youth; to contrive to look twenty until one is thirty-five—or more! To be fleet as Diana, racing with the years! What could be for any woman a more thrilling pursuit?

But you must follow the aim of beauty courageously, with perseverance and patience!

You can't be a skinflint toward your beauty, taking care of your skin just now and then! You can't give yourself a furious facial today, neglecting it tomorrow.

Strange as it may seem, however, few women have grasped these A B C's of beauty culture! Recently we asked hundreds of women in two average American cities to tell us how they take care of their skin.

The answers were shocking!

Scores admitted they'd love to look young and pretty, but they just don't seem to know *how!*

Others declare they know, but admit, they forget! Piqued by a guilty conscience, they pursue an orgy of beauty cultivation once or twice a month, only to lapse spinelessly between.

POOR DEARS, how short-sighted! Giving the skin some simple form of *daily* care is as important as brushing one's teeth! Almost as easy! Ten times as much fun!

The woman who has a spark of imagination even takes *pleasure* in devoting a few moments each day to this richly rewarding end!

If you'll follow for just a few weeks the simple program outlined here, we're sure you'll be better looking, more attractive, more vital than when you began. And if you haven't acquired a soft, firm, beautiful skin, why—we'll send you the Moon or anything you like, parcel post prepaid!

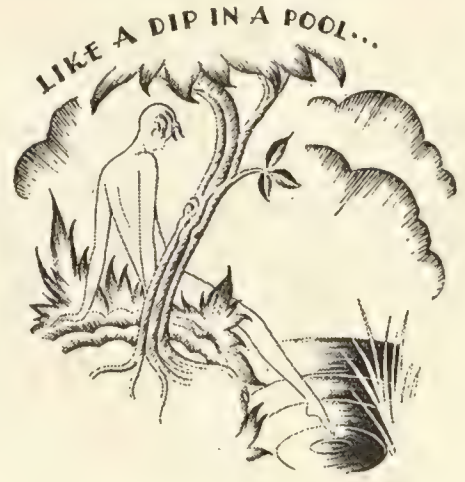
Perhaps you think your face is really clean!

But is it?

Examine your chin and nose with a magnifying glass. You'll get a jolt that will send you skipping to the cold cream jar! Oil, powder, perspiration and dust, unless removed regularly, become caked at the very roots of the pores. So at least twice a day your skin must be freed by the gentle ministrations of a pure cleansing cream.

For this try Pond's.

You will delight in the fragrant lightness of its touch and the purposeful manner in which its pure fine oils, melting and spreading, go after the dirt in the depths of your pores! Use it generously, applying with light upward and outward strokes.



And for removing the Cream do you know about the perfectly exquisite Tissues you can buy now in any store?

Pond's just simply *had* to make them. The women we talked to fairly begged us for tissues soft and fine enough. So now you can buy tissues of such good quality and so ample that they absorb all oil and moisture instantly, never rolling up into horrid little balls!

THESE same women we interviewed gave us still another idea. They said, "Tell us, what feels as fresh to the skin as a dip in a mountain pool?" We couldn't answer that question then. But we can now.

Pond's new Skin Freshener, used when you first get up in the morning, gives you just this very sensation! There never was such a delicious awakening, such refreshment for the skin!

And you'll love it just as much, too, when you come in—weary—at the end of the day. It will simply make your face over for the evening—and your spirits, too!

Another thing. This new Pond's Freshener contains a special healing ingredient quite its own, which prevents any little roughness or soreness of the skin. Also it removes every trace of oil after your cold cream cleansing.

WERE you ever so lovely as now? You look and feel as smooth and fair as a lily. Oh! But wait! There's one more touch—the lily must be given an added pearliness, a frosty glow, before she faces the world and stoops to conquer it!

Brush over your skin ever so lightly with your finger tips the tiniest bit of that exquisite finishing Cream Pond's also makes. Of course you know it—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Feather-light, it gives your skin an alabaster glow, an

almost miraculous fineness and smoothness.

Now you're ready for your favorite rouge, your powder tinted to blend with your natural coloring. Never did they go on so smoothly, so naturally—cling so long!

Your skin looks perfectly lovely now, in its soft sheen of renewed youth. And these four products made by Pond's—used faithfully every day, will keep for you these same youthful looks, just as surely, in your maturer years.

Pond's Skin Freshener — delightful to tone, freshen and firm the skin.

Pond's Two Creams—to cleanse, protect and finish.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft as fine old linen, to remove cold cream.

SPONSORED by

H. M. THE QUEEN *of* SPAIN
H. R. H. THE DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME
H. R. H. EULALIA, INFANTA *of* SPAIN
THE PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT
THE MARCHIONESS *of* QUEENSBERRY
LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN
THE DUQUESA DE ALBA
THE COUNTESS *of* OXFORD *and* ASQUITH
MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT
MISS ANNE MORGAN
MRS. FELIX DOUBLEDAY
MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS

NEW 14¢ OFFER—*Send fourteen cents (14c) for samples of Pond's Two Creams, Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues—enough of the latter two to last a week. Fill out and mail the coupon.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY,
Dept. Z
119 Hudson Street, New York City

Enclosed find fourteen cents (14c) for samples of Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

FACES *that are* FIT *by* Williams

A dozen times a day we make quick, important appraisals of men.

Bearing . . . clothes . . . handshake. These sway our verdict. But most of all we judge our fellows by their faces.

Turn at shaving time to Williams, if you're wise,—to Williams and 87 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin,—best to keep Faces Fit!

For a quick comfortable shave . . . . choose the Williams lather,—thick, abundant, supremely mild.

And to protect your newly shaven skin, to condition your face for the day, to carry on where Williams Shaving Cream leaves off, splash on Aqua Velva.

Make this Williams formula your regular morning habit. Your face will look better . . . feel better. Your skin will take on new tone . . . will keep buoyantly, youthfully Fit!

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who use Williams!"

Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

Williams Shaving Cream—Absolutely pure. Absolutely uncolored. Super mild. It saturates and softens every hair. Thoroughly prepares the skin. Makes shaving quick and comfortable. Gently cleanses every pore.

"Oh, yes . . . sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

Williams Aqua Velva—Made expressly for after-shaving. Its stimulating tingle wakes the skin and livens it. Protects it from dust, germs, wind and weather. Prevents chapping. Helps to heal tiny nicks and cuts. Keeps the skin flexible by conserving its natural moisture. Helps to keep it young.

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.—Montreal, Canada

The Clock Strikes Two

Phyllis Steps Into the House of Mystery

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Pictures by W. D. Stevens

(Reading time: 21 minutes 30 seconds.)

PHYLLIS HALE had exactly ten dollars in the world. Naturally, she was in no position to turn down a job, even though it did have something queer about it.

The offer she got came about in this way: She put an ad in the paper, which was immediately answered by a request that she come to the office of Thomas Boardman. She went, of course. The white-haired Mr. Boardman filled her with a sense of distrust, which his son Franklin, summoned to meet her, did nothing to allay.

The position open was, it seemed, that of private secretary to Thomas Boardman's father, Colonel Boardman, ninety-two years old and blind. Hints were dropped that he was mentally a border-line case. Not insane, perhaps, but queer—and morbidly suspicious of members of his own family.

Her salary would be the tempting sum of fifty dollars a week. Twenty-five of this was to be paid secretly by Thomas Boardman and twenty-five by the old Colonel, who had himself advertised for a secretary that morning.

The whole plan was distasteful to Phyllis. However, she wanted both money and adventure, so she decided to accept it.

The Boardman family tree, as sketched to her, she mentally rehearsed: First came old Colonel Boardman, then Thomas, his son, then Thomas' four children: Franklin, Charles, a doctor, Edith, a widowed daughter, and Herbert, fresh from college. Edith had a young daughter, Elizabeth. All these people, except Dr. Charles, were still at their country place at Swiss Lake. Colonel Boardman had come in to the town house to interview applicants. It was there she was to see him.

As she was leaving the Boardman office, Herbert breezed in, was introduced, and tried to date her up for lunch. She refused, and went straight to the old blind man, who engaged her.

THE Colonel went right on storming at her. "When I want any more explanations, I'll ask for them."

"They are waiting for me to die," he told her, "and they're impatient." And later: "If they think you're on my side they may try to frighten you off. Don't let them."

What he particularly wanted to know was if she believed in ghosts. He insisted that she bring her own soap—and never use any other. Surely, she thought, the man was mad!

Part Two

PHYLLIS was half-way down the first flight of stairs when she heard the front door open. The house was very quiet—somehow, a little unnaturally so. She was making no noise herself, coming down the heavily padded, thickly carpeted stairs, and a man's voice, clear and pleasant-sounding, came up to her very plainly:

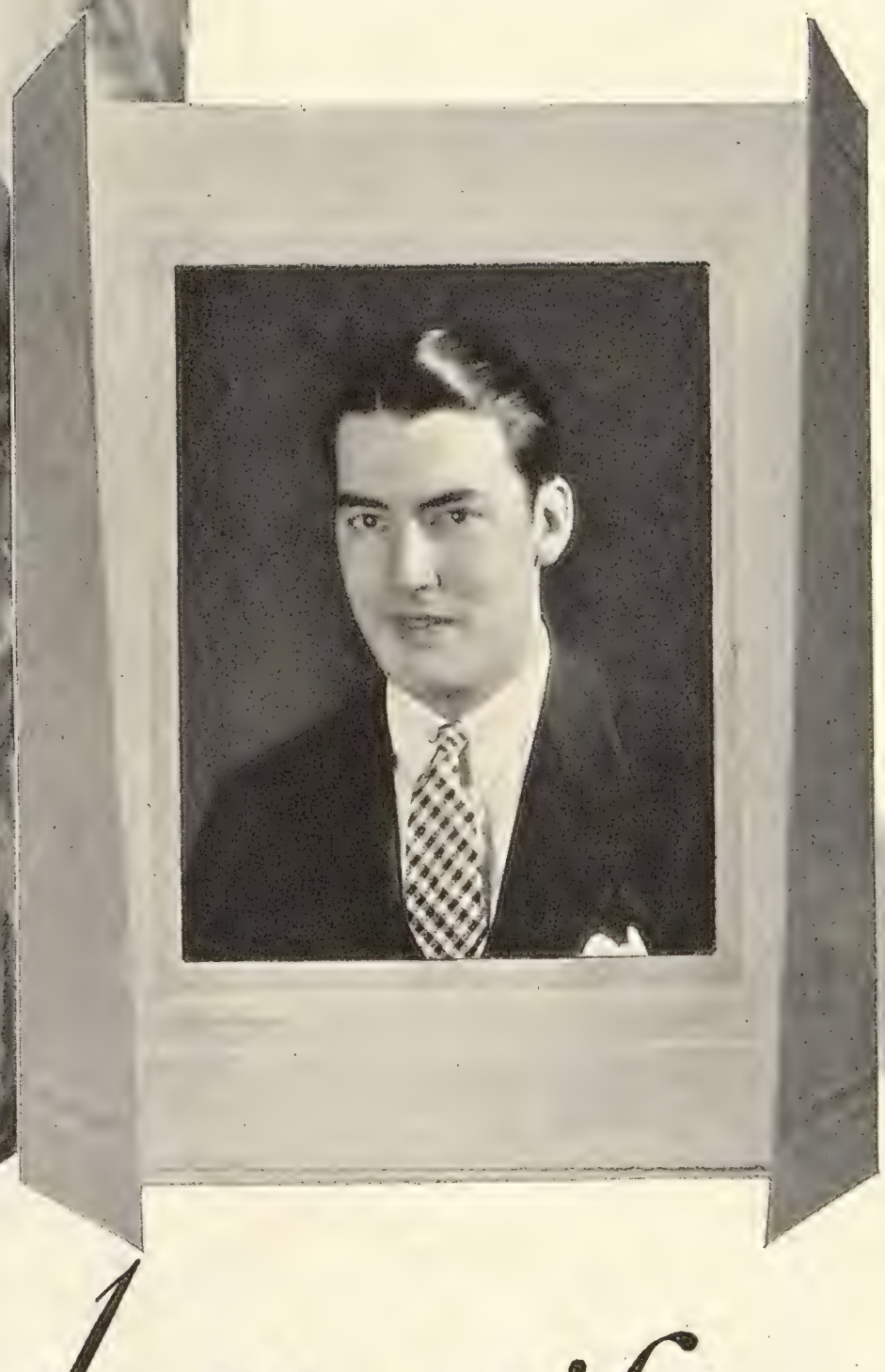
"Is this Colonel Boardman's house?"

The oddity of the fact that there was no immediate answer halted her.

The question was repeated: "This is Colonel Boardman's house, isn't it?"

She was about to move on again when she heard the caretaker's belated answer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]



PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER

Good photographers display this Mark of Membership and appreciate the high ideals and ethics of the profession

A priceless gift ...

Your Photograph is a priceless gift because it is the *one* thing that no one else can buy. Those whom you remember with Photographs Christmas Day will remember *you* for all Christmas Days.

PHOTOGRAPHS *Live Forever*

VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

"The position's been filled," the woman said, and Phyllis stayed where she was. The woman down there couldn't know—could she?—that the position had been filled—unless, despite Colonel Boardman's precautions, some one had been listening to their talk.

"I'm not applying for a position," the man's voice said. It sounded faintly amused. "I'm a grandson of Colonel Boardman's."

The woman answered quickly enough this time:

"There isn't any one here. The house is closed. The family is away for the summer."

If he tried to say anything in reply, it was cut off by the click of the closing door.

Phyllis, hotly indignant, moved on down the stairs. Even the stupidest and surliest of caretakers would hardly have treated the visitor in that outrageous fashion unless she'd been instructed to do so. It certainly was queer.

AND the next moment it got queerer still. As she walked back along the hall on the drawing-room floor, she saw the woman the Colonel had called Edith standing just where the man servant Haller had stood when he'd spoken to her on her way up—back in the shadows, near the head of the lower flight of stairs. She'd not only been listening to, but watching, what had happened at the front door.

She hadn't heard Phyllis approaching at all, however, and she started violently at the sight of her; stared like one roused out of a profound abstraction. As Phyllis passed her the woman said:

"You—you've been up with my grandfather all this time? I'm afraid you've had a terrible hour with him."

"Oh, no," Phyllis assured her; "not as bad as that."

"Did he—did he engage you?"

"Yes, I think so," Phyllis told her.

"I'm glad I didn't spoil your chances. I'd just made him very angry—without meaning to, of course. I'm his granddaughter, Mrs. Pierce," she added. "You're Miss Hale, aren't you? It was my father who talked to you this morning. I'm just having some tea; won't you stop and have some too?"

"I'm afraid I can't," Phyllis said. "Colonel Boardman wants me to come up to Swiss Lake tomorrow morning."

"On the 10-o'clock train, I suppose," the woman threw in.

Phyllis nodded and went on: "And I've quite a lot to do to get ready."

"I'm sorry. Of course you must be busy. I just wanted a chance to tell you that we will do everything we can to make it pleasant for you—less unbearable, anyhow. I'm very glad you're brave enough to try it."

Phyllis could have packed up and caught a train at an hour's notice if she'd had to. But she wanted to get out of that dark, silent house, away from the watchers and listeners.

She paused a moment, after she'd pulled the door to behind her, to draw a deep breath.

The only person in sight was a young man who came strolling along in the direction she meant to take—a deeply tanned young man, dressed in blue serge and a Panama hat.

Just as she reached the sidewalk and turned left toward the Park, he came up with her.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

SHE stopped and looked at him. He was, she was almost sure, the man she had heard only a few minutes back asking the caretaker if this were Colonel Boardman's house.

"What for?" she asked, and involuntarily smiled at him a little.

"Why, for something I meant to say which may sound rather foolish. I wanted to ask you if you weren't, perhaps, a cousin of mine. My name's Blair Boardman."

"Then you *are* the grandson," she broke in. "I thought I recognized your voice."

In turning to talk to him she faced the house she had just left. He stood with his back to it. Glancing now past his shoulder, she thought she saw one of the drawing-room curtains move a little. "Let's walk on," she said abruptly. "I don't want to stand talking here."

They moved off in the direction of the Park.

"My name's Phyllis Hale," she said. "I'm not one of your cousins. I never heard the name Boardman till this morning, when they answered an advertisement of mine in the newspaper. I've just been engaged as Colonel Boardman's secretary."

"He's still alive, then? I'm a total stranger to the whole lot; never been in this part of the world before. A couple of months ago, before I sailed for San Francisco, I wrote a letter to my Uncle Thomas that I was coming out this way as soon as I had my father's affairs settled, to get acquainted with the family.

"I didn't get an answer; but I had nothing but a very old address and couldn't be sure the letter had reached him. When I got here yesterday, I looked in the telephone directory and found my grandfather's name in it. I called up and left my name; but the person who answered was so dumb I couldn't make out whether she got it."

A memory clicked in Phyllis' mind: Franklin coming into his father's office this morning, hot and flurried, with a manner that had struck her then as prepared for some one else, and his quick, irrepressible question, "You've heard nothing more; he hasn't turned up?"

With the other half of her mind she heard what Blair was saying: "I thought, instead of writing any more notes or telephoning again, I'd just go out this afternoon and ring the door-bell. But the person who answered told me the house was closed and the family away.

"I thought perhaps you were a stray cousin shut up in there that the caretaker hadn't known anything about. That's how I had the cheek to speak to you."

Instinctively she believed that he'd told her the exact truth. Her almost overpowering impulse was to tell him everything—the queer way in which she'd got this job; the ambiguous impression that every other member of the Boardman family had made upon her; all the curious incidents, including Edith watching at the head of the stairs when he was turned away, and the drawing-room curtain that she had seen move.

And yet, she felt that, for the present anyhow, she must fight the impulse down. She couldn't confide in anybody till she knew where she herself stood. Whose employee was she—the old Colonel's or his son's? She didn't know.

IF the old man was mad, of course, the family had to manage him.

But why, if they were acting in good faith, should Blair's arrival frighten them, as it seemed to do?

"What the caretaker told you was true, in a way," she said at last. "The house is closed. The family have a place up at Swiss Lake, and that's where they're living this summer. I'm to go up there tomorrow morning."

"Oh, well, then," he said, with sudden relief, "that accounts for everything. I'll probably get a letter from Uncle Thomas tomorrow. Father used to talk about the old place up at Swiss Lake sometimes. I'll be glad to see it. And I'm glad you're going to be there, so that I shall see you too."

They were at the Park corner now, and she could see her bus coming along in the next block. His friendly unsuspiciousness was too much for her.

"Your uncle's in town today," she said. "I saw him this morning in his office. It's in the Temple Building—Room 1814." She had signaled her bus and it was pulling up at the curb beside her. "There's something I wish you'd do"—she was suddenly breathless—"I wish you *would* see your grandfather before you go away—even if it's quite hard to do."

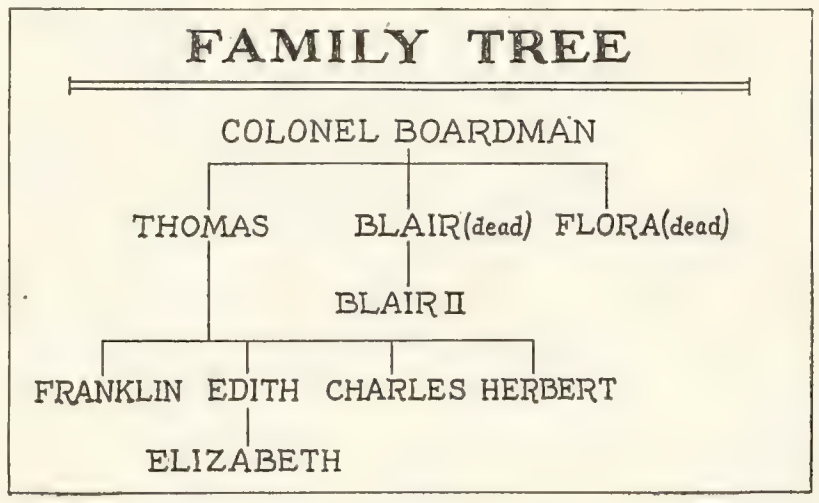
He looked at her, startled at first, and then with a searching gleam of complete intelligence.

"Step a little lively, please," said the bus-conductor.

But she didn't stir till Blair said,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FAMILY TREE



The Gift of Good Taste

in a colorful Christmas Box $1

Marlboros—Mild as May—Snappy as December—in a special, dollar-size, Christmas Box! The perfect gift for the individual and the favorite cigarette for Christmas parties.

IF the Christmas Box (100 Marlboros in packages of 20's, each package separately protected by heavy foil—$1) is not on sale at the tobacco store near you—we will be glad to fill your order by mail and send you, Free, a handsome Marlboro Bridge Score.

MARLBORO CIGARETTES

Mild as May

Always fresh—
Wrapped in heavy foil

Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
511 Fifth Ave., Dept. W, New York

Eliminate Guesswork in Investments

INVESTORS have come to realize more and more every day that the safe investment of money is not a matter of luck; it is not a question of reaching in the hat and pulling out the lucky number.

Just as you seek an experienced physician in case of illness, or look to a capable attorney to handle your legal problems, you should carefully select a responsible and experienced advisor in the matter of your investments.

Few business and professional men and women possess, or even wish to possess, an intimate knowledge of all factors affecting investments today. That is why they come to this old experienced house to eliminate the "guesswork" in choosing their investments.

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

Established 1904 Incorporated
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER $9,000,000
127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
345 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Albany, Detroit, Rockford, Cincinnati, Davenport, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Utica, Peoria, Boston, St. Louis, Syracuse, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Grand Rapids

AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

American Bond & Mortgage Co., Inc.
Gentlemen:
Please send me your booklet, "Rules for Safe Investment." (C.C.930)

Name_____

Address_____

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO Continued from Page Twenty-three]

"All right, I will. Much obliged, Miss Hale." He finished with a smile and held out his hand to her. "I'll see you at the Lake. Good-by till then."

II

SHE was getting ready for dinner, when her landlady announced that a young man was waiting for her in the parlor.

"Wangled your address out of my confiding parent," Herbert Boardman told her cheerfully. "Why not?"

"All right," she conceded; "why not? But also, why?"

"Oh," he said, "you usually go to inquire when any one you're fond of has just been in a motor accident, or anything like that. You've been up against my grandfather this afternoon in one of his tantrums. I'll bet, if one could know all, you're black and blue all over. But you haven't changed your mind? You're really going to take the job?"

She nodded. "I'm going down on the 10-o'clock train tomorrow morning."

"That," he said, "is a slight inaccuracy. You're going down, but in my little car, with me at the wheel and your baggage in the rumble."

"Oh, I don't believe—" she began.

But he interrupted her. "I haven't asked you yet," he said. "I was only indulging in prophecy. I'm going to ask you later."

"Later?" she questioned.

"Later this evening, when you know me better. What I'm doing now is asking you to come out and have a bite of dinner with me somewhere and go to a show."

She hesitated. There was something about him—there must be; it couldn't be just imagination—that sounded a faint warning.

"Really, Phyllis, it's all right," he went on more seriously. "I told father what I meant to do when I asked him for your address, and he thought it was a grand idea. You're entitled to a little fun before the horrors begin."

"All right," she said; "I'll go."

It would be fun. And he was probably harmless, anyhow.

"Wait five minutes till I can put on some clothes that will match you a little better," she told him.

While they were at dinner, the subject of her interview with his grandfather came up.

GLANCING past his shoulder she thought she saw one of the drawing-room curtains move a little.

"Your voice probably tamed him," he commented. "I should think it could tame anybody. But you will admit, won't you, that he's queer?"

She thought of the soap, and laughed.

"What was it?" he asked.

It was on her tongue to tell him, when, glancing up at him quickly, she surprised, or thought she did, a curious intentness about his gaze—as if another man inside him had suddenly run up the window-blind and looked out at her.

"Oh, it was nothing special," she said. "Just his funny way of putting things: making even his compliments sound like insults."

At the end of the evening Herbert brought up again the question of her driving down to Swiss Lake with him. She felt very much like doing it. The only argument against it was that the Colonel was fussy about precise obedience, and had instructed her explicitly to take the 10-o'clock train.

"How's he to know?" Herbert argued. "If you like, I'll deliver you at the station just as the train comes in, and you can ride out to the house in Louie's old taxi. Come on; do it."

Once more she glanced at him, and once more she caught the look—or thought she did: A look that was intent, disproportionately eager, and not a mere boyish eagerness to have his own way; an altogether older look.

"It isn't worth arguing about," she told him with quiet finality. "I'm going to obey orders. I'll take the train."

"Very well," he said, and the way he said it almost frightened her. But it must have been mere imagination on her part that there had been menace in his tone.

She packed next morning, and paid her landlady before she went out to breakfast. Apart from the twenty-five dollars the Colonel had paid her, she had less than a dollar left. She had cut it as fine as that.

When she came back from breakfast, the landlady told her that Mr. Thomas Boardman had called her up on the telephone. She was to call him back as soon as she came in. She'd find the number on the telephone-pad.

"Hello," she said, when she got it. "This is Miss Hale. I was to call Mr. Thomas Boardman."

"Just a minute," a voice said.

There was a silence, then a confusion of clicks, as if she had got cut off and reconnected. And then she found herself plunged into the middle of another conversation:

"Franklin, it's no job for a young girl. The old man's a lot nearer insane than father's willing to believe. I don't know that he's dangerous, but he's sure to be damned unpleasant."

"Amorous, do you mean?" the other voice asked. She thought it was Franklin Boardman's.

"I don't know that it'll take that form," the first man answered; "but it's likely to, and you know it. She ought to be warned, anyhow."

"Oh, well," said Franklin — if it was Franklin—"I don't believe that would bother *her* much."

AT that point Phyllis' shaking hand hung the receiver on the hook. What a perfectly beastly lot they were, all but the man who had protested—the doctor that must be: Charles.

The old man had asked, she remembered, if she was a pretty girl, but in a manner that was absolutely matter-of-fact. He'd held her hand, too, when she gave him the pen to sign his letter with, but he certainly hadn't fondled it. He'd held it for an instant a few inches from his nose—not gallantly; experimentally, as if—almost as if he'd been smelling it.

And then she remembered something else. "If they think you're really on my side," the old man had said, "they may try to frighten you off. Don't let them."

Was that what they'd been trying to do just now?

She turned back to the telephone and called the Boardman house again.

And this time, at the end of a pretty long delay, she heard the suave tones of Mr. Thomas Boardman.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Men Are Not Flies
- so why heat the ceiling?

This chart shows the normal position taken by air in any building—the hottest air at the roof—the cold air down at the floor

This chart shows action of heated air from radiators, steam coils, etc., which seeks its normal position at the highest part of the building

VENTURAFIN with recirculating box forms a complete air circuit—draws the cooler air from the floor—forces heated air out whence it drops to replace the air removed

The Venturafin Method FORCES heat where you want it

Venturafin consists of the following major parts: (1) Copper fin-heater—with five times the radiating efficiency of ordinary iron coils. (2) The famous American Blower Ventura Fan (electrically driven). (3) Air recirculating box.

If men could walk about on ceilings like flies, the average heating system would be ideal. But men must stay on the floor—yet heat rises to the roof.

Study the charts shown above. They show the flow of heated air from various types of heating equipment—and point out the great superiority of the Venturafin Method of Unit Heating.

The Venturafin Method gives positive heat control—forces heat into production areas where you want it and as much as you want—eliminates "heat pockets," "cold spots" and distributes heat evenly.

It has more than five times the efficiency of ordinary radiation, steam coils, etc., 1/10 the weight and occupies only 1/4 the space. It is the ideal system for industrial buildings of almost every type and description—wherever steam is available. Because of its easy and quick installation, light weight and tremendous efficiency, it is cheaper to buy, install and operate. Over 15,000 units are in use.

Send the coupon today, or ask your heating contractor for complete information without any obligation on your part.

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT
BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
CANADIAN SIROCCO COMPANY, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

© 1927 A. B. Co. (605)

American Blower
"Sirocco" VENTILATING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING, DRYING, MECHANICAL DRAFT
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

COUPON

AMERICAN BLOWER CO., DETROIT, MICH. 5

Send details relative to the application of The Venturafin Method of Unit Heating to

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City and State*_____

*Type and size of building to be heated*_____

HEAT WITH UNIT HEATERS

Amity threefold wallet of genuine steerhide, richly tooled, laced and hand-colored. In handsome silk-lined gift box, $5.50. Other Amity billfolds in a variety of leathers and designs, $1 to $20.

Amity gift set in richly tooled mahogany pigskin. Threefold wallet and Key Kaddy in the handsome gift box for $2. Other sets in a variety of leathers, some plain, some gold mounted, others richly tooled and hand-laced. From $2 to $35. Also comes in combination of threefold and cigarette case.

Amity cigarette case in the new black dull seal. A handsome and dignified article, $3. Other cigarette cases in a variety of leathers, some richly tooled and hand-laced, others plain, from 50 cents to $7.

Choose AMITY *gifts fashioned of fine leather — aristocratic, distinguished, serviceable*

THE luxury of fine leather! The gleam of its rich color, the feel of its smooth texture, the charm of its mellowing with age!

From the Amity shops come articles fashioned singly and in sets of matched design from only the finest leathers, including imported steerhide, seal, pigskin, European goatskin, calf, morocco, ostrich hide with the distinctive mark of the feathers.

The most expert of craftsmen have taken these rare leathers and wrought

if stamped

AMITY

it's leather

Amity ladies' under-arm bag with strap handle of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored, laced and tool embossed. Fitted with mirror and purse. $25 in beautiful silk-lined gift box. Other ladies' bags of many designs from $5 to $28.50.

Amity sharkskin set. Twofold wallet and Key Kaddy, lined with calf, 14-K gold mounts, $17 in silk-lined gift box. Other Amity sets with twofolds and Key Kaddy in many other leathers and designs, $4 to $35.

them into wallets, billfolds, ladies' bags, cigarette cases, tobacco pouches—articles which as gifts are certain to be welcome and appreciated.

Then there's the celebrated Amity Key Kaddy, with the exclusive patent swivel hook that turns easily in all directions, and with the metal identification tag assuring return of the keys if lost.

The Amity trade-mark is your guarantee of real leather, of long wear, of skilled craftsmanship. Many Amity articles are richly tooled, hand-colored and hand-laced—at once the most artistic and most practical things of their kind.

The prices are decidedly moderate for such magnificently worked leather. You can buy single Amity pieces, or complete sets in matching designs at your dealer's. You will be particularly interested in Amity sets packed in attractive silk-lined gift boxes. Write for booklet No. 9. Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wis.

Amity Key Kaddy of hand-colored goatskin, richly tooled and laced, $1.50. Every Amity Key Kaddy has patented swivel hooks and metal identification tag. Prices for others range from 50 cents to $12.

Amity Key Kaddy of tooled steerhide with shell design. Priced at $2.

Amity gift set. Hand-colored, laced, tool embossed steerhide threefold wallet, Key Kaddy and cigarette case in beautiful silk-lined box, $12.50. Other sets in a variety of leathers and designs, $2.75 to $50.

if stamped

AMITY

it's leather

FILM ON TEETH

and what to do for it

As Present-Day Dental Authority Suggests

WHAT FILM IS—Why it is charged with most cases of dull, "off-color" teeth and with many serious tooth and gum disturbances

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

Sparkling smiles are, perhaps, the biggest thing in being beautiful. Thus, Pepsodent that brightens teeth by removing dingy film is now accepted as a foremost beauty aid.

The modern dental profession sponsors this "fight-the-film" movement.

ONE result, according to recent dental opinion, of proper film removal from teeth is the clearer, sparkling teeth and more attractive smiles seen everywhere today. Yesterday there were fewer.

Another result, according to many of the ablest authorities, is the universally better protection against tooth and gum disturbances. Yesterday they were on the increase. Few escaped those disorders.

Largely on dental advice, thousands of people have adopted a new way in tooth cleansing . . . Pepsodent. A tooth paste different from all others. A tooth paste that removes the film from teeth ordinary brushing failed in combating effectively.

What Film Is

Film is a stubborn, viscous coating that forms on teeth. A slippery coating you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth.

Tartar—Gum Disorders

Film clings to teeth. It gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the million breed and multiply in this film. It is the basis of tartar. And tartar with germs is the cause of pyorrhea.

Stains Teeth—Invites Decay

Stains from food, tobacco, etc., discolor that film. Then teeth look dull and clouded. Bacteria thrive in it.; then spread over both teeth and gums. Tooth decay and gum troubles are invited.

Obviously, according to dentists and dental authorities, neither *clear teeth*, *sparkling teeth*, nor *healthy* teeth and gums can be fostered unless that film be removed—removed thoroughly at least TWICE each day.

Now Effective Film Removal

Because film stubbornly resisted old ways of brushing, there was a world call from dental authorities for an effective film combatant.

After years of research, Pepsodent was compounded. A tooth paste based on new-day dental requirements. A tooth paste developed in consultation with world-respected dental scientists especially to Fight Film.

Soon it was adopted throughout the world. Whiter, clearer teeth became more common. Teeth and gums were better protected. Dentists everywhere advised it.

Removing film on teeth is accorded high importance by the modern Dentist. So Pepsodent is chosen for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.

Acts In Many Ways

Pepsodent acts first to curdle that film. Then to remove it in cautious protection of the enamel.

Pepsodent acts, at the same time, to firm and harden the gums. It embodies, for this purpose, the latest men of science know in the field of gum prophylaxis.

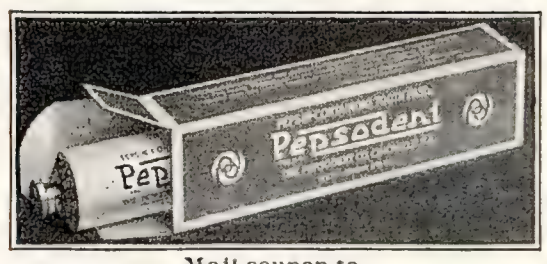
Pepsodent acts, too, to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus to combat the acids of the mouth that invite decay.

These qualities are approved by leading dental authority. Careful tests prove their effectiveness.

10-Day Tube Sent

Mail the coupon for a 10-day tube of Pepsodent. Use it twice daily with the brush. Massage it nightly into the gums. Note how your teeth lighten as film coats go. Note how much better your gums feel. After this test, we believe you will agree that next to your regular dentist's care, Pepsodent is the most important tooth protective factor you can find.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1310, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family

2646

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"Oh, good morning, Miss Hale," he said. "I hope you haven't changed your mind overnight."

"No," she said; "I haven't."

There was a rather long pause before he said anything more.

"Well, it's a great relief to us all," he told her at last. "I was afraid that if you found him very difficult you might want to cry off. Of course we don't want you to feel bound."

"No," she assured him; "it's all right. I'm going to try it, anyhow."

"Good!" he said. "Capital!"

He paused again.

"I understood from Herbert," he went on at last, "that you were planning to go down on the 10-o'clock train this morning. I find that I'm taking that train myself, and, if it's agreeable to you, I'll call for you with the car—about twenty minutes to ten. That will give us ample time to make the train."

She hesitated. Involuntarily she suspected everything the man proposed. But there couldn't be anything wrong about this, could there?

"That's very kind of you," she said at last. "Thanks very much; I'll expect you."

BY half-past nine, ready with her bag, she was waiting at the front window of the little parlor. At twenty minutes to ten he hadn't come, nor at quarter to ten. At twelve minutes to ten she set out, suitcase in hand, to find a taxi.

She missed her train by about two minutes. The next train to the Lake, she found, didn't arrive till half-past three. She picked out the most intelligent-looking young man at the information desk.

"I've just missed the 10-o'clock train to Swiss Lake," she said, "and it's very important that I get there about as soon as it does. The local at 12:10 is too late. Is there any other way I can go?"

"Not any that I know of," he said.

"I wish—" she began again. What was the use of being a pretty girl if you couldn't get away with things like this? "I wish you'd think extra hard and see if there isn't something."

He looked at her, not professionally this time. He proceeded to think hard.

"There's a fast train on the main line leaving at 10:30," he said at last. "It goes through a town called Lafayette, eight miles from Swiss Lake. But it doesn't stop there unless it happens to be flagged for a through passenger. You could telephone to the station-master there and find out if he's going to stop the train. He'll probably know by this time."

"Thank you," she said, shaking hands with him. "You've been terribly nice to me."

Having thus honorably paid her debts, she went off to the telephone.

And at half-past ten, after an exciting interview with the station-master and the conductor of the limited, she settled down in a Pullman seat, with a ticket to Lafayette.

At Lafayette she paused long enough to bless the sight of a corpulent young man who climbed upon the train as she climbed off it, and then found another young man with a Ford who would drive her to Swiss Lake for two dollars.

"ARE you sure this is right?" Phyllis asked. "This can't be the room they meant for me, can it?"

As they bounced over the crest of a hill, a small, smoke-brown roadster met them and passed like a projectile.

"He's coming from where you are going," her driver remarked. "He wasn't going to meet you, was he?"

"No," she told him, and asked: "Was that Herbert Boardman?"

"It was his car all right, and I guess it was him in it. He tears around like that all the time. Come through Lafayette about 2 o'clock this morning. Stopped at our garage for gas; that's how I know."

HE must have started straight for the Lake, then, the moment he knew she wasn't going down with him. Why had he done that, and why was he racing back to town now?

The miles slipped away so fast that they turned in between a pair of big stone gate-posts and up a curving, deeply shaded drive almost at the moment when she might have expected to turn in with Louis, the red-haired taxi driver.

Standing under the porte-cochère of the big brown house was a dusty limousine. Haller, the man servant, and Mrs. Pierce were helping the Colonel out. The Ford clattered up behind it and stopped. For the second time, Phyllis saw she'd startled Edith Pierce. The woman's first look at her was a stare that was almost incredulous. Then she greeted her, though rather blankly, with an outstretched hand.

"GOOD morning," she said. "Grandfather, here's Miss Hale, arriving exactly on time."

Phyllis took her suitcase out of the Ford and handed the driver his money.

"Two dollars," he said. "That's right. Thank you. I'm glad I got you here in time."

"Go inside, Edith," the old man commanded, "and Haller, too. I want to have a word with this secretary of mine before she comes into the house."

He stood there leaning on his stick, and waited in formidable silence till he heard them go and till both the cars had driven away.

"Now then," he said, his old face dark with anger, "why did you pay that man two dollars, and why wasn't he the man I told you to take?"

"I missed the train," she said steadily. "I telephoned and found the fast train was going to stop at Lafayette; so I took it, and I had this man drive me over."

"If you were as anxious as all that to get here, why did you miss the train?" he asked.

"It wasn't my fault that I missed it," she told him.

"Trickery, eh?" he said. "Whose?"

"I'll tell you all about it," she answered, coming to an instant decision; "but there's something else I want to tell you first. I want to tell you how I came to answer your advertisement yesterday."

His guess that she had been tricked into missing her train had coincided exactly with her own belief. His being suspicious of his family was no symptom of madness. If she was going to be anybody's ally, she must be his.

She'd have gone on then and there to tell him the whole story, beginning with her interview with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

for HIS Christmas

HE'S just like the rest of us men—he acts pleased *to death* with *whatever* you give him, but nine times out of ten he is *acting* polite deception. So when you have a chance to *genuinely* please him, *why not?* There isn't one man in a hundred who won't be *honestly* delighted with an Ashagon De Luxe (shown above). So settle that gift problem today—order him an Ashagon De Luxe *now.*

(Note to men: Keep this magazine opened to this advertisement until SHE takes the hint—or go further if you have the nerve!)

This beautiful vase-like Ashagon is needed in every home. It gets rid of all ashes, stubs and matches. It is *sanitary*, and easy to empty—it's the first ashstand to use the glass jar receptacle in the base. Avoid imitations.

Three fine models from which to choose: Ashagon De Luxe, $15.00; Ashagon Corona (non-tippable), $10.50; Ashagon Master, $8.50—west of the Mississippi, 50c more. Five beautiful colors: Antique Gold, Green Gold, Statuary Bronze, Verde Green, Chinese Red.

If your dealer can't supply you, order direct. Write us today for free pamphlet illustrating these *Ashagon Artistic Ashless Ashstands.*

THE TUBULAR PRODUCTS COMPANY
Southington Connecticut

New York Display Rooms: Suite 510, 125 E. 46th St.

TRADE MARK
Ashagon
artistic ashless ashstands

Patents Pending. Copr. 1927, The Tubular Products Co.

Let WHITE CROSS Solve Your Christmas Problems Again This Year!

NEVER before has it been so easy to choose welcome gifts to please the "hard-to-buy-for" names on your Christmas list. WHITE CROSS cooking and household conveniences offer a happy solution to many a perplexing "what-to-give" problem. And they give such a full measure of lasting value and service for the small amount of money involved, that they are exceedingly helpful in balancing the Christmas budget.

Make 1927 a "WHITE CROSS Christmas." 20,000 authorized dealers offer you a wealth of fascinating models from which to choose. There are toasters, electric irons, and percolators, all of highest quality and exceedingly low in price.

There is the special WHITE CROSS Waffle Iron that makes such delicious, crisp waffles right at the table. And there is the most inexpensive high-grade electric stove in the world—the WHITE CROSS No. 237—with its gleaming all-nickel finish and its many exclusive features. Ideal for the bride and groom, the college student, or the young woman "on her own," as well as for constant use in every home.

Visit your nearest dealer now and learn more about these delightful and practical Christmas gifts. Be sure to look for the Blue and Gold Tag on each appliance. It is your guarantee of WHITE CROSS quality, economy and satisfaction.

Write for 24-Page Book and Dealer's Name

If you do not know the name of your nearest WHITE CROSS dealer, simply send your name and address on a postal card, and we will gladly tell you. We will also send a beautiful 24-page rotogravure booklet, illustrating the complete WHITE CROSS line of electric cooking and household conveniences. Write us today.

WHITE CROSS
Electric Iron

Built for severe work, and the equal of any iron on the market. Makes most difficult laundering easy.

Price $5.00

No. 230
Toaster

Economical, thoroughly dependable. Toasts two full slices at once. Very low current consumption.

Price $4.00

DEALERS

If you are not already handling the fast-moving WHITE CROSS line of popular-priced, nationally advertised electrical appliances, you are missing amazing sales possibilities. Drop us a line on your letterhead and let us tell you what the WHITE CROSS franchise can mean to you.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRICAL WORKS
3210-3250 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois

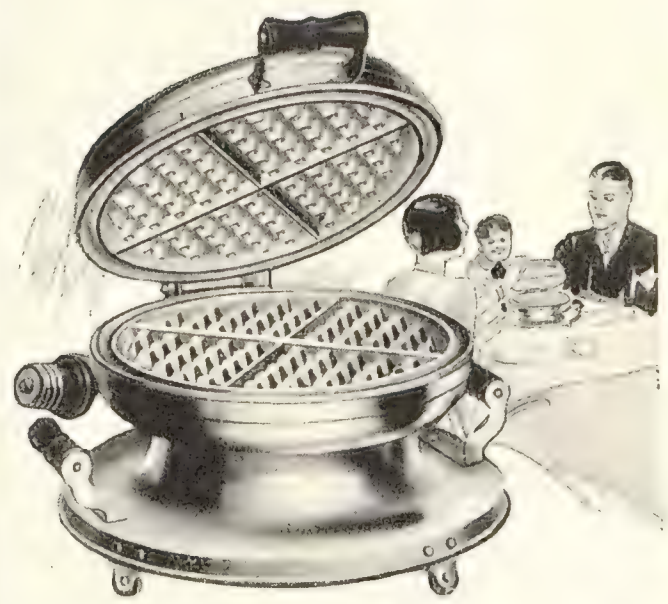
WHITE CROSS

Quality that WHITE CROSS Never Disappoints

Prices slightly higher in the Far West

Manufacturers of complete line of Electric Household Appliances

A National Guide *to Remarkable Electric Appliance Values*



No. 156 Waffle Iron

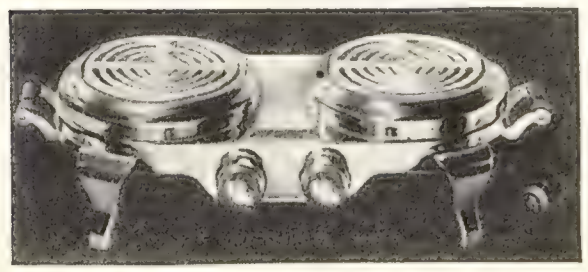
Cooks big, crisp, tender waffles in a twinkling without grease, smoke or odor. No turning necessary, since both sides bake at the same time. Now any one can make this delightful dish and be certain of perfect results. Purest aluminum grid, genuine ribbon nichrome heating elements. Finished in shining nickel, fit to grace the daintiest breakfast table. An inexpensive gift that will be treasured throughout a lifetime. Another similar model, full size, for only.....$7.50

$9.00

No. 281 Percolator

Even unskilled hands can make delicious coffee quickly with this new patented fountain-spray type percolator. The 4-cup size, ideal for the small family, is now offered at an unbelievably low price.....

$4.40



No. 237 All-Nickel Stove

A priceless convenience to every woman. To cook breakfasts and luncheons complete, right at the table—to keep cream sauces and chafing-dish foods hot all through the meal—for bridge luncheons, afternoon teas, candy-making, midnight spreads—this surprising new WHITE CROSS Table Stove. Separate 2-stage switches on each burner give high or low heat. Very economical in current consumption. Sturdily constructed for a lifetime of use, and finished in polished nickel. Why not give some dear one this lovely, enduring gift? You could not duplicate its value at twice its cost.

$9.00

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Thomas, if he had not, with a peremptory gesture, silenced her.

"Planted you on me, did they?" he said, low and quick. "And then decided you wouldn't do and tried to keep you away?"

"I think so—yes."

"Do you know why?"

"No; I've only a sort of guess."

He was grumbling in his beard, speaking almost inaudibly: "You've changed your mind and decided to come over to my side. Want to make a clean breast of it, eh?" Suddenly he raised his voice to an angry shout: "And you expect me to believe that?"

"No," she said hotly, "I don't. I don't care whether you believe it or not. You'd better send me back to town and get somebody else."

Just as the old man had begun shouting at her, the door opened and a servant in a white jacket had come out to carry in the bags. She wondered if she hadn't better tell him to leave hers outside.

But the Colonel didn't give her a chance. He went right on storming at her. "When I want any more explanations, I'll ask for them. Until I do, keep your mouth shut. Don't try to explain to anybody. . . . Who's this? Haller?"

"No, sir," said the man in the white jacket. "Shall I call Haller, sir?"

But Haller didn't need calling. He was right inside the door.

"Yes, sir?" he said interrogatively, as he came up and took the old man's arm.

"Take me up to my room," the Colonel snapped.

But before he moved away he spoke again to Phyllis: "My great-granddaughter is somewhere about. She'll show you where your room is. Have your lunch with her and her mother. Report to me at 3 o'clock for work. Three o'clock means 3 o'clock—not five minutes past. And don't try to improve on your instructions this time."

With that, on Haller's arm, he stamped away and left her. If the man in the white jacket hadn't carried off her bag, she thought she might have caught it up and fled.

THE house daunted her almost as much as its owner. It was formidably big, and oppressively ugly, she found, when she stood near the door, turning her mind back upon the little scene she'd just had with the old man.

He'd understood in a flash that she'd been tricked into missing her train. He had forestalled the confession of her yesterday morning's talk with his son Thomas. "Planted you on me, did they?" he had said.

He'd perceived, or seemed to, that her willingness to tell him meant that she'd come over to his side. And then suddenly he'd flown at her.

He'd heard the door opening, no doubt, and hadn't known who was coming out. Had he wanted to make the household think that he was in a rage with her, in order to keep them from suspecting that she'd just given them away to him? He hadn't known in whose hearing he shouted. "When I want any more explanations I'll ask for them. Until then keep your mouth shut. Don't explain to anybody." Was that a warning to her to be on guard before the others?

A young girl appeared in the hall, and seeing Phyllis standing there, hesitated. Plainly enough she was self-conscious and shy rather than inhospitable.

"Are you—" she began, and then stopped.

"I'm Phyllis Hale — Colonel Boardman's new secretary. Are you the great-granddaughter he said would show me where my room was?"

"Yes; but I didn't know he'd said that. My name's Elizabeth Pierce."

She was the humanest being, Phyllis told herself, that she'd encountered yet. A big, rather overgrown young thing, with black hair that hadn't, somehow, quite the right bob for the shape of her face, and large, dark eyes of the sort that used to be called liquid. She wasn't pretty at all, Phyllis reflected, but she might be a beauty when she got around to it.

SHE led the way up the stairs. "Was it you I heard great-grandfather shouting at just now?"

"Yes," Phyllis said, "it was. I think if my suitcase had been anywhere in sight I'd have grabbed it and run."

"That's what most of them do," Elizabeth told her candidly. "Hardly any of them last more than a week. The last one—"

She broke off short. But this might have been because the door where she had stopped was their destination.

"Here's your room," she ended.

It was a huge room, swimming in light from windows on two sides. The old velvet carpet and the satiny paper on the walls had faded to an ivory tone; the old brocade curtains were yellow, or had been, and so was the counter-pane on the big tobacco-brown curly-maple bed. There was a fire-place in the north wall, framed in a white marble mantelpiece elaborately carved. Over it hung a big picture, covered, frame and all, with another piece of yellow brocade. The whole thing went together somehow and was lovely. Two of the windows looked out on a grove of old maple-trees, and the other pair overlooked the lake. The latter pair were French, and gave upon a narrow balcony.

Phyllis, after gazing about her for a moment, turned back to her guide.

"Are you sure this is right?" she asked. "This can't be the room they meant for me, can it?"

"Oh, yes," Elizabeth assured her. "All great-grandfather's secretaries have had it. It's across from his rooms. That's your bathroom," she nodded toward one of the closed doors, "and the other's your closet. Why did you smile?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Christmas Suggestions

GIVE Westclox this Christmas; they make splendid gifts. Your best friends—anyone, in fact—will appreciate their usefulness.

They'll especially like the new Westclox, Big Ben De Luxe and Baby Ben De Luxe, unusually beautiful alarm clocks.

The de luxe models are hard to tip over and that adds to their long life. They're felt-cushioned underneath, have keys that wind easily, dials that are easy to read, and mellow-toned alarms that ring steadily or intermittently. Price $3.75; or with dial that you can see in the dark, $5.00.

You will find a variety of Westclox wherever reliable timepieces are sold. Prices, $1.50 to $5.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Ill. *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

"At the way you said 'all his secretaries,'" Phyllis told her. "It sounded like Bluebeard. Was there something special about the last one? I thought you were on the point of telling me something about her."

"The last one was a man. No, there wasn't anything special about him. He lasted a little longer than some of the others, but not much."

She blushed deeply.

"It looks more like a woman's room than a man's," Phyllis observed. "Hasn't it ever belonged to any of the family?"

"IT used to be my great-aunt's forty years ago or so—Aunt Flora. That's her portrait over the fireplace. But you'd better not try to look at it, or you'll pull the brocade down, and great-grandfather will have a fit. And it isn't worth bothering about, because I'm supposed to look like her.

"I don't know what happened to her, but it must have been something ghastly. Anyhow, great-grandfather would never let anybody use the room till he began putting his secretaries in here." She was on the point, Phyllis thought, of saying something more on the subject, but abruptly changed her mind.

"I guess you'll have just about time to take off your hat and wash your hands before lunch. I'll show you the way to the dining-room when you come downstairs."

She gave her a jerky, embarrassed nod, and was gone.

Phyllis opened her suitcase, got out her comb—and her soap—and took them into her bathroom. There was no use stopping to think about things now. The only thing to do was to go ahead and see what happened.

Lunch was a queer, oppressive sort of meal. Mrs. Pierce's manner was deeply preoccupied and disturbed, and young Elizabeth reacted to her mother's mood.

When they were half-way through the meal the telephone rang. The young girl sprang up, anticipating the servants. When she came back she had plenty to talk about.

"That was grandfather," she said to Phyllis. "He said to tell you he was awfully glad he hadn't made you miss the train. He was held up just as he was going to start. He isn't coming down today at all. He tried and tried to telephone you, but he always got the busy signal."

"Our telephone wasn't busy," Phyllis said; "because I was within hearing of it all the time I waited."

"It's probably on a party line," Mrs. Pierce suggested indifferently. "But I wonder that you didn't miss your train."

Phyllis almost said, "I did miss it," and then checked herself. "I didn't wait very long," she explained smoothly. "I had a sort of hunch that he'd been detained, so I left word with my landlady and set out and took a taxi."

The older woman's manner changed a little, as if her mind had come suddenly into sharper focus.

"You mean a real hunch, Miss Hale? Do you have experiences of that kind often? I mean direct communication from another mind—telepathy?"

"Oh, mother!" Elizabeth protested.

"My dear," Mrs. Pierce said, "there's no reason in the world why I shouldn't ask Miss Hale a question like that."

"I don't know whether I have or not," Phyllis said. "It's rather hard to tell how unusual it is. When it works, one remembers it and calls it telepathy. The times when it doesn't work one forgets."

"That's what I say," Elizabeth broke in. "Nobody ever keeps their batting average straight."

Her mother looked rather annoyed, but didn't offer to pursue the subject.

"I've got some more news," Elizabeth went on. "Grandfather and Uncle Franklin are coming tomorrow, and they're bringing down a perfectly new cousin for a visit—Cousin Blair. Mother, what's the matter? You look as if you were going to faint."

"It's nothing," Mrs. Pierce said, deathly pale. "Are you sure you understood your grandfather—that they're bringing Blair Boardman here?"

"Yes, of course," her daughter replied. "He's here for a little visit, and they're bringing him down for the week-end. Why not?"

ELIZABETH turned to Phyllis.

"It's quite exciting to me," she added. "I didn't know I had any cousins but young Dorothy and Ted. They're Uncle Charles' children."

"He's my first cousin," Mrs. Pierce said, obviously making an effort to get herself together. "I'm sure, Elizabeth, you've heard us speak of his father—my father's brother Blair."

"Yes, I've heard of him," Elizabeth said. "He's the one who stood up to great-grandfather, and got chucked out. But I thought he was dead."

"He is. This man is his son. We've none of us ever seen him."

"Really, that's awfully exciting," said Elizabeth. "I wonder what he's like."

Phyllis took a quick decision.

"I can tell you what he's like," she volunteered. "I saw him yesterday!"

What sinister shadow does young Blair Boardman cast over this household? Edith Pierce's panic portends strange revelations. Follow Phyllis' discoveries next week.

"For good advice —quickly"

AN INVESTOR finds himself with idle funds. He calls the nearest National City Company office and at once gets the benefit of world-wide information and a list of sound bonds suitable to his needs. He also gets the advice of experienced bond men competent to discuss with him any investment problem. This investment experience and service is only as far away as your telephone.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES • INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES • INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS

Ruth ROLAND Rolls in Royces

The Story of How a Serial Queen Ran $35 a Week Into $3,000,000

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

THE star whose hunches have netted her a fortune.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 15 seconds.)

ONE day late in May of 1910, Ruth Roland debated whether a red necktie or a green one would go best with her Buster Brown collar.

She decided on the green tie. And that small decision altered the course of her life: got her a job at $35 a week in one of the first Western motion-pictures—though it almost lost her the chance—and started her on a winding trail that was to lead from a dangerous, hard-working rôle in the films to the position she occupies today—that of the richest young woman who ever left the movies.

Let us record the Genesis before we relate the Revelation of this interesting woman's career.

About 1892 a young newspaper man named John R. Roland left the New York *Sun* and went to work on the San Francisco *Chronicle*. In that city he met a girl named Lillian Elizabeth Hauser and married her. On August 26, 1894, a girl was born to them.

They named her Ruth R., the initial being a secret shared only by the former serial queen and now opulent real-estate dealer and her Aunt Lizzie, concerning whom more will be told.

Mrs. Roland determined that Baby Ruth should, if she manifested any predilection in that wise, have her chance behind the footlights. The newspaper man doesn't seem to have approved; but he soon passed out of the picture.

When Ruth was three years old she played her first rôle, *Cinderella*, in a juvenile troupe which toured the Western States. I asked her if she was frightened.

Miss Roland's eyes helped her answer, as, indeed, they take expressive part in all her conversation. I think hers are the most remarkable eyes I have ever seen. Stand four feet from her and you'll wager confidently that they are dark brown, or even black.

Approach more closely and you observe that the glowing iris is that extraordinary pansy-purple poets envision but mortals seldom encounter.

The purple eyes danced with their omnipresent mirth as she replied to my question.

"Stage-fright!" she exclaimed. "Why, instead of being afraid, they had a terrible time to get me off the stage! They had to carry me off, kicking and squirming. I've never been afraid of anything in my life.

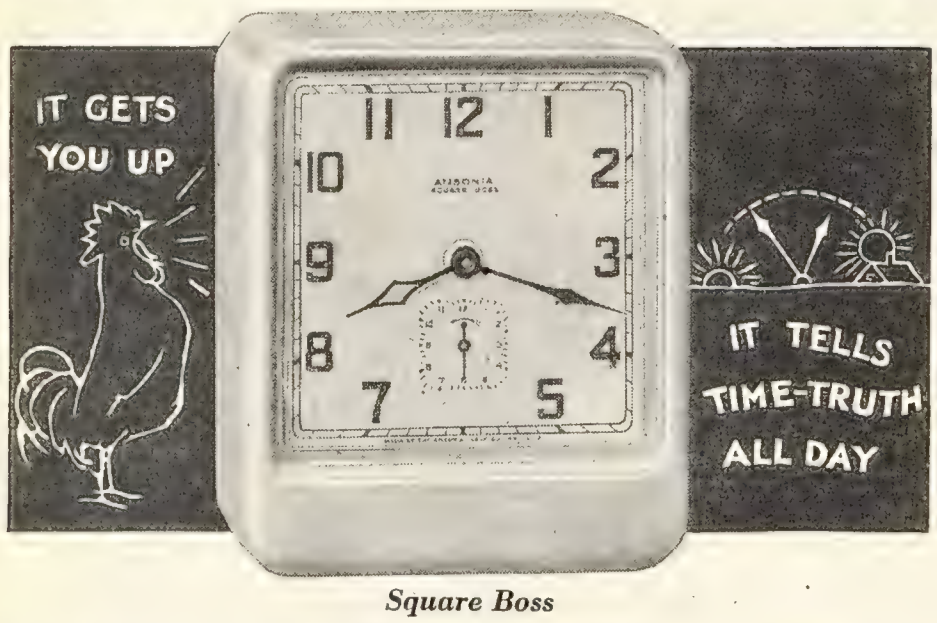
"When *Cinderella* expired, I got a job as Baby Ruth on the Orpheum Circuit in a dancing-and-singing specialty. After three years, when I was about seven, my mother died. Her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Edith Thompson, took charge of me; and she has been close beside me ever since. I owe much to her loyalty and love and sagacity.

"Presently I joined the Morosco Stock Company in San Francisco. I appeared in Little Lord Fauntleroy, Bootles' Baby, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Ensign, and many other plays in child parts. I always made good money. I danced well and I had a good voice. And I had confidence in myself, a self-assurance that has always made me take long chances.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

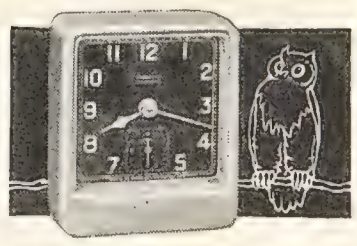
Square built . . . to keep square time

All Ansonia Clocks tell square time. Squareclox remind you of this constantly . . . are fine all-brass clocks, nothing to rust, nothing



Square Boss

to scratch, do not tumble over . . . are fine alarm clocks that keep honest time. Their square simplicity is a thing of beauty . . . a compliment to any bedroom. Even the large one is not a noisy clock . . . except when it sounds its alarm at the time you set. Then it is persuasive enough to get you out of bed... Squareclox are handy about the kitchen, too. There are three in the Squareclox family . . . Square Boss, Square Owl and Square Rascal... three sizes, all described below. Any one of these solid citizens will go on duty in your household for $3.50



Square Owl . . . wiseacre of the dark. Its luminous hands and figures stand out boldly in the night.

Square Rascal...small sized . . . a favorite alarm with the ladies... an ideal desk clock, too.

At jewelers', druggists', hardware and department stores.

ANSONIA

FINE ALARMS **SQUARECLOX** FINE ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS... the big fellow. Over 5 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

SQUARE OWL... about 4 inches high, fine brass case, black dial, *luminous* hands and figures.

SQUARE RASCAL... the small one, under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated brass dial.

(X the one you want)
Square Boss ☐
Square Owl ☐
Square Rascal ☐

The coupon is for your convenience
ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY, 12 East 41st St., New York City.
Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated.
Name.....
Address.....

[RUTH ROLAND ROLLS IN ROYCES]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

"Mother, and later Aunt Lizzie, helped me with my books. As a consequence, I stepped into the eighth grade when we moved to Hollywood, before I was twelve. I was the youngest pupil that ever attended the Hollywood High School. Of course, life on the road and association with older people had sharpened my wits.

"In the summer of 1907 I went to spend the holidays with another aunt, Mrs. A. Ross, in El Paso, Texas. The first thing I did was to visit the Crawford Stock Company to watch rehearsals for Zaza.

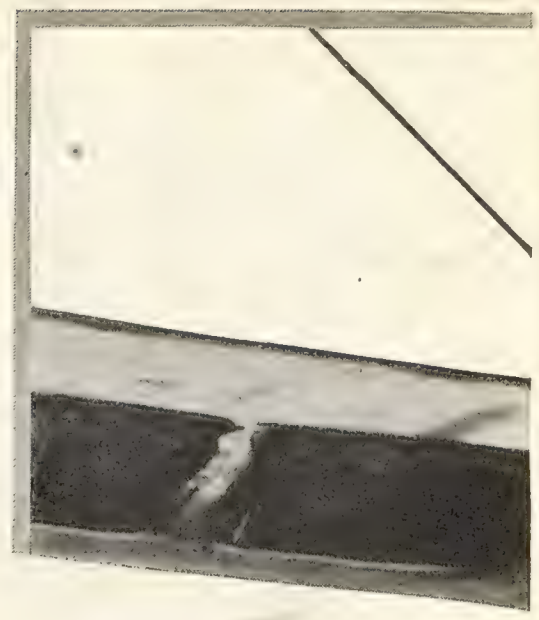
"An awkward little girl in the part of *Flo Flo*, a chorus girl, made me so impatient that I bounded on the stage and said I could do it right. They gave her another part and let me take hers.

"All that summer I played with the little company, and in the fall I declined to return to Hollywood. Aunt Bertha, my other aunt, flatly refused to let me go on the road with the company. We had quite a row; but she had a good laugh when somebody skipped with the company's bank roll and left them stranded.

"WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Waldron organized the American Players to tour the little Texas towns. I went with them. We had a hectic time, which ended when the troupe went broke. I don't remember where, but I do remember it was $4.75 worth of railroad fare from Fort Worth.

"Uncle Andy, as we called Mr. Waldron, split his last penny with us, and each got $5. Aunt Bertha had moved to Fort Worth, so I told the company that if we all went there we'd get a square meal. We all piled in on her the next day. Then I borrowed $10 from her and staked my companions to a boarding-house.

"Millard Wilson and J. P. McGowan, members of the troupe, helped me rewrite a three-act play we had into a vaudeville sketch. We went to the Majestic and asked Manager Malally to give us a try-out. He did, after the matinée, and the professionals almost got hysterics watching it. But Malally offered me a job, because of my singing. I turned it down, and



with my friends found a place with a stock company.

"We got as far as Muskogee, Oklahoma, and became stranded. Well, there I was, fourteen years old, five weeks behind in my hotel bill, not a cent in my pocket, and no job. Was I downcast? I was not. I knew I'd get by somehow.

"The hotel clerk put me out the day the stock company closed up, and kept my trunk. I decided to hunt a job as a waitress. As I walked down the street I stopped to look in a show-window. A man spoke to me.

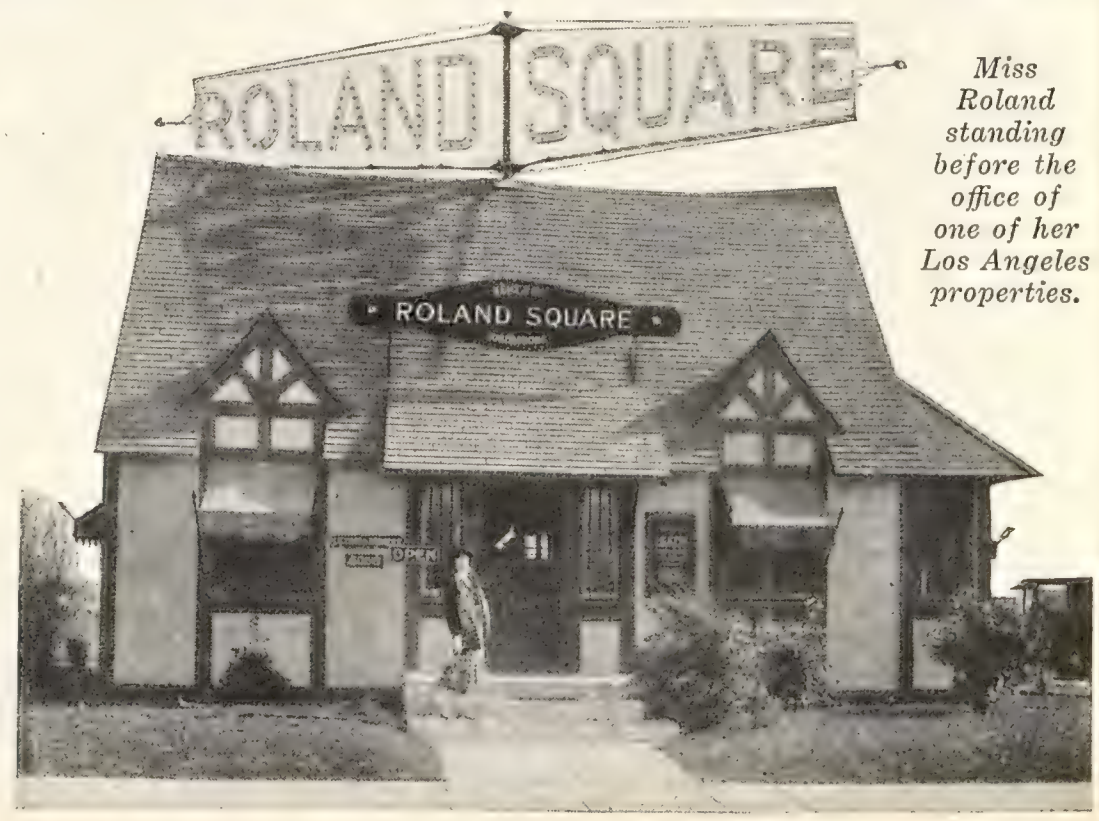
"He said he was Vishoff the Seer, telling fortunes and doing sleight-of-hand stunts in a local theater. He offered to tell my fortune gratis. I held out my hand and he stared at my palm a long time. Then he said:

"'My dear child, after many ups and downs, after many adventures filled with great risk, after many gambles, you are coming into your own. I see millions of dollars in your hand.'

"I got quite a laugh out of that. He talked to me awhile, and finally offered me a job in his act. I went to the hotel clerk and begged him to let me get a dress out of my trunk.

"This clerk was a peach! He had my trunk put in the middle of the lobby, and then stood over me to see that I only took one dress out. The men sitting around laughed at me.

"Vishoff the Seer almost killed me the first night. He sewed me



Miss Roland standing before the office of one of her Los Angeles properties.

HOW the Roland fortune was started. A scene from an old serial thriller, The Timber Queen.

in a sack and then locked me in a trunk. He put a screen in front of it, and, presto! the screen was removed and I was standing there and the Seer was in the locked trunk. The stunt didn't go so good the first time, because I was nervous and had a terrible time finding the little inside keyhole I used to get out of the trunk.

"At the end of the week he paid me $30 and I quit. He wanted to marry me.

"THEN Versatile George came to town. He also had a lot of mystery stunts and sang and danced. He offered me a job because the girl who helped him was quitting.

"I got him to advance me $25, and that same day got a money-order from Aunt Bertha for the same amount. With the $30 the Seer had paid me, all changed into one-dollar bills, I called on my friend the hotel clerk.

"I made him bring the trunk into the lobby, and then went carefully over its contents to see, as I explained loudly, that he hadn't stolen anything. I paid my bill with a great flourish of dollar bills.

"Versatile George and I parted company after a few profitable weeks. George craved his grog, and when he was filled with grog he craved my hand in marriage.

"I reached Los Angeles on April Fool's Day, 1910, and stepped out at once and got a job. I fixed up a sketch, and it was booked in Los Angeles and dozens of near-by towns.

"Then some friends working for the old Biograph under D. W. Griffith told me to try to get a job with him in pictures.

"I had a hunch that the new industry would eventually make a lot of money for those who got in it early enough.

"Incidentally, I am a profound believer in hunches, and I have played them all my life. A decision is something that has to be made: why not make it promptly? You shall see how I have respected that intuitive conclusion known as a *hunch*, and how I have made a lot of money doing so.

"I went out to the old Griffith studio at the corner of Georgia and Pico to take a look around. To my astonishment, Mr. Griffith offered to let me take the place of Mary Pickford, who was leaving him to go with Reliance. I had to turn the chance down, because I was signed up for several weeks more in vaudeville.

"In mid-May I wound up my contract, and went out to hunt a job with a movie company whose name I forget. Bebe Daniels' mother was its secretary, and Fred Balsafer its director.

"I was taken to his office, and Balsafer told me to tell him why he should give me a job. As I told him, he leaned his chin on his palms and stared at me so fixedly that I was terrified; I thought of all the lurid stories I had heard about directors—and I wasn't yet sixteen.

"He told me to come back the next day and go to work. But I never went back. Long after, I learned that Balsafer was quite deaf and always stared intently at people he talked to, so he could read their lips! He's a good friend of mine now.

"I SIGNED on as soubrette in a musical comedy playing at Long Beach, and a few days later got a message from Robert Chandler of the Kalem Company, telling me that they were opening a studio in Hollywood to make their first Western picture, and that Pat C. Hartigan, who had just rented a house in Santa Monica, was hiring the cast.

"I phoned Hartigan, and he told me to come out. I had a new Buster Brown suit, and I put it on. Then I decided a green tie would be better than a red one, because I had a new green hat. I left my hair in two long braids.

"They hadn't turned on the electric lights in Hartigan's new house, so he interviewed me in the dusk of a lamp-lit room. He asked me what salary I wanted. I was getting $100 a week, but I said I'd start with Kalem at $35. Then he lifted the lamp and stood in front of me, studying my features.

"He frowned a couple of times, but finally said he'd give me a chance. I wondered why he was suddenly so gruff—and a couple of years later he told me he almost turned me down that night when he saw my green tie: he thought I had worn it purposely because he was Irish!

"The musical-comedy company

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Under Alpine peaks . . .

these rare blends were first made

Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate fifty years ago in a little Swiss valley. Today his famous blend is known all over the world

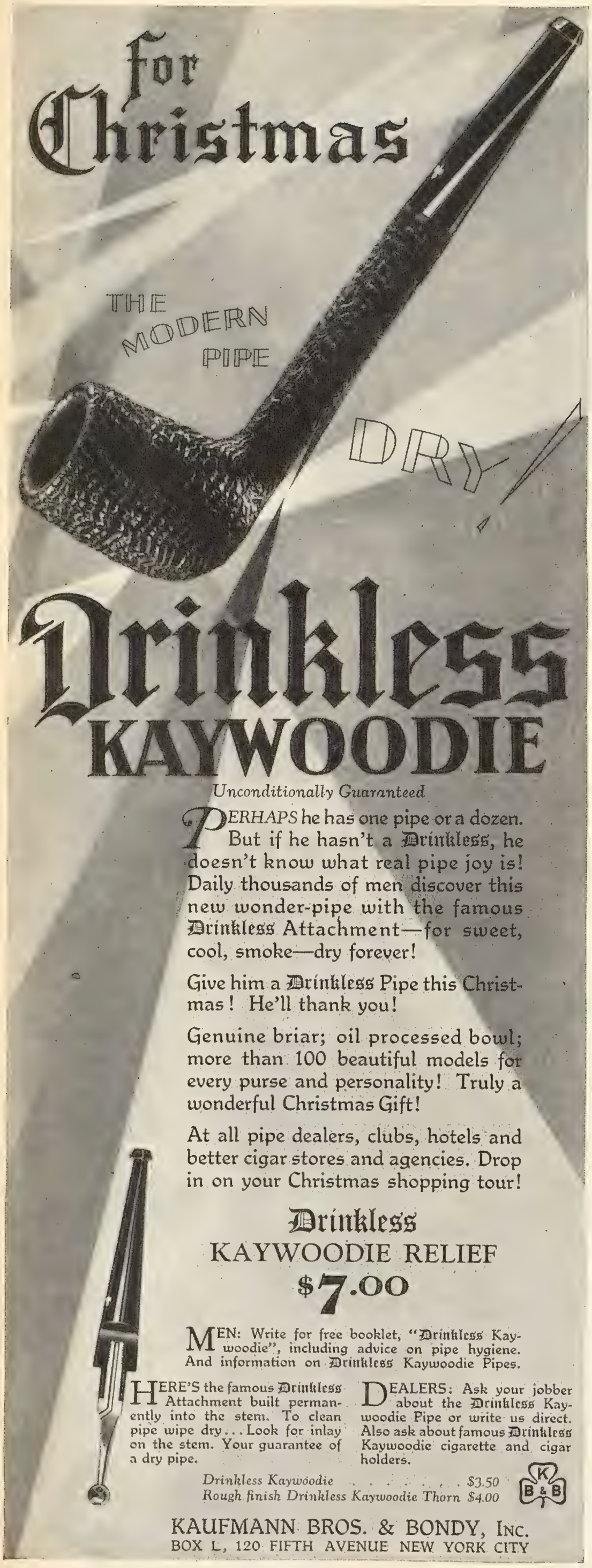
Only six of the choicest varieties of cocoa beans go into Peter's. Today in America this world-famous blend is made just as Peter made it. Peter's is the favorite of those who love a rich chocolate taste.

And now these same chocolate experts have perfected a second blend—for all who love a creamy mellow flavor—Nestlé's. Gallons and gallons of fresh milk with all its thick rich cream goes into Nestlé's until it is the creamiest of all milk chocolate.

You can get Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars—plain and almond—or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co.

Richest in Chocolate

Richest in Cream



Drinkless KAYWOODIE

Unconditionally Guaranteed

PERHAPS he has one pipe or a dozen. But if he hasn't a Drinkless, he doesn't know what real pipe joy is! Daily thousands of men discover this new wonder-pipe with the famous Drinkless Attachment—for sweet, cool, smoke—dry forever!

Give him a Drinkless Pipe this Christmas! He'll thank you!

Genuine briar; oil processed bowl; more than 100 beautiful models for every purse and personality! Truly a wonderful Christmas Gift!

At all pipe dealers, clubs, hotels and better cigar stores and agencies. Drop in on your Christmas shopping tour!

Drinkless KAYWOODIE RELIEF $7.00

MEN: Write for free booklet, "Drinkless Kaywoodie", including advice on pipe hygiene. And information on Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipes.

HERE'S the famous Drinkless Attachment built permanently into the stem. To clean pipe wipe dry... Look for inlay on the stem. Your guarantee of a dry pipe.

DEALERS: Ask your jobber about the Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe or write us direct. Also ask about famous Drinkless Kaywoodie cigarette and cigar holders.

Drinkless Kaywoodie $3.50
Rough finish Drinkless Kaywoodie Thorn $4.00

K B & B

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
BOX L, 120 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

[RUTH ROLAND ROLLS IN ROYCES]
Continued from Page Thirty-five

was good enough to release me, and I went to work for Kalem on Decoration Day, 1910. The picture was called The Last Shot, and most of it was made in Santa Monica Cañon, where Indians chased me, cowboys rescued me, and where they had to lift me from the saddle after riding a horse forty miles the first day.

"The cowboys liked me because there was nothing I wouldn't try, and under their guidance I became before long one of the best horsewomen in the West.

"The second week I found $40 in my pay envelop. Presently they raised me to $60, and made it $90 when Mack Sennett offered me $85 to take Mabel Normand's job. She was going to another company, he said.

"I stayed with Kalem four years, and was getting $115 a week when Balboa Films offered me $150 and Kalem refused to meet it. Balboa's releases were handled by Pathé, which really had the say as to my contract.

"MY first work with Pathé was in the twelve-series pictures entitled Who Pays? Henry King, now the splendid director, was my leading man.

"I remained with the Balboa company for two years, making The Red Circle by William Ritchie; The Neglected Wife by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow; The Price of Folly, a serial by Ritchie; three Gold Rooster features which were handpainted; The Message from Reno; The Sultana, in which Frank Mayo was opposite me; and Comrade John, with William Elliot as costar and Lew Cody as heavy.

"Things became unpleasant with the Horkheimer brothers, who ran Balboa. Office and studio politics made me miserable. Orders were given that nobody in the company was to speak to me, except briefly when business required.

"Only the electricians and the cowboys ignored the orders: the former were union men and didn't have to obey; and the cowboys were my friends and told the producers to go to hell.

"In February, 1917, my relations with the Horkheimer brothers ended—and they certainly made it hard for me to get another job. They served me with a summons and demanded $50,000 for alleged breach of contract.

"Of course, they never even went to court with it, but the notoriety served to blackball me with other producers, because they had accused me of being too temperamental to live, with a habit of walking off the set when things didn't suit me.

"This made other companies reluctant to hire me, and I was idle for several months. But when the public whistles the producers dance, and the public demanded more Ruth Roland serials. Offers began to come to me, and I suddenly decided that I might as well keep the money the name Ruth Roland brought in.

"I went to New York City, saw Paul Brunet, then president of

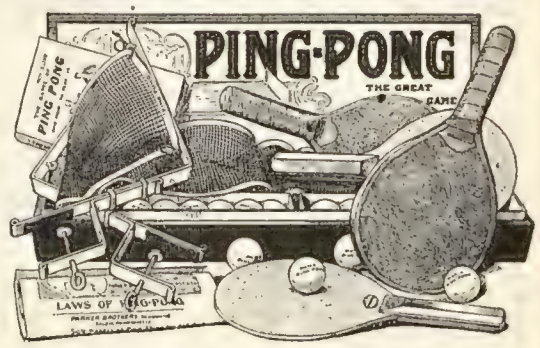
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Famous PARKER GAMES

HOKUM
The Great Fun-Maker

HOKUM stampedes the crowd with thrills—a whirlwind of fun and hilarity to the tense, surprising climax! Men and women both enjoy its quick fun and excitement, its unexpected twists of fortune. *The* game for a roomful—2 to 8 players. Learned in two minutes. Price of HOKUM $1 at DEALERS or by mail.

PING-PONG
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
PARKER BROTHERS, Inc., *Sole Makers*



A truly great game! Fast, exciting action. There is no better game! Sets from $2 to $20. Sold by all leading DEALERS, or by mail. Send for ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR. *PING-PONG always* bears the famous and registered brand PING-PONG upon Box, Rackets, and Balls.

TOURING

Immensely popular! Fast play, dramatic situations! Surprising, laughable, fun-making!

Price 75c at DEALERS or by mail.

A simple game of skill.

PEGITY

Great fun for old and young. Exciting, entertaining to watch or play. Learned in 2 minutes.

Price $1.25 at DEALERS or by mail.

Look for the imprint, PARKER BROTHERS. For two generations the standard of excellence in games. Among many popular favorites are: Pollyanna, Five Wise Birds, Game of OZ, East is East, Halma, Boy Scouts' Progress Game, Rook, Pit, Across the Continent, etc., etc.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.
SALEM, MASS. : Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Pathé, and told him I wanted to make my own serials. Los Angeles had laughed when it heard why I was going East; it amused the cynics and the veterans to think

THE star's "Aunt Lizzie." Miss Elizabeth Edith Thompson, who mothered the orphaned actress and today shares her good fortune.

of an actress not yet twenty-three years of age, who had never made over $600 a week, presuming to produce her own pictures.

"WELL, Mr. Brunet agreed to my plans. I organized Ruth Roland Serials, Inc., rented myself, Ruth Roland the actress, to Ruth Roland the producer, from Pathé, who had Ruth Roland the actress under contract.

"This was done so that if I failed as a producer Pathé would still have a call on my services as an actress. Then, as Ruth Roland the producer, I signed up Ruth Roland the actress to a contract calling for fifty-two weeks at $2,000 a week, a bonus, and a percentage of the profits which for the year would average $3,500 a week.

"Los Angeles sat up and rubbed its eyes when the 'temperamental and unreliable' Ruth returned triumphantly from New York City with this contract.

"I pawned my Liberty Bonds, my jewelry, my cars, my house, all the vacant real estate I had bought; and I went from banker to banker, begging them for loans; and from movie star to movie star, telling them here was their chance to get in on what was becoming known around Los Angeles as 'Ruth Roland luck.'

"The stars turned me down, but the bankers listened. I told them that I was the most popular actress in pictures!

"This was not said to hard-headed business men as a boast. It was stated as a fact, and my argument was this: that I was the only actress who could pack the picture houses for fifteen weeks straight; that other stars were lucky to put across two or three big pictures a year and keep their following, whereas my serials proved that the public would come to see me week after week until the end of the story, just as they would buy magazines week after week until the end of the serial they were interested in.

"'Broadway?' the bankers murmured. Well, my answer to that was that if I was not the most popular screen actress on Broadway, I was on Main Street—and that there are a great many more Main Streets than Broadways.

"My serials, I explained, were clean and wholesome; they were exciting; they were packed with adventure and courage, and life in the mountains and valleys and plains where the pioneers had told their deathless stories. No young man or woman ever left a Ruth Roland episode with unclean thoughts.

"Every kid in America could and did go to see my pictures; and parents were glad to know their children were there instead of watching some suggestive, utterly false portrayal of life as the producers wanted the ordinary American citizen to imagine life is lived on Fifth Avenue and in Newport and Palm Beach.

"Well, I finally raised enough money to begin producing. And, of course, I was right. I made immense sums from the start. Into my pictures I crammed all I had learned—all that experience had taught Pearl White and Helen Holmes and myself, the recognized serial queens.

"I made Adventures of Ruth, Ruth of the Rockies, The Avenging Arrow, White Eagle, Haunted Valley, The Timber Queen, and Ruth of the Range, and others, which quickly cleared my indebtedness and gave me a satisfactory profit.

"THEN I quit the screen. My last serial, Ruth of the Range, was made late in 1923 and released in 1924. There was no diminution in the public's demand for my pictures, but my other interests had expanded so that I simply could not attend to both.

"So I gambled again — I gambled that I could make more money in Los Angeles real estate and in other investments than in the movies. And I decided that if the movie fans wanted me later, I would hear from them.

"And before I go ahead with the story of my dealings in realty, I might say that before long I am going to gamble again—I am going

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Witzel photo

A PICTURE of Ruth Roland as screen fans seldom saw her in her Western thrillers.

BABY RUTH as a featured Orpheum actress at six.

for office, for general use
Semi-Hex
Dependable
pencil made. Its
popularity is growing
daily. Quality tells its own
story. Ask your stationer or
write
General Pencil Co
Jersey City
N.J.

IF HE SMOKES
give him a "Locktite"

An ideal gift for the man who smokes is a Locktite Pouch. Made with the Hookless Fastener that always works—it's the modern way to carry tobacco. Many fine leathers and oilsilk—$1.00 to $7.50 at all cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. The Locktite Cigarette Case holds a full package of 20, straight and fresh to the last one. Give them both—they are sure to please.

THE LOCKTITE CO., INC.
Gloversville, N. Y.

[RUTH ROLAND ROLLS IN ROYCES]
Continued from Page Thirty-seven

back into serials. The letters I get from the public, and my intuition, which never has failed me, tell me that these continued stories will again be popular.

"My first real-estate investment was made when I was getting $40 a week from Kalem. A friend took me to a new subdivision called Ethelyn Manor, and I bought a corner lot for $750—$10 down and $10 a month. I knew little about such things then, and presently somebody explained that at that rate I'd never pay the principal, but would only be paying interest.

"My informant suggested that I drop it. But I refused to lose my $20; so I paid it up within a few months. I sold that lot last year for $2,500. Not much of a deal—and had I invested that $750 in Los Angeles or beach property I could sell it now for $100,000.

"I never was miserly with my money—but I was cautious. I realized I'd never get anywhere in life spending all my wages. And I worked too hard to squander my money. I began to buy other little pieces of land here and there, a good bond or two, and, when Liberty Bonds came in, to buy all of them I could.

"ANOTHER way I made money was this: A certain automobile company would not sell on time payments, and there were many well-to-do families who wanted one of its fine cars but didn't have the cash available to buy it.

"I paid cash for the expensive cars, delivered them to reputable men who wanted them, and took their notes. I made a lot of interest on those investments.

"Then I tired of paying rent. I found a little bungalow and bought it for $6,500. The realty boom hit southern California, somebody wanted my bungalow, and I let it go for $10,500. I bought a two-story residence, and sold it at a good profit a few weeks later.

"Well, I thought, how long has this been going on? I began to drive around town between my serials, and to pick up vacant land. The first thing I knew, I had tied up $150,000 in lots. I couldn't carry this load, so I began to eliminate the less desirable pieces. I made a bit on each, and used the money thus released to strengthen my hold on the better lots.

"Presently I was making a big return from my real-estate deals, and I decided to gamble on a big scale—to go in for acreage.

"I found a wheat-field containing ninety-seven acres at $3,500 an acre. I tried again to get three or four movie stars to go in with me, since they were always bewailing their own poor luck as compared to the Roland luck, which was becoming proverbial in real-estate and motion-picture circles.

"While they complained, I noticed that they were covered with jewelry and furs, and rode in costly motor-cars. And they had no vision at all; they could not see the marvelous future which was inevitable for southern California.

"They promised eagerly to put up the money—and when the time

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sister and Sonny have just learned they are going

to California *this winter*

Golden California—stretching its pleasant playgrounds along the sea. Sunny land of fruit and flowers—where living is a joy the whole year 'round.

Five famous Santa Fe trains leave Chicago every day for California. "Santa Fe all the way." Besides *The Chief* there are The California Limited, The Navajo, The Scout and The Missionary—all offering famous Fred Harvey meal service.

On the way—Grand Canyon National Park and the Indian-detour

After California—Hawaii

mail this coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1017 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Illinois

Am interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folders and advise cost of excursion ticket.

Name.....

Address.....

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

came they either failed to show up at all, or came moaning that they were afraid, or broke, or something else. I was furious, because it put me in the rôle of a realty salesman, whereas I was merely trying to cut my friends in on a dead-sure profit.

"Well, I couldn't handle it alone, so I decided on sixty-one of the ninety-seven acres which fronted on Wilshire Boulevard near a trolley line. For that choicer piece the owner demanded $4,250 an acre. My real-estate friends warned me against it.

"FOR the first time in my life I was frightened a little. Worse, I had to go into the Mojave Desert on location, and my decision must be made by a certain hour in the morning of a certain date. Here I was, tying myself up for exactly $259,250 in an unproved district, with a down-payment of $75,000 cash required.

"I'll never forget the morning I decided. There was one telephone in a little grocery store on the edge of the desert. That morning I rode slowly over there, accompanied by three or four of my cowboys. As we tied our horses to the hitching-rail, I said to them:

"'Boys, you know how worried I am about this real-estate deal I've told you about. I don't know yet what I'm going to decide; but when I come out of that phone booth I'll be on my way to my first million or I'll be broke.'

"My hand trembled as I waited for the connection. Then my real-estate manager in Los Angeles called into the transmitter: 'Helloa, helloa, there, Ruth! Well, do you take it or leave it?'

"Quick as a pistol-shot I answered: 'I'll take it!' and hung up. I staggered out of the booth and cried to the waiting cowboys: 'Well, you desert dudes, I bought it!'

"I named the sixty-one acres Roland Square, and I had to move some of it quick or go completely broke. I subdivided and syndicated thirty acres at one end into twenty units; sold them for $5,000 each, and used the proceeds to improve the whole thing, putting in conduits and paving and lighting and so on.

"That left me with thirty-one acres, which gives me control of the development. I'll clean up handsomely on this acreage.

"And speaking of prompt decisions, here is a specimen: my real-estate manager told me of a corner lot at Wilshire and Ardmore. We drove out to look at it. I said yes, and, sitting there in the car, wrote out a check to bind the deal.

"When we returned to his office there were five letters containing checks; but I had been first. That afternoon he offered to return my down-payment and a check for $10,000 profit on the day. I still have the lot.

"How much am I worth? Well, I don't believe I want to say; but the talk around town is that if I don't clean up $10,000,000 before 1935 it'll be because I don't want to!"

It may be of interest to those who have read thus far to be informed, on the most authentic authority available, that Ruth Roland is worth $3,000,000 today.

And, in spite of the multiplicity of her interests, she has time to fill the rôle of popularity. She sings twice a month over radio station KMTR, on Ruth Roland Night; she supports numerous charities, wholly or in part; and she is occupied night and day in civic affairs.

She is interested in many corporations, a few of them in the picture industry; and she owns a magnificent new home on Muirfield Avenue.

An example of her self-discipline is shown by the fact that since she was five years of age she has kept a diary.

"But aren't you rather pressed for time to write daily in this book?" I asked.

"Certainly I'm busy. But without forcing myself to do something that often is a bore, I might lose other qualities one ought to have to get as much out of life as I do."

"And will you please tell your old picture public if anything of a romantic nature has ever entered your life?"

"Oh, sure, I've had my romance. In 1917 I married L. E. Kent, a Los Angeles business man and real-estate expert. A great deal of my success is due to his keen mind. He is my manager and adviser in all real-estate matters."

"And is Mr. Kent about just now?"

"Oh, no. You see, we couldn't get along, so we were divorced in 1921."

"And he's your real-estate manager still?" I exclaimed.

MISS ROLAND laughed, her pansy-purple eyes merry.

"Why not? Now, why did I marry Mr. Kent in the first place? Manifestly, because of certain excellent qualities he displayed while he was courting me. That later he revealed other qualities which I did not care so much about in no wise detracts from the excellence of those for which I married him.

Another real-life Roland rôle, that of farmerette.

"And that presently we found it uncongenial to face each other across the breakfast-table—quite possibly I also astonished him with qualities he never suspected in me—in no whit alters the fact that our relations are exceedingly congenial and mutually profitable when we face each other across a mahogany desk.

"So, instead of being a man and a wife whose divorce made each other's presence odious and unbearable, we are quite sensibly principal and agent in business transactions in which we find more pleasure than we found in our previous association as a married couple."

THE END

The Finest English Pipes

Ben Wades

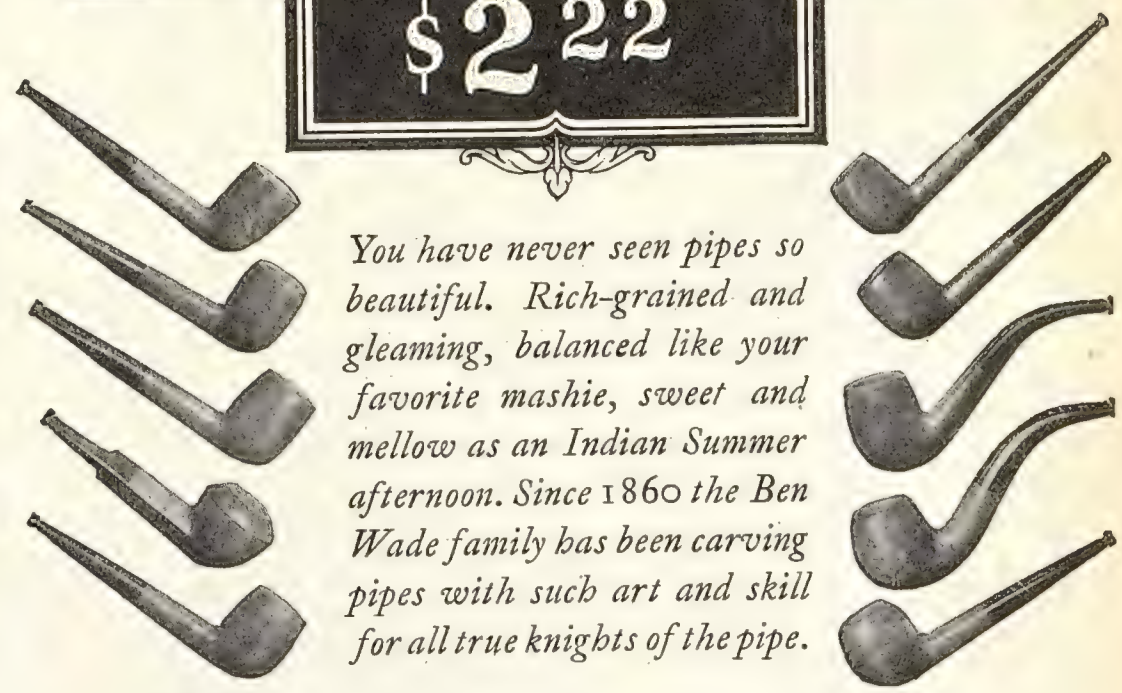
1/3 off

an introductory offer to persuade you to try them

$10.00 PIPES $6.66

$5.00 PIPES $3.33

$3.50 PIPES $2.22



You have never seen pipes so beautiful. Rich-grained and gleaming, balanced like your favorite mashie, sweet and mellow as an Indian Summer afternoon. Since 1860 the Ben Wade family has been carving pipes with such art and skill for all true knights of the pipe.

WE want to lose not a single precious minute in bringing Ben Wades to pipe-lovers of America—even though we lose all of our profit, and more in the doing. Because once you are won by Ben Wade's rare mellowness its future, and ours is assured.

Therefore—this introductory offer—until the first of the year. That's not far off—and Christmas is nearer still. Your tobacconist can show you Ben Wades at these special prices. If he can't, just check the pipe you want—send the coupon—but send no money. You can pay the postman on delivery. If you are likely not to be home when he calls, send check with order. Money back without quibbling if your pipe isn't satisfactory.

Get your Ben Wade . . . NOW!

HARGRAFT & SONS
WRIGLEY BUILDING CHICAGO

HARGRAFT & SONS, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send pipe or pipes checked.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT

My FIGHT With Richthofen

The Canadian Ace Bags Three of the Red Knight's Men and Is Himself Shot Down

By

A. ROY BROWN

II. The Circus on the Somme

(Reading time: 16 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: For a month before they met, and one of them killed the other, chance alone kept Captain A. Roy Brown and Baron Manfred von Richthofen from an encounter. Their contact began on March 21, 1918, when Richthofen's famous circus appeared on the front where Brown's flight of five planes was stationed. In the previous instalment, the author described his first combat with the ace's crack squadron, and told how he vanquished one of the German fliers. This week he tells how he knocked down three more.]

Picture by Clayton Knight

"DIG your heels in and hang like hell against the edge. When I yell, let her go."—From the account by Captain Brown (left), Richthofen's conqueror, of how he retrieved his Camel plane after being shot down in No Man's Land.

THE Red Noses staggered through the sky, drunk with fatigue.

I looked anxiously around at the pilots of my flight. The four of them seemed to be flying in their sleep. I wished we were safely at Marie Claire Nord, forty miles west, instead of just leaving Bailleul.

The fear that we would bump into Richthofen's circus again would not down. We were all in.

It was the morning of March 29, 1918, and our location at the moment was midway on the line between Ypres and Lille, where the Boche was trying to smash through on his last great drive for the Channel ports.

There was little doubt that members of the circus were operating along the sector. They were a big factor in German offensives. Ordinarily, nothing would have pleased me better than a joust with them. We had already met and bested them up beyond Ypres. But now I was afraid.

Fifty virtually sleepless hours had sapped the strength of my flight. Rain-soaked moves by lorries over atrocious roads had drained our last ounce of energy.

The night before, we had had to clear out of Bailleul, abandoning our machines, with the Hun at our heels. He had not come through, after all. Now, next morning, we had returned to retrieve the planes and fly to Marie Claire Nord.

And we had not enough pep among the five of us to fight off a fly.

As we left the airdrome by the Cassel road west of Bailleul and zoomed over in the climb for height, there was no attempt to keep formation. Heads hanging, backs sagging, the pilots flew like dead men. Even their machines seemed dead.

At that moment the Boche, from his new lines on the east edge of the town, Archied us disagreeably. Even this failed to arouse the flight. Our Camels continued to climb sluggishly. I kept wishing we were safely at the new airdrome.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

Everybody likes cream, and the cream in Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup *is real cream* —plenty of it—rich in flavor—heavy with goodness—full of nourishment.

And—the tomatoes are fresh-picked —hand selected and—they come right out of the garden and into the soup—all the full, fresh flavor of vine-ripened tomatoes.

That's why we call Heinz Soup *Cream* of *Tomato* Soup. It is not merely a "creamed" soup, but *is* a *real cream* soup, ready to serve. The taste is the test · *H. J. HEINZ CO.*

AND REMEMBER—ALL HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE REASONABLE IN PRICE

Real Cream
and
Fresh Tomatoes

HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

When you seek the Christmas Path to any heart-

Crosley Musicones
12-inch $9.75
16-inch $14.75
Tilt Table Model
$27.50

"You're *there*

HERE is America's most successful radio! Here is the radio that performs so amazingly that an enthusiastic country-wide acceptance has taxed the enormous Crosley production facilities.

Such success is understandable when you see what goes into the set and realize what stands behind it.

Success naturally rides with the patent situation Crosley enjoys. Their own developments amplified and augmented by the resources and research activities of The Radio Corporation of America, The General Electric Co., The Westinghouse Co., The American Telephone & Telegraph Co., and The Hazeltine and Latour Corporations. Under such influences Crosley produces a NEW radio, startling in its results — astonishing at its price.

If you know nothing about radio ask some friend who does to point out the significance of the details we explain. We not only *claim* the Bandbox good —we show you *why* it is the *best* on the market regardless of price.

SUCCESS crowns the effort and the added expense of shielding each element of the receiver SEPARATELY. Copper shielding over the coils is a refinement —not absolutely necessary, but present because its properties improve reception over regularly used metals.

Balancing the radio frequency stages with the neutrodyne principle contributes tremendously to the Bandbox's SUCCESS! To say the Bandbox is a genuine neutrodyne is to mark it the BEST type of radio circuit available— an added cost, but added efficiency.

SUCCESS touches the ingenious Crosley acuminators with which all Crosley radios are equipped (an exclusive Crosl hair line tuning po ed on nearby, local stations they functio distant signals are s delicate adjustment delights the veries radio fan. Ordina not tune acutely. C off station program entirely missed.

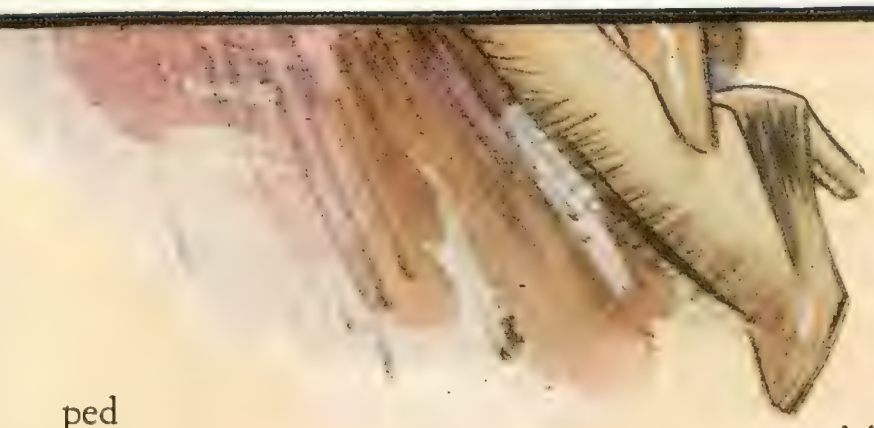
And who would when a radio selling

The Crosley
BANDBOX
6-tube Receiver
$55
A C Model $65

with a Crosley"

Acuminators
feature) make
ble. Not need-
high powered
only when weak,
ight, giving a fine
the Bandbox that
dyed-in-the-wool
one-dial sets will
such sets many far
of quality must be

uestion SUCCESS
$55 comes equip-



ped
with such
refinements as these:

Illuminated dial - Single cable cord containing all leads - Volume control enabling operator to cut loud local broadcasting to almost a whisper.

No small measure of SUCCESS is due to the Bandbox's adaptability to cabinet installations. It fits neatly and easily into any type cabinet, chest, desk, high boy or book-case. It is easily and quickly installed to become a permanent part of the cabinet into which it is fitted. Powell Crosley, Jr., has approved 3 designs of consoles by two prominent furniture manufacturers. These bear "approved by Crosley" tags and are available at all Crosley dealers. Fitted with the Crosley Musicones they are ideal acoustically and mechanically for Crosley Bandbox installations.

SUCCESS is complete because direct electric light operation of the Bandbox is possible. This model which eliminates batteries and storage devices entirely takes its A, B and C current from a lamp socket. It is $65. A small metal power converter about half the size of a small storage battery is supplied at $60 —and your radio power problem is solved— FOREVER.

CROSLEY
RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. · · Cincinnati, Ohio
Crosley is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception
Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher

LIONEL

The Father and Son Railroad

Real enough for a man to enjoy—simple enough for a boy to operate

YOU'RE the Traffic Manager, sitting at the Lionel Switch Tower, your hand at the control levers. Dad's down the line—he's the Section Boss. Everything is ready—*let's go!*

Touch the control lever in the Switch Tower and presto!—down the gleaming Rail goes your beautiful Lionel Train, its powerful Super-Motor Locomotive pulling life-like Passenger Cars, Diner, or as many of the twenty-nine different Lionel Freight Cars as you choose. There she goes—over the Bridge! Watch the Crossing Gates automatically raise and lower as the Train whizzes by. And *watch that Lionel Train-Control-Semaphore at the far end!* Red light shines and halts the Train—then flashes green after a few moments and the Train is on its way again.

It's marvelous! The crossing bell rings as your Limited speeds by the Station! Look!—there's the Switch ahead. Back in the Switch Tower you touch another lever—the Track-Switch is thrown, the Train glides into a Siding—touch another lever and the Train stops. But—wait! You are building a freight yard down the line. You call to Dad—he couples on the new Lionel Derrick Car with operating boom and tackle, and the new operating Dump Car filled with sand! Again you touch a lever—your Train backs out onto the main line. Throw the Switch again and she's off on her way! Just think! You can do all this at any distance from the track.

It's amazing—almost magical—the way a Lionel Railroad operates. So real!—*all* the Equipment, Locomotives, Cars, Stations, Semaphores—*everything* is real! The only difference between Lionel Trains and real trains is the size!

See Lionel Products demonstrated at the leading department stores, toy, hardware, electrical, sporting goods and furniture stores.

Lionel Switch Tower No. 437. Equipped with 6 operating levers. Operates the Lionel 100% Electrically Controlled Railroads at any distance from the track. Illuminated. Realistic.

Lionel Electrically Controlled Switch Nos. 222 and 012 Operating levers can be attached to Power House. Switch can be thrown at any distance from the track.

Lionel Operating Derrick Car No. 219. Boom, pulley and tackle operate just like the real ones. Entire housing can be revolved.

Lionel Power House Nos. 435 and 436. For housing Lionel "Multivolt" Transformers. Adds realism to your Railroad.

Lionel Operating Dump Car No. 218. Body tilts and sides open by means of worm gears. Steel construction—handsomely finished.

Lionel Train-Control-Semaphore Nos. 82 and 082. Amazing in its action. Lionel's latest Model Railroad Accessory.

Lionel All-Steel Tunnel No. 120L. Has interior illumination. Picturesquely decorated in natural colors.

Lionel Electric Bell-Signal Nos. 069 and 69.

Free!

Send for our free Model Railroad Planning Book

See for yourself just how wonderful the Lionel Railroad System really is! Our book is the most elaborate ever published. In full colors it shows the great variety of Lionel Trains and Equipment. It describes the Lionel 100% Electrically Controlled Railroads for "0" Gauge and "Lionel Standard" Track. This great 46-page book shows the supreme quality and built-in excellence of all Lionel Products. Sets from $5.75 to $300. Send for the book today.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. D, 15-19 EAST 26TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

"STANDARD OF THE WORLD SINCE 1900"

LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAINS

MODEL RAILROAD ACCESSORIES

"MULTIVOLT" TRANSFORMERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

At last—when we were 12,000 feet up and well headed for Marie Claire Nord—suddenly, in a venomous dive from the clouds behind, came five of the circus.

Fair as you could want! But when I first caught the flashing of those multicolored Albatrosses, I felt the cold chills begin to play up and down my spine.

Then my heart jumped. Over my shoulder I saw a pale-pink-and-green dragon-fly swoop at me viciously. My old friend of the Houthulst Forest scrap! Fine! I'd show him.

Last time he had escaped by spinning when I was about to pump a burst into him. And now he had the advantage, swinging like this on my tail.

FUNNY thing, this business of flying—this affair of fighting in the air. You went along feeling like the last day of creation, but the moment you found yourself in a scrap, the second there was action, something to rip into—the world changed. You forgot everything but that there was a machine to be crashed—yours or his.

Flying along, you were frequently scared spineless. You thought of fire. You thought of a broken wing, of spinning to earth dead, of tracer bullets from behind. You thought of a million ghastly things.

But the instant you were in a fight, fear went away. And in its place came elation, a sense of power, a surge of tearing, fighting energy.

I often wondered where this reserve came from. It was as if one had another self, an atavistic self, that was thrilled only by hunting, fighting, killing.

All of a sudden, when I saw this Hun, I felt good, electric, vital. The blood raced through my veins. The bus leaped to my touch. There was a duel on our hands.

I swished up and over in a zoom that went to the head like wine. Whipping around in an Immelmann, I flung forward in a quick swing. Good enough! He was still over me, but without advantage. An even break. I'd have him now.

I shot into a circle and he came right on my tail. Soon we were whirling round and round in a mad May-pole, until the planes staggered with the drag of the dizzy turning.

But I was beating him. As in the former encounter, my lighter Camel outclimbed his Albatross. Gradually the level of my circles drew above his. Now, now, now!—I'd pull out straight and dive at him with bullets smashing through the propeller.

But he outguessed me again.

Just as my hand tensed on the stick, he jerked himself out of the circle in a sinking spin. I was determined to go after him—rip into him the moment he came out of the spin—but as I nosed to dive, another Albatross came straight at me.

A mad jerk at the stick—over and back—and I flipped around right on his tail.

Fine. A bull's-eye. Two hundred rounds streamed from my guns. He took them full in the vitals. A shudder struck the plane. It seesawed; rolled over on its back. I circled, ready to pour another drag if necessary.

It wasn't. I had notched my second circus score. The Albatross, its dead pilot hanging by his belt, began to sideslip like a falling leaf. Even at that I followed until it buried itself in a bank of cloud.

I looked around. The sky was empty. Not even a wisp of smoke hung around as evidence of our scrap. Air fighting was clean. There was no mess in the heavens. But by this time the earth below was smeared with at least one crash.

I came to myself. The brief elation was gone. I felt tired, dead. There was a crazy impulse to fling the controls over, fall to the ground, end it all. In a kind of mad fear of myself, I streaked off toward Marie Claire Nord.

The flight all got there, but, alas, not safely. Banbury crashed landing. As I arrived they were mournfully pulling him from his wrecked Camel.

He had escaped in the circus scrap near Bailleul, to die half an hour later—a victim of his own fatigue—on the face of the new airdrome. Poor Banbury—a good scout.

DUD days followed at Marie Claire Nord. We went up daily, but could not find a Hun. Evidently the Richthofen circus had been moved to another part of the line. We began to think we should not meet it again. Then, April 6, came orders to move, and the next day we flew eighty miles south to the Somme.

The airdrome was by the railroad-track at Bertangles on the edge of a small wood, some five miles north of Amiens.

Again our hopes revived of once more matching it with the Red Knight's men. We wanted them now. We were ready for them. Here was the heart of a real war: the Boche battering to break through; the British fling-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

One of the last photographs of the Red Knight. He is shown at the right, in flying-togs and with walking-stick, standing in front of his squadron of Fokker triplanes. (Above) "How do you like your two bad boys?" Manfred (left) and Lothar von Richthofen wrote on this picture, which they sent to their mother. The brothers shot down 120 Allied planes, and are shown wearing some of the decorations they won in the air.

A Christmas Gift that Brings Comfort Throughout the Year

A rayon brocaded lounging robe—an ideal gift which any man who loves comfort will appreciate—and at a price hitherto unheard of for such excellent quality.

Only our enormous facilities, as the largest makers of robes in the country, enable us to offer this garment at a price within the reach of everyone.

Ask for an Imperial robe from your nearest dealer—or write us specifying size (small, medium or large) and color desired — blue, wine, purple, brown or grey—and send check or money order for $5.95. The robe will be shipped to you direct.

S. L. HOFFMAN & CO.
World's Largest Robe Producers
1 East 33rd St., New York City

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

FOR over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with *heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence;* and in other complaints attended with *sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.*

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Forty-five

ing in every last ounce to hold him.

It was a bitter moment of the long campaign. There was no rest for man, beast, or machine. Infantry attacked and counterattacked daily. The lines swung back and forth. Bomb raids went on endlessly. By night and by day the strafing of the guns rose and fell in ceaseless thundering. In the evening, out toward the lines, the sky glowed green in murderous ugliness.

The cloud of corruption from the guns rolled over the face of a blasted earth as we went out on patrols. You came to hate the sight and smell of it as you climbed.

We were sick of the whole business—down to the last frayed strand of nerve. Fed up with the war and the whole ruddy mess. Sick of flying. Sick at the sight of a plane. Grousing about everything.

I WAS due to go on leave. My soul yearned for it. I would have given my hopes of eternity for a week in London—a week of luxury, wine, women, away from this damnable flying, this damned sky-chasing for enemies to kill.

I was a nervous wreck. My insides were frozen tight. My stomach had ceased to function. Milk and brandy were my only food. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't rest. By rights, I should have pulled out and gone. But I couldn't. I couldn't go off and leave the flight in the middle of this stink.

I was afraid to stay; still more afraid to go.

There was the fear of death. There was the worse fear of being thought yellow.

So I carried on, wondering—wishing for the inevitable end. For I had little hope of coming through. I had seen too many men go. In my present state, after eighteen months of flying over the North Sea and at the front, I felt it was only a matter of time until I followed them west. It was only a question of whether it would be by a bullet or a crash.

Two days of dud weather at Marie Claire Nord made patrols impossible. This gave us back a little life. Then, on the morning of April 10, we cruised around for half an hour to learn the landmarks. A church steeple here. A pond there. A twist of the river or a crossroads by a wood.

For when you came out of a dog fight, after skittering all over the sky, you frequently had not the slightest idea of your whereabouts until suddenly—"Ah, the battered château!"—and you were able to make a bird-line for the drome.

At 10:30 A. M. we went out again on an offensive patrol. Our job was different from that of the circus. Theirs was merely to rove, seeking prey. We were to patrol the line between Albert and Hangard. If we let enemy planes past, it was a question of:

"Where the hell were you? Are you blind or merely sightless? What do you think you're on the Somme for—a bloody joy-ride? Get out and fight, you blistered sons! Get out and stop 'em."

After an hour's flying, I spotted an Albatross two-seater near Villers-Bretonneux on our side of the lines. Signaling to the others, I went right at him, diving hard. He stalled—making me miss—flopped around, and started for home. Climbing fast, I got behind him again and took another drag. Again I missed—while he continued to streak for Hunland.

This made me peeved. A glance showed me the flight hovering above to protect me from surprise attack. So I crossed after him into enemy territory.

That two-seated blighter had the devil's luck. I was faster. I could outclimb, outfly, outmaneuver him, but I couldn't crash him. Again and again I raked him, but I could not hit his vitals. He must have been all-metal an inch thick.

"I'll get you, you pup, or you'll get me!"

At last, in disgust, I took a position behind and above him, in the direct zone of fire from his aft gun, and decided to sit there until one of us went down.

Crack!

I got it.

THE engine stopped. Gas flooded the floor of the cockpit. And a quick glance showed me I was low—2,000 feet over the Boche reserve trenches. I flipped out of the Albatross' line of fire and crouched down in the cockpit.

Trouble enough! The filter cup which carried petrol to the engine had been split by a bullet.

Losing height rapidly, I tried with my finger to plug the flow. I could not manage it. There was not time to get my gloves off.

I was now down almost on the lines. From ..,000 feet below, Archies were banging away with gusto. Any moment now there might be a thud—a flash—and I would be an angel instead of an aviator.

Somehow, I did not seem to mind. I was concentrating on avoiding a crash. I banked, swung around westward, stuck my nose down, and went into a glide.

How they missed hitting me as I slid over them, I do not know, but I landed safely on the west side of a hilltop northeast of Cachy.

It was a hill pitted with shell-holes, and I had not the faintest idea whether it was within our lines or the Germans'. It was a whale of a trick, dodging shell-holes as the Camel rolled to a full stop on a flat stretch by the side of a shattered wood.

This bunch of battered sticks—stark, gaunt, desolate—was, I

found out afterward, the Bois-l'Abbé. At the moment I was sure it was in the hands of the Boche. In my heavy flying-coat, still going west, I began to lumber toward its shelter as fast as I could. My hands were doubled in front of me so that I could shoot them up in surrender on the slightest provocation.

They almost went up. A soldier with a rifle appeared at the edge of the trees. He seemed to be covering me. Then I saw he was a Tommy.

"Hello there!" I said cheerily.

"'Ullo, sir!" he said. "Welcome 'ome."

He directed me through the trees. There was a most unholy strafe on. The Hun, who had seen the plane land, was plastering the hilltop with a varied assortment of metal.

Evidently he had not calculated that the old bus would keep on going to the edge of the wood. Had it stopped where it landed, it would soon have been a battered memory. But it did not get a scratch.

THE wood was about a mile inside the British lines. From the heart of this cluster of ghostly sticks, our advanced guns were pounding Hunland. The din was maddening. The earth quivered with the discharges.

But a shot of brandy in an artillery dugout gave back to life some of its charm. And when, at last, I got a message through by telephone, the wing was tickled. The other fellows had reported me down inside the German lines.

A car came for me. Dinner was just over when I reached the mess, and I got a great welcome. Resurrection drinks all round, several times. Shortly afterward—low as a toad in spite of the binge—I flopped into bed.

Thought of the old bus up there by the trenches worried me. It did not seem square to leave it out there alone. And I had told the commanding officer I could fly it out. That gave me a problem to ponder.

Morning had not yet dawned when, accompanied by an engineer officer and three mechanics, I started back by lorry on the fifteen-mile ride. We banged through Amiens and along the Grandpré road to the Bois-l'Abbé. There we hid the truck.

The plane lay where it had stopped, unhit, unhurt. The installation of a new petrol-filter soon fixed it for flight.

But how to get out? Shells were still coming over from the direction of Villers-Bretonneux. Not a heavy bombardment. Not enough to worry about, though each fresh shell added to the roughness of the slope.

I paced the hill, seeking a space big enough to take off. The search was vain. The surface was pitted and pocked. Thirty yards was absolutely the longest run. It might do—at a pinch.

I told the mechanics.

We pushed the old red-nosed bus back until its tail-skid lay on a duck-board well over the edge of a hole. It faced along the side of the hill. The chocks went under the wheels and a burst of the engine showed everything fine.

"Now," I said to the engineer officer, "will you take one of the mechanics and lie on the tail, holding her down hard? You other men, get under the wing on each side. Dig your heels in, brace your backs, and hang like hell against the edge. Then I'll open her up. When I yell, let her go. Then drop."

I screeched like a delirious owl. They heard me above the roar of the motor. They dropped. With a jerk, the machine shot forward. It seemed glued to the ground. At the end of the runway the wheels sank below the rim of the shell-hole and I set myself for the inevitable crash.

But I felt her lift. She picked up in a flash, clearing the far edge by inches. We were in the air.

A quick kick at the rudder—downhill and over the wood. We were off.

Mist and clouds blanketed me before I had climbed 200 feet. The Hun could not see to pot me. But it made flying blind man's buff.

Coming down to less than 100 feet, I streaked along the Grandpré road, hedge-hopping, scared to death of hitting a church steeple in the murk.

Indeed, I missed cutting into a balloon-rope, nose on, by a pull to starboard that nearly wrecked the bus. Skirting Amiens, I quickly reached Bertangles and was back on the drome before 8 o'clock.

This was on April 11. That afternoon I went out on patrol at 2 o'clock and had a fruitless skirmish with the circus. At least, we chased a group of planes with circus markings, although they did not live up to the circus reputation.

WE had not been up ten minutes when we bumped into a flock of ten Albatross two-seaters bombing Amiens, with a dozen scouts in flights of four protecting them. The five Red Noses winged without hesitation for this considerable flotilla.

I dived straight at the four nearest scouts. They ran. I looked around, and all over the sky enemy planes were skinning for home. Pursuit would have been useless. A sorry kind of scrap.

Either they were an inexperienced flock or they were easily scared. At any rate, they ran like chicks with hawks in the offing. We felt disgusted.

But next day before breakfast we had a real huffing match with the circus in a new guise. For the first time we met them mounted in their new Fokker triplanes. We were curious as to how these fancy decks of cards would act.

It was a clear, bright, cheerful

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Like a Rapier . . . or a Flame"

SOFTLY glowing, brightly invincible—even the rush of our time and space-devouring modern life cannot dim her tireless vitality. For Woman today has found a simple shortcut to the vibrant charm that is rightly hers. Feen-a-mint, apparently just a delicate, mint-flavored tablet. But read its own amazingly interesting story.

A COOL, mint-flavored tablet—apparently just a bit of chewing gum—you chew it for two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice how you feel next morning!

Fresh — buoyant — clear-eyed — the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone with no violent "flushing" of the system — with no injury to the digestion—with none of the unpleasant after-effects that ordinary laxatives may have for you.

This is Feen-a-mint—the answer of modern science to our commonest physical problem.

Each tablet of Feen-a-mint consists of phenolphthalein (the tasteless compound which is the "active principle") combined with a delicious mint chewing gum. This makes possible the advantage which experts have long striven for: *thorough mixing of a laxative with the mouth fluids which aid digestion before it reaches the stomach.*

The result is an intestinal stimulant as serenely, scientifically efficient as a white-capped trained nurse—as modern as the day after tomorrow. Try Feen-a-mint tonight yourself. Your favorite druggist has it! Health Products Corporation, Newark, N. J. Branches in Toronto — London — Frankfort, Germany, and representatives in all principal countries.

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular—and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Millions sold annually by druggists. Literature describing rheumatism from the Egyptian days to the present mailed free. Weldona Corp'n, 232 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

"Look Mother! Dad's Playing Horse Again. Rheumatism All Gone"

[MY FIGHT WITH RICHTHOFEN]
Continued from Page Forty-seven

morning. On such a day and at such an hour as this the Hun had a decided advantage. He could sit in the sun, hidden, and wait for us to come up. We had to fly east, blinded by the glare.

Usually, though, there were clouds, even on the best French days. Our game was to hop from stratum to stratum until we got height over Hunland, with a chance of winging into the enemy from behind.

This morning we cloud-climbed 18,000 feet on our own side and then shot six miles into Boche territory. When we reached Chipilly on the Somme we turned back west, hoping to come on some still-hunting planes between there and the lines.

At once we caught sight of two Fokker triplanes just over Lamotte. They had about 12,000 feet. We swooped right at them.

We struck a hornets' nest. The two became eight—eight Fokker triplanes. Six had been nesting in the clouds. We did not break for safety. We merely wondered how much advantage these eight new-type Fokkers would have over our five tried and trusty Camels.

We were shooting down a groove of the sky at an angle of forty-five degrees.

MY mark was the nearest plane, a circus gent striped red and blue all over. For these were planes with the Richthofen markings.

I dived 6,000 feet full out.

He started to Immelmann, and in a flash I realized he was not as expert as he might have been, or he would not have pulled up thus in front of me.

I slung a drag of 100 rounds right into him. He fell over, slipped into a vertical dive, burst into flames.

I had no time to ponder on my third circus killing. There was a triplane on my tail. His tracers came unpleasantly close. A quick flip over in a vertical right turn took me out of his fire. I looked up.

Gosh! My old friend of the pale pink and green, all dolled up in his new Fokker! Well met, for the third time! Now we'd settle it for keeps. I felt good. I merely wondered if he could handle his new bus as well as he had handled his Albatross.

As he turned slightly above me, I Immelmanned, dived sharply, then hoicked right up. I was now behind but still somewhat below him.

He tried to attack, but I outguessed him, and then once more we found ourselves in the tightest kind of circle—tail-chasing in a ring, full out, hell for riggin'.

Quickly I realized that my old bus had the measure of his three-tiered crate.

Gradually I worked above him. Once again, as on previous occasions, I was about to dive, when he waved his hand cheerily and went into his old spin.

I was still struggling between pleasure at his friendliness and disgust at his escape, when another Fokker came at me, spitting, and I,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rx Bowes Seal-Fast Radiator Liquid

HEALS RADIATORS

THAT'S what Bowes Seal-Fast Radiator Liquid does. Acts on the hole like blood on a scratch—is a LIQUID when in circulation, but CLOTS when exposed to air. Hence can't clog your circulating system.

75c at all good dealers

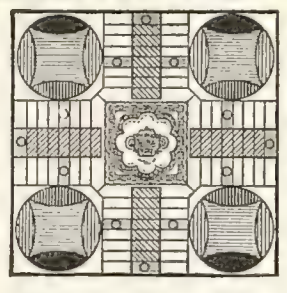
Bowes Seal-Fast Corp.
Indianapolis

Export Dept. New York City *1133 Broadway*

RADIATOR LIQUID

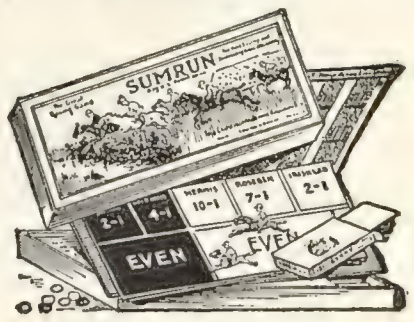
WRITE US FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER

Parcheesi Family GAMES



Parcheesi

"Everybody loves to play Parcheesi." Each year this famous game becomes more popular. Just as much fun for grown-ups as younger people. Board, pieces, dice, cups and official rules; Standard edition, $1; De luxe edition, $2.



Sumrun

This game closely resembles "Minoru," the famous English racing game. Five horses run a race; one player acts as bookmaker; any number of people can place wagers on the horses at various odds. A wonderful game to play for prizes. $2.50.

And here are other good ones!

Captain Kidd's Treasure, $1
Lucky Dots, 75 cts. **Radio Ramble, $1**
Peter Pan, $1 **Home Team Baseball, 50 cts.**

If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order for the games you want and they will be shipped to you promptly, postpaid.

Selchow & Righter Co., Dept. L
Established 1867
200 FIFTH AVE. **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

in turn, had to throw myself into a spin.

When I pulled out of it, every plane had vanished. I headed home, to find the flight all back unhurt. Our brush with the Fokker-mounted circus had been quite satisfactory. The Red Noses still held the whip-hand.

Richthofen's all-red Fokker, snapped by an alert photographer as it left the ground on a flight that boded no good to British airmen. The German ace was piloting a plane of this type when Captain Brown's bullet stopped him.

That evening we went out on a protection patrol with a squadron of S. E. 5s. Their job was to machine-gun enemy trenches south of Villers-Bretonneux. Incidentally they were to give us a lesson in ground-strafing.

We were heavily Archied sitting at 2,000 feet over the trenches, and got rapidly fed up, especially as our S. E. 5 friends seemed to have disappeared. We spotted them, at last, straggling about, not below us, but 1,000 feet overhead.

By right they should have been diving low down on the trenches, raking them with their guns point-blank. We knew that.

Imagine our surprise when we saw them, at that height, stick their noses down, fire a delicate burst, and then zoom up again—as if they had been bitten.

They sighted us. They must have been ashamed, for they swung under us by about 200 feet and popped off a few more rounds.

So this was their idea of ground-strafing!

A BRUTE of a barrage underneath was sending up a cloud of dirt. And here we had to sit on top of it, taking instruction from a safety-first fleet of cold-footed clowns. Windy war pilots! For over an hour we had to endure this lovely version of a war.

We dragged our tails back home disgusted.

Next day's weather was pretty dud. A number of new pilots arrived from the aviation pool, among them May, whom Richthofen was to be chasing when I dived and downed him.

I took these boys up and tootled around behind the lines to give them the feel of advanced-front flying before they really went forth to do or die.

The weather was wretched until April 17, when we went out on a job of ground-strafing—a sequel, no doubt, to the masterly instruction we had received.

We stayed out over two hours, but saw few signs of a war. The air was empty. The guns below were quiet. The trenches seemed asleep. Behind the lines no troops moved.

We just paddled around quietly, taking in the sights, then slid back to Bertangles.

No flying on April 18 or 19. The 20th, however, dawned decently, and we went up at 10 o'clock. Of that morning's operations I have the following log-book entry:

> Dived on some Fokker triplanes. Opened fire on one, which turned over on its back, side-slipping, stalling, and diving out of control.

THESE brief lines are the record of my fourth circus victim.

My fifth was to come next day. This was to be Richthofen. I did not know that. I had not the slightest premonition.

Richthofen?

I remember—that night of April 20, 1918—that we talked in the mess about Richthofen and the circus. We Red Noses felt we were authorities on the circus. We had been meeting its members on and off for a month.

But, we agreed, none of us had as yet set eyes on the Red Knight himself. And yet, we plumed ourselves, he could not jolly well be unaware of us.

Richthofen had one cardinal principle for air fighting which, it appears, he did not abandon very often: he never attacked unless he saw himself in a position of advantage over his opponent. That was the secret of his amazing eighty victories.

I am not suggesting that he was not sporting; but he was a killer, and this was war.

We decided, after discussion, that in some of our scraps with the circus, if not all of them, Richthofen was probably sitting somewhere 2,000 feet above and behind his flight. There he perched, a lone vulture, watching for the fellow who pulled out of the fight with cold feet, or the chap with jammed guns or engine trouble.

Then he would swoop, just once, his deadly guns plugging out another *finis*.

We Red Noses patted ourselves on the back, drank one another's health, stuck out our chests. We knew how to look after ourselves. Richthofen knew better than to tackle us. We kept the blighter on his ruddy perch.

We were pretty cocky birds that night.

RICHTHOFEN?

Going to bed, I wondered who he was—what he was. Wondered if he existed in the flesh. If he was a myth. If his name was just Hun propaganda.

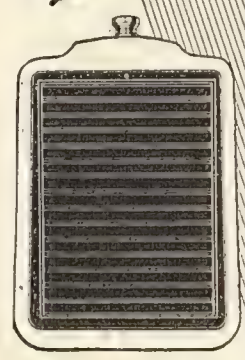
Had there been a series of Richthofens—man after man sent out as a war trick to boost the German flying morale, and at the same time build up a bogy to frighten enemy pilots?

Frankly, I never thought of Richthofen as a human being. When I thought of him at all—which was often—it was as a vague unreality. If he lived, why had I never met him?

As I flopped into bed, little did I think that the next day I was to meet him in the air for the first time and the last. I might have been scared if I had known that within twelve hours Richthofen would be dead—killed by my guns as he dived to reap his eighty-first victory. It was well not to know.

The Canadian war bird's own story of how he met and killed the Red Knight of Germany is told in next week's LIBERTY.

Your Car is Always Ready with the



ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT

READY for a quick start these cold mornings. Ready for a fast getaway when the traffic signal says GO! Ready to conquer high hills and sluggish winter roads.

The ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT brings the ease of Summer power all through the colder months because it quickly brings your motor to its proper temperature. Heat is what you need to wake up your motor, bring it to its highest operating efficiency. And the ALLEN permits you to control the heat, effectively and promptly, from the dash.

The ALLEN saves gas and oil, prevents unnecessary strain on the battery and minimizes the formation of carbon.

The ALLEN SHUTTERFRONT is sturdily built and beautifully finished to add attractiveness to any car. It is mechanically perfect—nothing to get out of order—it never sticks—always works.
Put one on today.

$5 to $15

ALLEN AUTO SPECIALTY CO.

16 West 61st St., New York
2015 Michigan Ave., Chicago

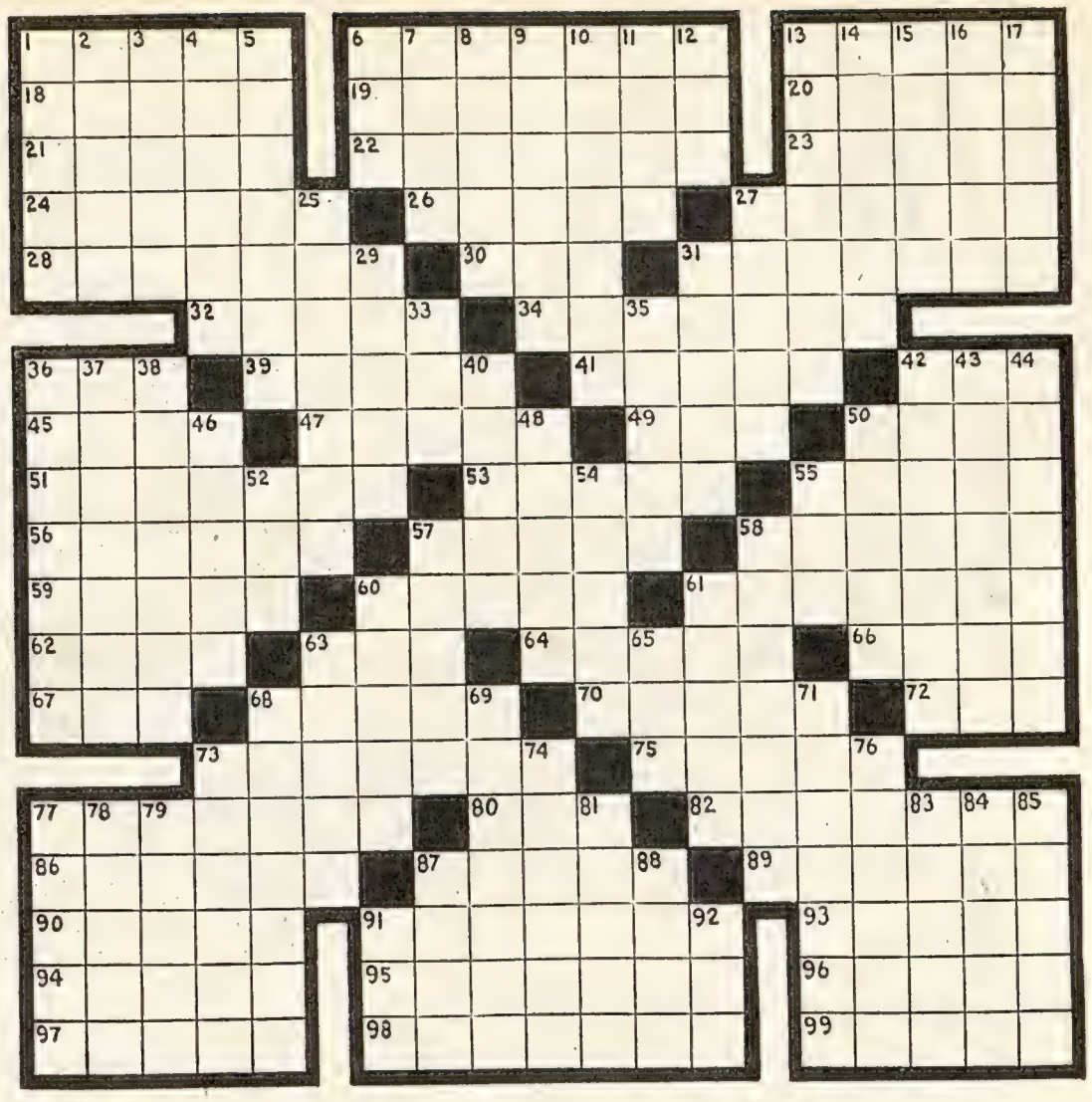
ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

The genuine ALLEN has this RED LABEL

"NEVER STICKS-ALWAYS WORKS"

A Mark *to* Shoot At

IN this week's prize puzzle, behold a design in which the black squares are eight less than the maximum number allowed. Indented sections at the margins are, of course, counted as black. This construction includes no abbreviations, obsolete words, or any of those defects that detract from the merit of otherwise worthy efforts. It is an excellent mark for you to shoot at when you go out for that $25 which is awarded weekly for puzzle constructions. Please note that there is no prize for *solutions*. Unaccepted puzzles can be returned and questions answered only when they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 65

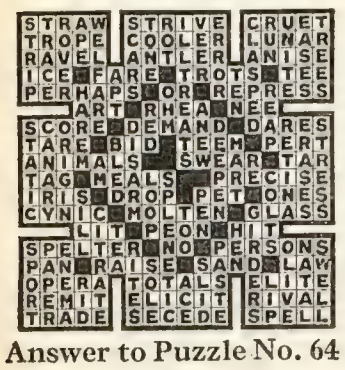
By PETER HANSEN, Chicago, Illinois

HORIZONTAL

1 Classifier
6 Positivism
13 Mythical King of Phrygia
18 Accustom
19 Inactivity
20 Concerning
21 Creeping plants
22 Conspicuous
23 Wager
24 Chooses
26 Approaches
27 Feminine proper name
28 Having made a will
30 Note in Guido's scale
31 Prevented
32 Strop
34 Gazers
36 Constellation
39 Devoured
41 Feminine proper name
42 Vehicle
45 Espouses
47 Import
49 Club
50 Sport
51 Non-professional
53 Prongs
55 Tropical American plant
56 Book of the New Testament
57 Delay
58 Courses
59 Hauls
60 Spars
61 Hint
62 Slave
63 Comrade
64 Impress
66 City in Pennsylvania
67 Steep
68 Defies
70 Gaiters
72 Downcast
73 Abhors
75 Conveyance
77 Dislodges
80 Exclamation
82 Tracker
86 Cure
87 Trite
89 Animal of the weasel kind
90 Slide
91 Bovine
93 Female students in a co-educational school
94 Feminine proper name
95 Purposes
96 Listlessness
97 Colorers
98 Woman of the nobility
99 German Orientalist

VERTICAL

1 Bolt
2 Old-womanish
3 Melodies
4 Constructs
5 Redeclare
6 The father of Saul
7 Biblical name (Gen. 38:4)
8 Affray
9 Tests
10 Repeat
11 Transgresses
12 Tangle
13 Control
14 Buries
15 Distributed
16 Joint
17 Place
25 Cloud form
27 Lithe
29 Consumer
31 Songs
33 Sty
35 Resinous substance
36 Judge
37 Repentant regret
38 Unyielding
40 Memoranda
42 Gallops moderately
43 Loss of memory
44 Beaten at the game of omber
46 Platform
48 Clefts
50 Measure
52 Printer's measures
54 Cozy residences
55 Gear-wheel tooth
57 Valleys
58 Hernia
60 Female quadrupeds
61 Clever
63 Small pie
65 Likely
68 Dulls
69 Law
71 Rarer
73 Conveyer of property
74 Participant
76 Japanese garment
77 Egged
78 The sooty albatross
79 A facial expression
81 Align
83 Mortgages
84 Endow
85 Gum
87 Mentally sound
88 Terminates
91 Tilt
92 Letter of the alphabet



Answer to Puzzle No. 64

Never too young—never too old

to be made happy on Christmas with an American Flyer Train

Write for the big, new, 20th Anniversary American Flyer catalog, in colors. It's free.

ELECTRIC TRAINS
$5.75 to $55

American Flyer electric trains, both "O" gauge and wide gauge, are headed by the 6½-foot-long, wide-gauge "President's Special". Improved triple action remote control, and many other advanced features distinguish the 1927 American Flyer electrical line.

MECHANICAL TRAINS
$1.25 to $5

American Flyer mechanical motors are easy to wind, and long-running—two features that add to the child's fun. The winding keys screw on and off, preventing the danger of breakage if wound in the wrong direction. A variety of models and colors.

Western Prices Slightly Higher

AMERICAN FLYER MFG. CO.
2233 S. Halsted St., Chicago

Visit a convenient department, electrical or hardware store—see American Flyer's 20th Anniversary Line of electrical and mechanical trains. It's rivaled only by the rainbow!—Each train in a different, brilliant color.

There's an American Flyer train to fit the boy you have in mind, and at the price you want to pay. Every train realistically modeled from drawings supplied by the Pullman Company and leading railroads.

Six million boys can tell you that American Flyer represents the ultimate in miniature railroads. If your dealer hasn't the American Flyer you want, he'll order it.

"American Flyer"
Transformers Electric Trains Mechanical Trains

The AMOK Beat

A Short Story of Haunting Terror

By
HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Pictures by CHARLES SARKA

A golden-brown figurine, delicately and exquisitely carved, floated down the road.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 45 seconds.)

MR. CHARLEY CHESLEY, connected with the United States Consulate at Batavia, Java, was at Anjer, on Sunda Strait, when the 26th of August ushered in the greatest exhibition of fireworks known to man. Krakatoa blew its head off.

Chesley was seated on a lawn, looking across the strait to Krakatoa Island. Ships lay at anchor within his view.

The birds had left Krakatoa; it had been spitting ashes since May—but, with the usual casualness of mankind, these matters had been overlooked.

It was with great astonishment Chesley saw the strait split in two, a full twenty miles across. Twin Niagaras poured into the gulf—Niagaras twenty miles wide, of fathomless depth, and with the whole Pacific Ocean as feeder.

No anchor could stand the drag of that current, so over the good ships sailed, over the falls; while, to enhance the spectacle, the volcano flamed up between the cataracts beyond the limits of vision.

It was Great Krakatoa, a Samson Agonistes, rending himself in flame and fury, with a roar that has not been equaled upon this planet since the awful shouting of the gods upon the fall of Troy.

Three thousand miles that mighty sound was heard! For four hours that cry lived in the air, going from place to place. An entity, a living thing. Shaking heaven and earth together.

The pillar of following flame was half a mile in diameter—solid flame, shooting from the ground to some unknown distance—they say seventeen miles, but who was there, to measure it?

The tidal wave which followed passed twice around the earth, while the dust from the explosion held in the air for years, causing sunsets of hitherto unknown beauty and splendor—Great Krakatoa's funeral rites of pomp and pageantry.

Beyond the comprehension of any human mind.

Then came blackness, not night, but as if the world had been buried under a mountain of soot. The explosion was heard 3,000 miles, but the man heard no sound. It was too outrageous at close range.

As he sat, entombed in solid gloom, a little voice inside him telephoned, "The wave! The wave!" The subconscious worked to save the shell. Still in some far retreat, sense of direction and urge to live leapt beyond the barriers.

He made for the highland, seeing nothing, feeling nothing, thinking nothing but of the enormous tidal wave hurling its massed waters on doomed Anjer and the coast. Over rock and through the woods he ran.

The earth split; tongues of blue flame flashed up. He jumped the crevasses, and sped on and on through this most awful nightmare of actuality.

When he awoke, he was strapped down to a hospital bed in Batavia.

Batavia lived in twilight.

Later, Chesley went to a friend's house in the country to recuperate. At his own request they put him in a wing, so that when he shrieked in his sleep, he would not disturb the household.

ONE day he sat on the veranda, alone. The family were at siesta. Jalousies drawn, the house itself seemed to doze.

In front of the house, at no great distance, ran the road, a stream of white-hot molten metal, upon which the blue shadows lay like slag. To the left, walls of black verdure formed a cañon.

Chesley sensed a rhythmic and musical throbbing in the air: "Boom-*boom*—boom-*boom*—boom-boom-boom-*boom!*"

And the cause of this? Somewhere a man had sat, chewing betel and brooding on his troubles. A brown man, a hysterical creature, creating horrid phantoms in his mind—brooding, brooding—eating the thought of massacre like a sweetmeat; urging himself to go forth and, with keen kris, to slaughter every living thing he came upon—man, woman, child, horse, dog, monkey—anything that had the temerity to breathe across his path.

Relentless as an avalanche, deadly as a cobra, agile as a tiger—combined abilities that make the amok-runner absolutely the most perfect engine of destruction known. And this beating of the log-drum warned all from out his path—woe to him who heeded not!

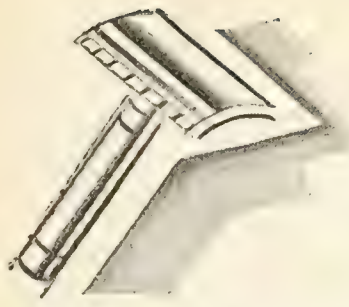
"Amok! Amok! Run! Run! Amok!" throbbed the drum.

Chesley felt the mild wonder of a convalescent. Few things held the power to astonish him now.

He had drunk that cup. Yet there was a something left, before his eyes.

A golden-brown figurine, borne by some unseen current, floated down the road. Puffs of dust, like smoke, rose from his feet, but there was no feeling of contact with

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Infections begin in

UNSEEN SHAVING NICKS

Most of the cuts your razor gives to your face are invisible.

These unseen nicks invite germs and dust to start annoying infections. Your face needs *antiseptic* protection to keep it clear.

Pinaud's Lilac is a healing antiseptic for use after the shave. It prevents embarrassing infections. And the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever.

Buy Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

Copr., 1927, Pinaud, Inc.

ZIPP-O-GRIP

The Gift of Character!

DISCERNING people are learning that Zipp-O-Grips make the smartest and most appreciated of Christmas gifts.

Distinctive in appearance, roomy and light in weight, Zipp-O-Grips are deservedly popular for ocean travel, week-end trips, motor tours and sports use. They are exceptionally easy to pack, opening quickly and closing securely with the convenient Hookless Fastener.

A wide variety of Zipp-O-Grips, in all fine leathers and quality fabrics, may be seen at the better luggage and department stores, where they are offered in a diversity of sizes, styles and colors at $5 to $30.

A request will bring descriptive folder and name of store nearest you.

MAX DAMM CO., INC.

88 St. Francis Street Newark, N. J.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

the earth. He floated, not ran.

He was stark naked, most delicately and exquisitely carved—an ecstasy in flesh.

In his right hand something flashed. It waved, as he pirouetted and swung down the road, swiftly and lightly as the wind.

A pony grazed at the roadside. The figure swerved and buried the blade in the animal. The horse's yell of agony brittled Chesley's bones.

Now he knew what this apparition was!

Chesley could not move. For some reason, or lack of it, his death passed him by.

The runner turned the corner. A clamor—yells, blows, screams—set up its din.

The house door swung open. The man of the house thrust through; frightened women huddled behind him.

He grabbed Chesley, shook him, then rubbed his forehead.

"You *live?*" he stammered. "Didn't you hear the drum warning?"

A native pattered around the corner and called a falsetto hurry of words.

"Got him," said the head of the house. "Beat him to a pulp! But he killed six of them first!"

CHESLEY had enough of life in the tropics. Krakatoa plus the amok was an elegant sufficiency.

Now, in the U. S. A., he sat upon a porch in a Long Island house overlooking the Sound. History repeated itself. As Sunda Strait had lain, so lay Long Island Sound: the same damp heat and fragrance was in the air. He was sipping his tea alone, and so he fell into reverie.

Two things happened at once. The girl he hoped to marry and her friend stepped through the French window on the porch, while in the back yard of the next house a young man of twelve summers, wishing to call out his companions to play, beat upon a clothesline post with a baseball bat.

And this, by accident, and some small help from our old friend Satan, was the tune he played:

"Boom - *boom*— boom - *boom*— boom-boom-boom-*boom!*"

Woe to him who heeded not the drum!

The doctrine of possibilities states that this was one chance out of *n*th. But there it was—never mind about possibilities! A thing does not have to be possible to happen.

At that sound the pit of Chesley's stomach turned to stone and the hair on the back of his neck ruffed up.

Still in his trance of horror, he threw the girls any old how into the drawing-room, grabbed a chair for weapon, and sprang out to fight, as bravely as any knight of romance.

And he saw the youth drumming his fellows out to play!

A horror twice the size of the first laid clammy hands upon his soul.

"Good God!" he groaned. "This isn't Java! It's Long Island!"

Impossible to explain! Tell two U. S. maidens a lot of blah-blah about Krakatoas and amok-runners, as an explanation for tossing 'em about like bags of rags? Bosh!

Once again he fled, bereft of sense. He felt there was little choice between Krakatoa and this performance.

HE was in New York City, with the shades pulled down. He had written waste-baskets full of entirely unsatisfactory letters, when one morning a letter came in *her* handwriting.

He took an extra breath and tore the envelop. "May as well know the worst," he thought.

The letter said:

DEAREST CHARLEY:

Yesterday we had the pleasure of entertaining a friend of yours—a Mr. Van Donk, who knew you so well in Java. While we were talking, little Willie Gray hammered upon a post with a baseball bat. Mr. Van Donk must weigh at least 250 pounds, but he was out of the room and up the first flight of stairs in what seemed to be one complicated but exceptionally agile leap. Afterward, having been supplied with brandy and other restoratives, he told us the reason for this kittenish behavior.

It seems that the favorite athletic sport of Java is amok-running.

I thought you might be interested, and not having heard from you since you left so suddenly, I take this as a means of breaking the incommunicado.

Faithfully,

ADELAIDE.

P. S. *He* didn't pick up a chair to defend two helpless maidens! Why not come out and renew acquaintance with Mr. Van Donk?

ADDIE.

Chesley made a gesture of surprise. "Van Donk!" he cried. "Of all people! The only man who *really* knows!"

Then he thought for a moment. "Question," he said: "Am I the most unfortunate, or the luckiest man in this whole world?"

But he didn't bother to answer the question—he packed his suitcase and flew.

THE END

All-Electric RADIO *Receiver*

MONROE Single Control SHIELDED SIX

RADIO reaches new peaks of power in the Monroe—a complete all-electric radio receiver requiring no batteries or eliminators. Simply screw into your electric socket—and it works beautifully! A full, rich-toned, **licensed** radio in beautiful American walnut console with striking Burlgrain overlays, that set it off with distinction. Latest design, with the great **Monroe** shielded chassis, **six tubes, one dial, focalizer** distance control for country-wide reception. Easily operated. Extremely selective. Beautiful life-like tone reproduced through massive and powerful built-in speaker unit. Speaker grille is in richly carved effect reminiscent of old artist carvers.

The **Monroe** is radio's greatest **buy**, a value that will save you money—**it is the choice of the millions!** Other Console and Table Models—battery or all electric operation—Prices, **$40** to **$200.**

Write today for name of your nearest dealer and free descriptive literature. Dealers, write for special franchise plan.

W. C. BRAUN CO., 567 Randolph, Chicago

BEAN'S SPORT CAP

Made of high-grade mahogany glove leather, trimmed with white lamb skin that looks and feels like fur. Looks like aviator's cap and keeps head, neck and ears warm in coldest weather. A sporty-looking cap for all winter sports. Weight only 6 ounces. Price $3.85, postpaid. Write for samples of leather and lamb skin and catalog.

Mfgd. and Sold by

L. L. BEAN

44 Main St., Freeport, Maine

There's No Accounting *for* TASTES

NEARLY a year ago LIBERTY published pictures of its employees and the titles of each one's three favorite books. The Auditing Department was left out at that time. To make up for this unintentional slight, we are now publishing the pictures of the Auditing Department employees, and not only the names of their three favorite books, but also their favorite movie and their favorite actor and actress.

Here they are in alphabetical order:

Stanley Arvidson, *Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Renée Adorée
ACTOR
John Gilbert

BOOKS—The Alhambra by Washington Irving; Voltaire's Tales; Silas Marner by George Eliot.

Richard Blanck, *Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
'Way Down East
ACTRESS
Mae Murray
ACTOR
Douglas Fairbanks

BOOKS — Resurrection by Tolstoy; An American Tragedy by Dreiser; Courtship of Miles Standish by Longfellow.

Paul K. Brown, *Credit Manager*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Lillian Gish
ACTOR
John Barrymore

BOOKS—The Woman Thou Gavest Me and The Master of Man by Caine; The Harvester by Gene Stratton Porter.

Francis G. Burke, *Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Clara Bow
ACTOR
John Barrymore

BOOKS—Why We Behave Like Human Beings by George A. Dorsey; River's End by Curwood; The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse by Ibañez.

James Cronin, *Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Mary Pickford
ACTOR
John Gilbert

BOOKS—A Tale of Two Cities by Dickens; Hamlet by Shakespeare; Sherlock Holmes Stories by Doyle.

Anna E. Favero, *Stenographer*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Vilma Banky
ACTOR
John Barrymore

BOOKS—Evelyn Grainger by George F. Hummel; Challenge by Joan Sutherland; The Top of the World by Ethel M. Dell.

Louise Feulner, *File Clerk*

MOVIE
Beau Geste
ACTRESS
Norma Shearer
ACTOR
John Gilbert

BOOKS—Evelyn Grainger by George F. Hummel; It's Not Done by William C. Bullitt; Beau Geste by Wren.

Madeline Formwald, *Mail Clerk*

MOVIE
Beau Geste
ACTRESS
Norma Talmadge
ACTOR
Milton Sills

BOOKS—The Tide by Mildred Cram; The Outsider by Joan Sutherland; Little Women by Alcott.

Frank J. Fucito, *Auditor*

MOVIE
Ben-Hur
ACTRESS
Pauline Fredericks
ACTOR
William Farnum

BOOKS—Don Quixote by Cervantes; Pilgrim's Progress by Bunyan; Deerslayer by Cooper.

Mary Gaudino, *Stenographer*

MOVIE
Ben-Hur
ACTRESS
Norma Talmadge
ACTOR
John Barrymore

BOOKS—Beggars of Life and Jarnegan by Jim Tully; Beau Geste by Wren.

Birdie Goldberg, *Stenographer*

MOVIE
What Price Glory
ACTRESS
Norma Talmadge
ACTOR
John Barrymore

BOOKS—Beau Geste by Wren; David Copperfield by Dickens; Three Wives by Beatrice K. Seymour.

Andrew F. Heig, *Gen'l Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
The Ten Commandments
ACTRESS
Gloria Swanson
ACTOR
Ben Turpin

BOOKS—The Silver Horde by Beach; Beau Geste by Wren; War Birds—Anonymous.

Otto G. Heringer, *Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Mary Pickford
ACTOR
John Gilbert

BOOKS—Beau Geste by Wren; A Tale of Two Cities by Dickens; An American Tragedy by Dreiser.

Lloyd W. Johnson, *Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Norma Shearer
ACTOR
John Gilbert

BOOKS—River's End by Curwood; The Call of the Wild by London; Light of the Western Stars by Zane Grey.

Victor Lambiase, *Assistant Cashier*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Laura La Plante
ACTOR
Thomas Meighan

BOOKS — Economics, Principles, and Problems by Lionel Edie; Short History of Civilization by Linn Thorndike; Sorrell & Son by Warwick Deeping.

Carl Lindbloom, *Circ. Accounts*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Bebe Daniels
ACTOR
John Gilbert

BOOKS—The Sea-Hawk by Sabatini; The Barrier by Beach; White Fang by London.

Bernard McGee, *Mail Clerk*

MOVIE
Ben-Hur
ACTRESS
Lillian Gish
ACTOR
Ramon Novarro

BOOKS—The Blood Ship by Norman Springer; Thief of Bagdad by Achmed Abdullah; Romola by George Eliot.

Thomas J. McGuire
Cashier and Paymaster

MOVIE
Broken Blossoms
ACTRESS
Alice Terry
ACTOR
Thomas Meighan

BOOKS — Financial Business Statements by Leo Greenlinger; The Sea-Hawk by Sabatini; Economics, Principles, and Problems by Lionel Edie.

Vincent J. Meaney, *Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
The Phantom of the Opera
ACTRESS
Norma Shearer
ACTOR
Lon Chaney

BOOKS—The Trail of the Lonesome Pine by John Fox, Jr.; The Grizzly King by Curwood; We by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

Anthony Ptnacik, *Bookkeeper*

MOVIE
The Miracle
ACTRESS
Florence Vidor
ACTOR
Lon Chaney

BOOKS — Sherlock Holmes Stories by Doyle; David Copperfield by Dickens; We by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

Ruth Robinson, *Stenographer*

MOVIE
What Price Glory
ACTRESS
Norma Shearer
ACTOR
Richard Dix

BOOKS—The Outsider by Joan Sutherland; Those Who Return by Maurice Level; Love's Greatest Mistake by F. A. Kummer.

Fiore R. Sozio, *Clerk*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Gloria Swanson
ACTOR
Richard Dix

BOOKS—A Tale of Two Cities by Dickens; The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse by Ibañez; Twenty Years After by Dumas.

H. C. Stilley, *Chief Accountant*

MOVIE
The Big Parade
ACTRESS
Mary Pickford
ACTOR
John Barrymore

BOOKS—The Woman Thou Gavest Me by Caine; David Copperfield by Dickens; Science and Health by Mary Baker Eddy.

William Stubbings,
Asst. Sec., Liberty Weekly, Inc.

MOVIE
The Birth of a Nation
ACTRESS
Lillian Gish
ACTOR
Douglas Fairbanks

BOOKS—The Harvester by Gene Stratton Porter; Deerslayer by Cooper; Beau Geste by Wren.

Julius Ullman
Junior Clerk

MOVIE—Les Misérables

ACTRESS—Mary Astor

ACTOR—Charles Farrell

BOOKS—Why We Behave Like Human Beings by George A. Dorsey; Elmer Gantry by Sinclair Lewis; Story of Philosophy by Will Durant.

Gustave Weill
Bookkeeper

MOVIE—The Miracle Man

ACTRESS—Norma Shearer

ACTOR—John Barrymore

BOOKS—Moby Dick by Herman Melville; Two Years Before the Mast by R. H. Dana; Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

Wilford Weill
Mail Clerk

MOVIE—Barbed Wire

ACTRESS—Alice Joyce

ACTOR—Douglas Fairbanks

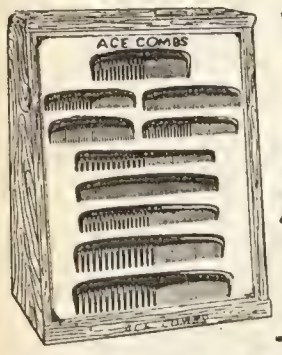
BOOKS—Innocents Abroad by Twain; You Know Me, Al by Lardner; From Baseball to Boches by Witwer.

Oh! the lighting effects, alluring sounds of the dance, applause. Now the Black Bottom. Come, let us dance. The rhythm of the orchestra,—it is perfect. My that was thrilling.

My hair is like my emotions, topsy-turvy. Thank fortune, there's an Ace Comb in my purse. That's better. Now I'm ready for the next. Fastidious people everywhere use Ace Combs because all surfaces are so polished they cannot break or tear the hair.

Night and morning, a large Ace Dressing Comb is positively indispensable, even for bobbed hair.

LOOK FOR THIS CABINET WHEREVER COMBS ARE SOLD



ACE COMBS

Clip Coupon, fill out, and mail

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.,
Dept. A12, 11 Mercer St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."

Name .....

Address .....

Seven A. M.—*All's Well*

The Newlyweds' Wave-Length Route to Health

A Static Chapter in LIBERTY's Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

THE 7 o'clock *t-r-i-n-g! t-r-i-n-g! tring-tring-tring!* of Lil's alarm-clock disturbed many neighbors.

"Hey, turn it off!" Mr. Calvin yelled from the flat downstairs. "For Pete's sake!" His crabbedness resulted from a one-handed 3 to 5 A. M. game of Rocking the Baby.

Lil awoke from a dream of walking barefoot upon snow, and found her icy feet sticking out from the covers to greet the chilly dawn. There was also a disturbing weight upon her chest. Was it an attack of bronchitis? No, it was Bow-Legs, sound asleep, curled up jelly-roll fashion between her chin and first rib!

"A-a-a-o-o-oh!" she yawned, her ears telling her that Sandy was still asleep. "Get up and close the window!" Then she lifted Bow-Legs from her own chest, hoping he hadn't left any fleas, and dropped him upon her husband's. Sandy started to mumble.

"I dreamed I was carving you a coconut for Christmas," he yawned. "It fell in my lap from a tree, and the most natural thing seemed just to start in a-a-a-o-o-oh carving."

"You sat up too late reading The Sea and the Jungle, and eating cheese," Lil said.

"I'm going to rig up a tackle so all I'll have to do—"

"—will be to pull it from bed and the window'll close!" Lil finished. "You've said that before, Edison." And she jumped up to close the window herself.

She started the coffee, took in the morning paper and the milk, and turned on the radio in the sitting-room.

"Good morning, unseen friends!" a masculine *Pollyanna* announced. "Is Mama up?" He played several bars of tinny piano music.

"You bet she is!" Sandy yelled from the warm seclusion of his bed. "But Papa isn't."

"I'll bring a cold wash-rag," his wife threatened. "Come on, setting-up has started."

"Has everybody had a glass of water?" the announcer asked.

"Oh, I forgot!" Lil gasped, rushing to the nearest faucet.

Sandy came staggering in, with Bow-Legs chewing at his mules.

"Keep on breathing," the pleasant radio voice warned.

"I always breathe!" Sandy shouted at the loud-speaker.

"That's very rude," Lil told him between deep physical-culture breaths.

"One, two, three, four! Make small circles with the arms, breathing deeply, then exhaling, and I'll read you a letter from my unseen friend, Mrs. Barton Mackay of Delaware: 'We are a family of eight and keep in daily trim doing your delightful exercises.'"

"Delightful apple-sauce," Sandy butted in.

"'We stand in a row every morning and listen in at the dumb-waiter shaft—'"

Tut-tut-tut-tut-e-e-e-e-tut-tut-tut-tut-e-e-e-e!

"That's static," Lil explained, as though Sandy didn't know.

"Now we'll ride our bicycles. Flat on the floor—can Mama make it?" Lil and Sandy stretched out prone upon their Oriental rug.

"Now erect! Hands on hips. One, two, three, four. You, too, standing there with a yawn! One, two, three—"

"He means you, dear," Lil smiled sweetly.

And admiring her own exercising reflection in her new antique mirror, she missed Sandy's rather dirty early-morning look!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

How Could She Stop?

Juanita continued to sing the first three lines of the chorus of a popular song. After she had chanted the same lines over and over for about an hour, I said, rather crossly, "Juanita, why don't you stop?"

"I can't, mother," she replied; "I don't know how it ends."—Mrs. J. F. Truxillo, 7036 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.

He Knew Her Habits

Little Dickie was visiting the neighbors. It started to rain quite badly. Mrs. H——, thinking Dickie's mother would be worried about him, said, "Dickie, is your mother home today?" Dickie looked thoughtful a moment, then replied, "Well, she is if she's not out looking for me."—Hazel M. Gorham, 223 Tryon St., Woodstock, Ill.

Best for You to Use
Therefore Best for You to Give

For pleasure and for helpfulness, too, Webster's Collegiate Dictionary is ideal. It is a gift to delight anyone who reads, writes, or studies. This Christmas give the handsome Bible-Paper edition of

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

the gift that will be welcomed by the friend in business or professional work, the student in college or high school, the mother at home—by all discriminating people. It is **106,000 Vocabulary** terms; dictionary of **Biography; Gazetteer;** rules of **punctuation;** use of **capitals, abbreviations, foreign phrases,** etc. 1256 pages; 1700 **illustrations.**

The thin-paper edition is especially handsome and convenient to handle. Art Canvas binding, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

When Buying, Look for the MERRIAM TRADE-MARK

Get the Best

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention LIBERTY.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

AN EJECTOR CIGARETTE CASE

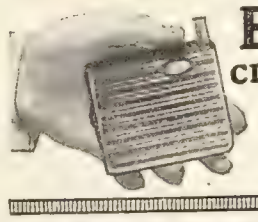
The Gift for Him

Here's a gift for a man that ANYONE can buy with the assurance that it will make a hit. No maybe about it! Every man warms up at once to its snappy action, its sure-fire, quick delivery of a cigarette.

No more need to carry ragged, crushed packages of cigarettes—no more tobacco filled pockets, but a smart looking, clever, automatic case. No other case like it for convenience, for style.

See at dealers the new designs for Holiday giving! Priced at $1.50, $2.50, $4.00, $6.00 and $25.00. If your dealer hasn't the Ejector write us giving his name and enclosing price, and we will see that you are supplied.

THE LYONS MFG., CO.,
Mt. Carmel,
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.



EJECTOR CIGARETTE CASE

USE IRON GLUE

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, Hardware, Drug and Grocery Stores, or 15c size by mail. In tubes and in bottles.

McCORMICK &.CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

TO MEND LEATHER

MILLIONS *of* WOMEN DEPEND UPON

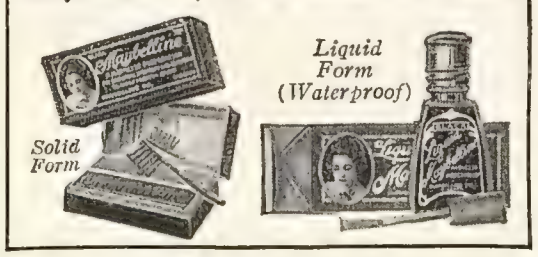
Maybelline

Many stage and screen stars are popular because of the expressiveness of their eyes. They achieve this expressiveness and charm by accentuating their eyelashes with Maybelline.

Millions of women and girls depend upon Maybelline, for the same reason. This marvelous, easy-to-use, harmless preparation instantly makes their scant lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, thereby imparting to the eyes a soft, subtle, shadowy charm impossible to obtain in any other way. Try Maybelline.

Either Solid or Liquid, Black or Brown, 75c at all Toilet Goods Counters

Maybelline Co., 4750-10 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



That Fat Is Unnecessary

Look about in any circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Countless people who once were fat have lost that handicap.

The easy, pleasant way is with Marmola Prescription Tablets. They correct the cause. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

Marmola has been used for 20 years. Year by year more and more people have learned its benefits and its efficiency. They have told the results to others. Now people are using it in a very extensive way.

You should know this method based on long scientific research. Diet and exercise often fail, and often do much harm. Learn the results and benefits of this easy, pleasant way. The way which has been tested for nearly two decades.

You simply take four tablets daily, then watch results. Reduction is never too rapid. Cease Marmola when you reach the weight desired, and note how much better you feel. Then, in kindness to your friends, tell others the effects. Start now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Don't Give Your Skin a Hectic Night Life

By EILEEN BOURNE

BEAUTY treatments often threaten beauty sleep. If some specialists in good looks had their way with us, we'd have to start to bed at 10 in order to get there by midnight. What with exercises, bathing, hair-brushing, scalp treatment, oiling the nails, patting the face, and the application of lotions and creams—well, the night shift is absolutely overworked.

Now, the question is: how much time should we allow for all this? When I recently visited my friend Lucinda, her bedtime preparations drove me to take up the problem in a serious way. Whether or not she meant to impress me, the fact remains that the first two nights she went straight through the schedule, from fifty strokes with the hair-brush to ten minutes with the patter; and it took her an hour and a half by the clock.

When she finally clambered in, she was absolutely exhausted. On the third night, however, she flung off her clothes and rolled up in the covers without taking down her hair or removing her make-up. "Drat beauty!" she mumbled. "Give me sleep!"

That's always what happens when one overdoes it. Neglect is the result of exaggeration; and both are bad for one's appearance. Thus inspired by my friend's bad example, I decided to determine a happy medium. I placed a clock on the bathroom shelf and worked out the following schedule:

Ten minutes for five setting-up exercises—two minutes for each; three minutes for cleansing the face and neck with cold-cream and astringent; seven minutes for a quick hot bath and thorough drying; three minutes to brush the hair and get up the circulation; three minutes for patting in lotion and treating wrinkles under the eyes; five minutes for patting under the chin; four minutes for scraping off the nails and massaging the finger-tips with cream.

A total of thirty-five minutes!

REMEMBER, the whole point about night treatments is to make sure of three things—perfect cleanliness, stimulus to circulation, and sufficient lubrication of the skin to repair the damage of wind and steam-heat. Such a program could be followed every single night by anybody. But when you are particularly tired, you can cut down the schedule eight minutes by omitting all patting movements. Remember, however, that to neglect brushing the dust out of your hair, lubricating the nails, and removing dust and make-up from the skin is a criminal offense against your good looks. Better postpone your bath until morning than omit these triple rites.

One of the skin's main jobs is to regulate the temperature of the body. To do this it has to continue resilient and firm. During the night the slight moisture which is always rising to the surface of the body carries off surface impurities.

But the skin can help in this important work only if it is clean and healthy. If it is covered with the dust of the day, plus powder and rouge, it is in no condition to function.

THIS was why I was so shocked to see Lucinda go to sleep with her make-up still on. But I was equally disturbed by something else. Her last act, the first night of my visit, was to cover her face with cold-cream, until she looked like a lemon pie. When I asked her why on earth she put on so much, she replied laconically, "Skin is dry."

"But, Lucinda," I protested, "don't you know that your pillow will get most of that cream? The outside layer of your skin absorbs only a tiny little bit. All you're doing is to burden your poor face and keep the good fresh air away."

There are plenty of women like Lucinda who can not be trusted with a cold-cream jar. If your face is roughened at all, you should use some sort of cream. But an amount the size of a large pea is enough for the entire face. Our authority, Dr. Oscar L. Levin, the well known dermatologist, is eloquent in his ridicule of the idea of nourishing the skin by exterior means.

He assures us that it can be lubricated thus, but not fed. Good food, fresh air, and exercise are your only means of improving your complexion and filling in hollows.

There is value in patting, for that increases circulation, strengthens the muscles, and smooths out habitual creases. But to load the skin with a greasy substance before going to bed at night is quite as bad for it as eating a heavy meal before falling asleep is bad for the stomach.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)
Street and No.....
City.....State.....68

tremendously smart!

this crystal brilliance for lovely finger nails

FINGER TIPS shimmering with crystal loveliness.

"Of course Cutex would make the perfect Liquid Polish, smooth as jewels, fresh as dew!" the chic woman exclaims at the first application of this wonderfully smart new polish.

It flashes on the finger tips of the most exquisite women everywhere. Thin and natural, a single polishing lasts for days and days. Even the hottest water won't dim it.

In two tints—Natural Pink and Deep Rose. Either is 35c at all toilet goods counters. The convenient Polish Remover is also 35c. Or send the coupon and 10c for samples. In Canada, address Dept. UU-13, 1101 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

I enclose 10c for samples. Send Natural Pink ☐ Deep Rose ☐ (Check your preference.)
Northam Warren, Dept. UU-13
114 West 17th St., New York

_____

_____

Nobody knows the fun we have—
When we both dress up in our Mommy's clothes.

Come On Out and PLAY

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 5 minutes.)

DEAR WORLD:

What is V-A-I-N?

It seems I am. And I can't make out what it is. It doesn't hurt any place. I know that. Not like getting your face washed or having to go to bed or anything painful I can think of.

Though Mom said I was vain, she didn't turn me upside down or over on her knee to feel around on all the spots and find where the trouble was, like she usually does when she discovers something wrong with me.

I guess maybe it isn't very serious when it doesn't hurt. Nothing is to me.

"Yes, she is getting very vain," Mom reported on me. "Every time I go in the room, there she is talking, laughing, and smiling at herself in the long mirror."

Poor Mommy doesn't understand.

In that long looking-glass there is a little girl I love to play with. She is the only one my size I can play with around my house. And you do get tired of playing with dolls and dishes and grown-ups who tell you that you are getting altogether too stren-u-ous. I can be just as stren-jus as I want to be with the little girl in the mirror.

Only I do wish they'd let her come out and play right on the floor with me. I have enough toys for her and I'd like very much to have her sit at my small table with me when I'm serving tea. Then I wouldn't have to make up names and people to serve tea to.

I did try one day to get her out. I went behind the glass house in which she lives, and pounded and pounded and pounded on the back of it for some one to open and let me come in and get her. But it was all boarded up and I couldn't even see her.

I hurried back out front again, afraid something had happened to her, but there she was, laughing too, that we'd found each other again.

"Girlie, come out," I said. "Come out!"

She made her lips go like mine and beckoned the way I was doing. When I started to run around to meet her, she also started to run, and I was sure I'd find her this time. But I guess she couldn't get through the doors at the back. When I returned to the front once more, there she was, looking just as puzzled over it all as I.

I went up close as I could get to her and she came up as close to me. I spread out my arms and kissed her, which she did, too.

That's what I like about "Girlie." I call her that because when I don't know any one's name I say, "Hello, Man," or "Hello, Boy," or "Hello, Girl," if she's big, or "Girlie" if she's little.

It is the funniest thing the way she answers when I call her. If I say "Girlie" from the door, she's there waiting for me when I get to the looking-glass.

And poor Mom thinks I'm just running to look at myself, when I don't care if I do come in off the street with my hat on my ear and runs in my stockings. I guess it is to see if everything is on straight that big folk look in the mirror for, isn't it?

"That's it," says Aunt Toni, who's taking my dictation; "when it isn't looking to see how come you did or you didn't get those admiring glances you dressed up to provoke."

GIRLIE has dresses just like mine—a blue dress and a yellow one and a white one. And she has a green hat she puts on the same time I put on mine to go to the park. She puts it on, too, with the streamers coming down over the face, the way I like my hat on best, but which style Mom doesn't seem to think improves my appear-ances any.

Girlie even has a doll like mine and rubbers and a sweater. Everything. From my bed I can see she has one exactly like it, and she jumps up and down on it, too, until some one comes and tells her she'll break the springs and maybe some bones if she doesn't stop.

And can she make faces! Funny faces that make her look not like herself at all. Mommy says she never knew any one of her sex and mine who so de-lib-er-ately tries to ruin a perfect-ly good face as me. She should see Girlie. No matter how terrible a face I can make, she can make one just like it.

When I laugh, she laughs. When I cry, she feels sorry and cries too. And can she dance? You ought to see her jig. And stamp her foot when she gets mad. One day when she was doing this and crying in tune with her "mad," an arm reached out and took hold of her just at the moment one took me. I wonder if she got what I got for "going into a tan-trum," I think it was called.

OH, dear, if only I could get Girlie out so we could run up and down stairs together! I asked Kaki to help me once, but she said that people who live in glass houses can't do a lot of things other people can, but if I wanted to make Girlie happy and myself and Mom and Daddy and everybody, I should not pout or frown or sulk in front of her.

Because if I did those things she would be forced to do them too, and it isn't nice to make others unhappy just because you're not feeling good yourself.

I DON'T care if I do come in with my hat on my ear and runs in my stockings.

A little girl lives in my looking-glass—
She's just the size of me.
I don't know 'xactly what's her age,
But mine is almost three.

She has arms and legs
That won't stay quiet,
And a round little stomach
That's *not* on a diet.

She has shirties and dresses
And stockings and shoes,
She puts on pre-cise-ly
The same way I do.

Nobody knows the fun we have—
This girl in the glass and me—
When we both dress up in our Mommy's clothes,
We laugh out mer-ri-ly.

There isn't a thing I want to do
But she's ready to do the same,
And that is the reason we love to play
At our own little looking-glass game.

"I'll take back what I said about your being vain," Mom told me the other day. "If you really were, you wouldn't kick up such a fuss about getting your face and hands washed. You'd want a nice clean face all the time."

Aren't moms foolish?

If you had a nice clean face all the time, there'd be nothing to wash; and think of the fun they'd miss—chasing us around with a wash-cloth the way they do!

Next week I'm going to tell you why I love my worst doll the mostest.

Perfecting *the gift of radio*

Eveready's greatest provider of Battery Power—the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486.

Radio is better with Battery Power

WHEN you give the great gift of a radio set, remember that you are giving not merely a handsome, intricate and sensitive instrument, but you are also giving radio reception, radio enjoyment, radio itself. So give a receiver that can use the best source of radio power—batteries, for batteries perfect the performance of a radio receiver. The power they provide is pure D. C., Direct Current, which is entirely silent. Battery Power will insure the enjoyment of the listener, for battery-run sets produce exactly the tone their designers built into them.

All Eveready "B" Batteries will give you the vital qualities of Battery Power. Behind Eveready Radio Batteries are 33 years of dry battery manufacture, of pioneering, invention, discovery, continual leadership. Buy Eveready Radio Batteries and ahead of you are hours, days, weeks and months of use, of solid enjoyment of radio at its best.

For modern receivers, choose the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, built according to a radically new design that gives it ample and even excess capacity to meet the demands of powerful sets. This battery is the longest lasting of all Eveready. Its unique, patented construction packs the maximum possible quantity of active materials within a given space, and also makes those materials more efficient producers of current.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF–*New York*	WOC–*Davenport*
WJAR–*Providence*	WCCO–*Minneapolis, St. Paul*
WEEI–*Boston*	WDAF–*Kansas City*
WFI–*Philadelphia*	KSD–*St. Louis*
WGR–*Buffalo*	WRC–*Washington*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*	WGY–*Schenectady*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*	WHAS–*Louisville*
WTAM–*Cleveland*	WSB–*Atlanta*
WWJ–*Detroit*	WSM–*Nashville*
WGN–*Chicago*	

WMC–*Memphis*

Pacific Coast Stations—
9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO–KGO–*San Francisco*	KFI–*Los Angeles*
KFOA–KOMO–*Seattle*	KGW–*Portland*

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
-they last longer

The Break *of the* GAME

Psychology— Carnegie Tech vs. Notre Dame (1926)

An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

(Reading time: 3 minutes 20 seconds.)

PSYCHOLOGY, a factor of growing importance in all branches of athletic activity, had a decided bearing on the victory of Carnegie Tech over Notre Dame, 19 to 0, last year in Pittsburgh.

The result of that game startled the football world. Few persons closely identified with the gridiron game gave Carnegie a chance to win. Notre Dame was looked upon as a certain victor, and it was thought the only question to be settled was the size of the score. Few, however, considered the resourcefulness of the Tech coach.

This football teacher was Walter P. Steffen, former University of Chicago star, who is a Superior Court judge in Chicago. In the East Steffen is known as a "break-getter."

His long connection with the game has led him to consider every angle of offensive and defensive play to obtain the break. He has profited by his own mistakes and incorporated in his teachings pet theories of other coaches.

The Carnegie coach figured that the South Benders would have a mental relaxation after playing Minnesota, Penn State, Northwestern, Georgia Tech, Indiana, and the Army. His experience had taught him that no team could maintain a winning mental attitude throughout the season.

Coach Steffen also learned that Knute Rockne, coach of the Notre Dame eleven, would not accompany his squad to the Smoky City, and he knew an assistant could not have the same influence over the players as Rockne. Steffen also was aware that, with Rockne left behind, the players would feel overconfident.

With these thoughts uppermost in his mind, Steffen ordered his team to make the breaks by holding Notre Dame early in the battle—to put every ounce of physical energy into their first ground-gaining attempts and to tackle like demons.

Wide World photo

Cyril Letzelter, Tech full-back.

"Take the fight out of them before the game is well under way, and we'll whip them to a frazzle," Steffen said on the eve of the battle.

Before he sent his team on the field, Coach Steffen took pains to explain the psychological angles upon which he had figured.

He told his men that the Notre Dame players thought all they had to do to win was to go on the field. And he informed his players that the Westerners expected to use their second-string backs, so that the regular ball-carriers could be rested for the Southern California struggle a week later.

Steffen's analysis of the situation was perfect. Notre Dame's second-string back-field and some substitute linesmen were sent on the field first. These substitutes were known as shock troops. They failed in their purpose; but they kept Carnegie from scoring in the first quarter.

During the opening period, the Carnegie players tackled like fiends. They blocked perfectly, and, as the period wore on, it was apparent that Tech was bent on winning. In the second quarter, the Notre Dame first-string backs, including Christy Flanagan, the ground-gaining ace, were sent into the battle. They proved to be weaker than the players who started the combat.

The two teams struggled between the two thirty-yard lines during the early stages of the second quarter. Finally Tech secured possession of the ball in midfield.

Before the Notre Dame defensive players could adjust themselves to the situation, Howard Harpster, the Carnegie quarter-back, shot a forward pass to Bill Donohoe, the Tech left half-back.

Donohoe made a great catch and was forced out of bounds by Flanagan of Notre Dame on the Westerners' eighteen-yard line. Cyril Letzelter, Tech's crashing full-back, was sent through center for three yards, and then Donohoe skirted Notre Dame's left end for a touchdown. Letzelter added the extra point by kicking goal.

TECH'S second touch-down came shortly afterward. Edwards, the Notre Dame quarter-back and one of the two captains of his team, took a little too much time in getting his punt away after his eleven had received the kick-off.

The effort was blocked by Yoder, the Tech right tackle, and Carlton Mefort, the left end, dropped on the ball for Carnegie on Notre Dame's nine-yard line. On the next play, the Eastern eleven was penalized fifteen yards for illegal use of the hands in interference.

The penalty only spurred Tech to put forth greater efforts. On the play following, Harpster hurled a forward pass to Mefort, who was tackled on Notre Dame's three-yard line.

Letzelter crashed through the center of the line to the Westerners' one-foot line. He followed with another thrust at the same spot and crossed the Notre Dame goal-line. The Tech full-back then kicked goal.

Carnegie's other six points were the results of field goals by Harpster, the Tech field general, who handled his team in splendid fashion throughout the game.

Notre Dame tried hard in the later stages of the struggle, but that fighting spirit which Coach Steffen had imbued in his men before the contest was even keener than when the game opened.

It simply was a case of Coach Steffen preparing his team for the break by use of psychology.

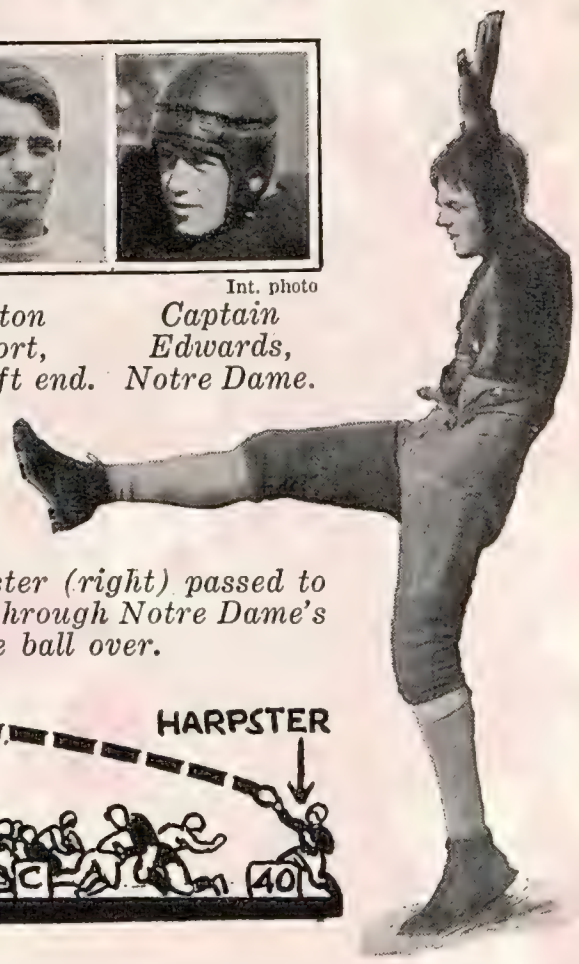
After the struggle, Coach Steffen said:

"It wasn't an upset; it was a set-up."

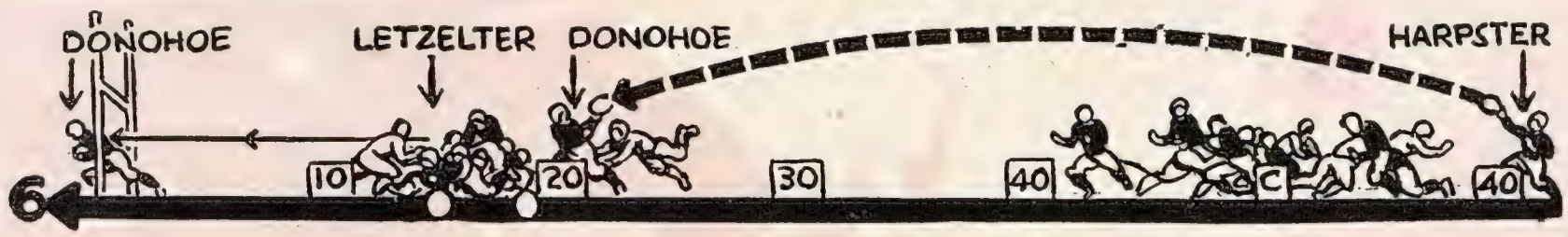
How a Dartmouth coach showed that the best defense is a strong offense is told in next week's LIBERTY.

Int. photo

Carlton Mefort, Tech left end. *Captain Edwards, Notre Dame.*



TECH'S first touch-down (below). Harpster (right) passed to Donohoe. Letzelter gained three yards through Notre Dame's line, and Donohoe carried the ball over.



William Donohoe, left half-back.

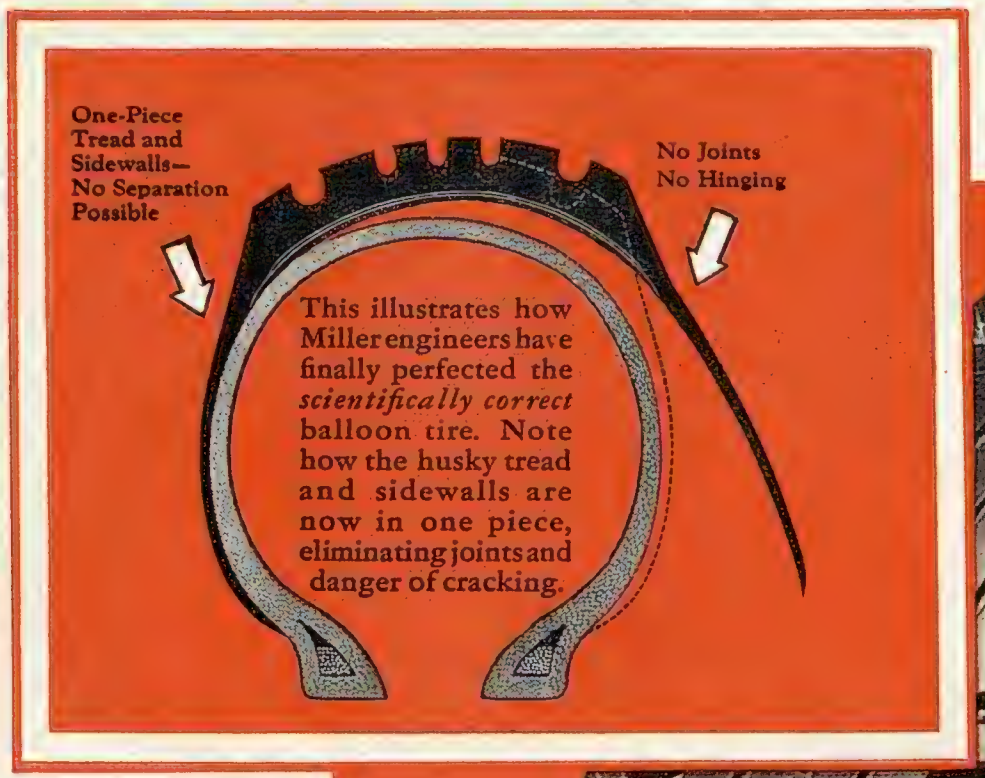
AFTER Carnegie Tech drew a fifteen-yard penalty, Harpster passed to Mefort, who was tackled on the three-yard line. In two line-crashes, Letzelter made a touch-down.

Give This Amazing Tire a Twelve-Months' Trial on Your Car

1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

2 Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread

3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction



WE can't tell you that America's Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire will prove itself on your car in thirty days.

We do tell you that in twelve months—as the care-free tire miles have piled up on your speedometer — as you've grown to totally forget the very existence of tires on your car—you will know how close Miller has come to perfection. You will never return to old ways. You will be satisfied with nothing less than *Scientific Correctness*—made possible by three unique improvements.

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated —no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific* correctness of this new Miller design.

2. Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road Tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road — taking wear evenly and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there —a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber — leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD · MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

for Christmas

ARE you searching for a helpful, useful, practical Christmas present—for son or daughter, for brother or sister, for wife or husband, for dearest friend?

Here it is! The Remington Portable is a gift that always inspires gratitude, for it provides its owner with the modern, time-saving way to write.

Remember that the Remington Portable is the world's smallest and lightest typewriter with standard keyboard—weighs only 8½ pounds net and fits in a case only four inches high. But it is complete in every feature—strong and durable—simple and easy to operate—the recognized leader—in sales and popularity.

Terms as low as $5 monthly. Sold by Remington branches and dealers everywhere. Send for our booklet "For You—For Everybody." Address Dept. 148, Remington Typewriter Company, Division of Remington Rand, 374 Broadway, New York.

Remington Portable

OVER FOUR MILLION REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS BUILT AND SOLD

Why *the* Japanese EARTHQUAKE *Did Not Destroy the* HOTEL IMPERIAL

An Article by
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

(Reading time: 17 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Frank Lloyd Wright, who designed and built the famous Hotel Imperial in Tokyo, is an architect of international note. His particular style of low buildings has been recognized as the "new school of the Middle West," and abroad has been called the "American expression in architecture." He also is the author of a number of books concerning architecture and of one dealing with Japanese prints.]

OVER on the other side of the world—its backbone, maybe—live a remarkable people, more intelligent, ambitious, and industrious than almost any other people. And, although going about on the bare earth and dwelling, eating, and sleeping on matted floors, they are more clean.

Constantly threatened and punished by hardship and frightful disaster, they patiently cling to their fateful earth-formation as it trembles and quakes beneath them, sinking gradually into the sea.

"*Shikata-gai-nai*" (It can not be helped), they say when, overwhelmed by fire or tidal wave or swallowed into the gaping ground by thousands, their people are swept to their ancestors.

The sense of Fate is strong in them. They yield to the inevitable. And yet they love and understand their tragic land.

In their houses and the things they use, in the way they till their fields, the way they dress, cook, eat, and keep house, they are *natural*—truly natives. In no other country on earth, perhaps, are natives so simply one with Nature.

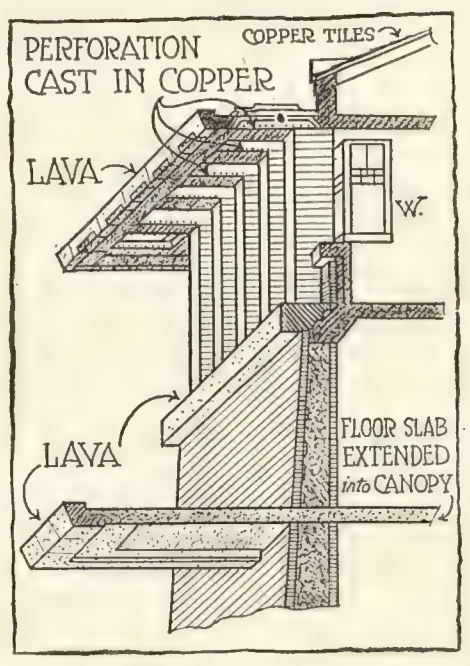
From infancy they keep their minds and hearts fixed upon the great calm mountain god of their nation—the sacred Fujiyama, brooding in majesty and eternal calm over all.

It is not too much to say that the sacred mountain is the god of old Japan—and that Japan is the modern ancient.

The dreaded force that made the mountain, takes its toll of life from this devoted people, as always. The enormous weight of the deep sea beside their tenuous island—the deepest sea in the world—strains the earth-crust, opens fissures, and allows the waters to rush down to the earth's inner fires. Steam and gas, expanding or exploding internally, cause earth convulsions that betray the trusting life on the green surface.

Great wave movements go shuddering through the body of their land spasmodically. Whole villages disappear. New islands appear as others, and all on them, are lost. And always flames! The terror of it all is the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



(Above) The Mikado's suite, Hotel Imperial, Tokyo. The diagram at left shows how the lightest possible materials—lava stone and copper roof — were used to lessen strain in event of earthquake. A section of cantilever flooring also is shown.

LEAVE IT TO THE YOUNGER CROWD TO KNOW THE BEST!

IT is characteristic of this younger set to settle the cigarette question exactly as they settle their hard-fought games—on the sporting principle of "may the best win!"

FATIMA

A few cents more—for the best that money can buy!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

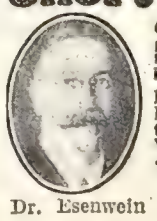
AVOID "cheap" brake lining. Remember that you are buying safety. Safety is not obtainable on a "price" basis. Your brakes are too important and life too valuable to be entrusted to untried brake lining. Patronize the *reliable* serviceman who sells Silver Edge Raybestos—a brake specialist, who will furnish the most dependable brake lining money can buy.

THE RAYBESTOS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.
Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, Eng.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Short-Story Writing



One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

The Home Correspondence School
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 44 Springfield, Mass.

[WHY THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE DID NOT DESTROY THE HOTEL IMPERIAL
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

dreadful conflagration at the end.

Trained by these disasters of the centuries to build lightly, close to the ground, their wood-and-paper houses may be kindled by any spark.

The dead not swallowed up are buried; and once more "Shikata-gai-nai!" All goes patiently on as before. Naturally, the earth-wave force seems unconquerable, for it is mightier than any force at man's command.

"Shikata-gai-nai!" This stoicism I have seen and lived with four years or more while preparing to meet the country's menace by building on ground which the seismograph shows is never for a moment still.

THE foreigner, with the advent of our Commodore Perry, had come to share Japan's joys and sorrows. Soon a building was needed to shelter the invasion. In Tokyo, the capital, the Mikado asked the Germans to build one of their characteristic national wood-and-plaster extravaganzas as a social clearing-house.

That wretched marvel grew obsolete, and about 1914 the need of another became imperative. The Imperial Household this time proposed to share the task with the capitalists of the empire, ship-owners, cement manufacturers, bankers, representatives of the tobacco interests, etc., and I, an American, was chosen to do the work.

No foreigner yet invited to Japan had taken off his hat to Japanese traditions. When foreigners came, what they had back home came too, suitable or not. And the politely humble Japanese took the offering and marveled.

And yet Japanese traditions of fine art are among the noblest and purest in the world, giving Chinese origins due credit. It was my instinct not to insult them.

But this terrible natural enemy to all building whatsoever—the temblor!—must be considered.

The terror of it never left me while I planned the building, nor while for more than four years I worked upon it. Nor is any one allowed to forget it—sometimes being awakened at night by strange sensations, weird, rumbling earth-noises, sudden shocks and subsidence, and swinging, upheaval, and jolting back.

A sense of the bottom falling from beneath the building, terror of the coming moments as cracking plaster and groaning timbers indicate the whole structure may come crashing down. There may be more awful threats to human happiness than earthquakes, but I do not know what they can be.

The Japanese turn livid; perspiration starts on them; but there is no other sign unless the violence becomes extreme. And then—panic!

I studied the temblor, found it a wave movement, not of sea but of earth, accompanied by terrific shocks no rigidity can withstand.

Because of the wave movement, deep foundations, such as long

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Thousands of Draftsmen In these Industries

More than 500 industries employ draftsmen. Thousands of men are doing this fascinating work.

Electricity
Electricity is the coming motive force of the world. Draftsmen are needed in every department of this fascinating work. Let Dobe train you at home. Get a job here.

Auto Industry
The automobile industry is one of the greatest in America. If there were no draftsmen to draw plans there would be no automobile manufacturing. Hundreds of positions here. Learn drafting from Dobe and get one.

Aviation
Aviation is just in its infancy. It is bound to expand to enormous proportions. Draftsmen are essential to it. Prepare for one of these big jobs. Let Dobe tell you how.

Building
There will always be building. Building of stores, homes, factories, office buildings. No structure can be erected without plans drawn by draftsmen. Dobe will make you a draftsman at home.

Engineer Dobe

I'll Train You Quick

Drafting is a sure and certain profession because nothing can be built before a plan is drawn and draftsmen must draw the plans. Draftsmen are always in the world's leading industries.

I teach you drafting by my new, sure "Kwik-Line" method and give you an opportunity to earn while you are learning. I also give you Employment Service and help as long as you need it and help to get you a job without a cent for this service.

I make a money-back agreement with you to return every cent unless you get exactly what you want. You must be satisfied.

As soon as you enroll I give you a set of drawing instruments, drawing table and all other drafting tools. These are fine, imported instruments and the same kind as those used by foremost draftsmen everywhere.

I challenge the world to produce another such quick, simple, fascinating, wonderful method for quickly teaching drafting at home. Send this free coupon for my Free Book, "Successful Draftsmanship". Do this today.

"DOBE DRAFTING SERVICE"
1951 Lawrence Ave., Div. 17-69 Chicago

Send me free of all cost your new big book, "Successful Draftsmanship," also plan to earn money while learning and proof of big money paying positions.

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
Post Office..... State.....

DIAMONDS

Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed
CASH or CREDIT

Buy your Diamonds for Christmas at a big saving from Loftis, the direct Importer. Our special feature is the "Dorothy" Diamond Ring at $25, an astonishing bargain. Hundreds of other low-priced genuine Diamonds offered on Loftis easy credit terms. All goods shipped immediately on first payment—satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. **On request, we will ship any article (NO MONEY DOWN) subject to your free examination and approval.**

Send for FREE Catalog
Our new Catalog displays over 2000 bargains in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Gifts. Send today for your FREE copy!

WRIST WATCH SPECIAL No. 869. Special offer! Rectangular wrist watch in solid 14-k white gold case; 15-jewel movement. $24.85. $2.48 Down and $2.48 a Month.

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers
LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Est'd 1858
Dept G-437 108 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.
Our References: Any Bank or Banker in U. S. A.

Just think—15 different Xmas cards [4x5] beautiful, original, colored designs *and* 15 artistically lined envelopes. **ALL FOR $1.00, POSTPAID.**
Save 50 per cent—sold everywhere for $2.00. Exquisite subjects and lovely mottoes. Mailed in special gift box on receipt of $1.00 or money order money back if not satisfied. **GEM CARD & NOVELTY CO. 32 Union Sq. New York. Dept. 58**

Cuticura Soap and Ointment
Keep the Scalp Clean and Healthy
Promote Hair Growth

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

piles, would oscillate and rock the structure. Therefore the foundation should be short or shallow.

There was seventy feet of soft mud below the upper crust of eight feet of surface soil on the site of the Hotel Imperial. That mud seemed a good cushion to relieve the terrible shocks.

Why not float the building upon it? A battle-ship floats on salt water! And why not extreme lightness combined with tenuity and flexibility, instead of the great weight necessary to the greatest possible rigidity?

Why not, then, a building made as the two hands thrust together, palms inward, fingers interlocking and yielding to movement, but resilient to return to its original position when distortion ceased? Flexing and reflexing in any direction.

Why fight the quake? Why not outwit it?

The most serious problem was how to get the most carrying power out of that eight-foot depth of "cheese" soil that overlay the liquid mud.

During the first year of plan-making I made borings nine inches in diameter and eight feet deep and filled them with concrete. I arranged to test the concrete pins thus made; got car-loads of pig iron and loaded the pins until they would drive into the ground; kept the test figures of loads and reactions; and took borings over the site to find soft pockets.

The water stood in the holes two feet below the surface, so the concrete had to go in as quickly as the borings were completed.

These data in hand, the foundation plan was made: to distribute these concrete pins —two feet on centers each way —over the entire area on which the wall footings were to spread. In this way the strength of the whole depth of eight feet of top-soil was brought to bear at the surface. That was simple.

But here was a soft soil that might be squeezed down considerably under the broad footings. Experiments showed that this meant a settlement of the building of five inches, the building itself driving the piles that much deeper. This complicated matters.

BUT finally the foundation was completed, and distributed, according to the test data, to float five inches below the grade of the ground surface. And it did. With some few slight variations, it stayed there. This foundation saved hundreds of thousands of dollars over the foundations then in use in Tokyo.

Now, how to make a flexible structure instead of the foolish rigid one? I divided the building into several parts. Where the parts were more than sixty feet long, I joined them together, clear through floors, walls, and footings.

So far, good sense and careful calculation.

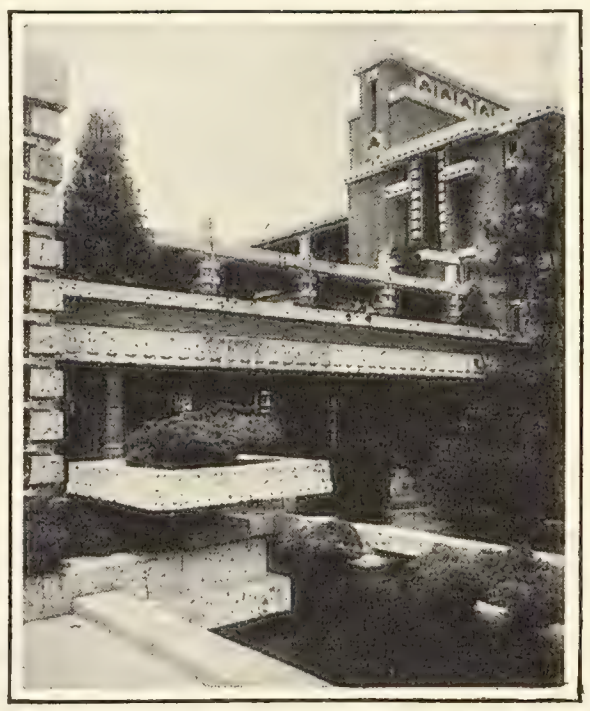
But a construction was needed where floors would not be carried by the walls, because subterranean disturbances might move the walls and drop the floors.

Why not, then, carry the floors as a waiter carries his tray—on upraised arm, fingers at the center —*balancing* the load? Why not have supports centered under the floor slabs, instead of resting the slabs on the walls at their edges, as is usually the case?

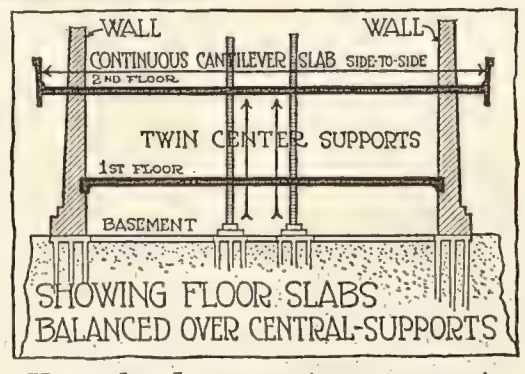
This was the cantilever, the most romantic of all principles of construction. And so concrete cantilever slabs, continuous across the building, supported in that way, became the structure of the hotel.

Roof tiles of Japanese buildings in upheavals have murdered countless thousands of persons. Hence a light, hand-worked green copper roof was planned.

The outer walls were thick at the base, growing thinner and lighter toward the top. The center of gravity was thus kept low



The cantilever bridge connecting the hotel lobby with one wing.



How the floors rest on supports as a tray rests on a waiter's fingers, to prevent sag under earthquake strain.

against the swinging movements.

The outside overhangs of the cantilever slabs, where they came through the walls, were all lightened by ornamental perforations, which also enriched the light and shade of the structure.

The stone everywhere underfoot in Tokyo was a workable light lava weighing as much as green oak; but for our aristocratic edifice it was sacrilege to use this plebeian material. It was, however, used for the ornamental features.

The whole structure was to be set up as a double shell, an exterior one of slim gold-colored bricks, and an interior one of fluted hollow bricks—the shells being poured full of concrete. As these shells were filled, they were bound solidly together.

The great building thus became a jointed monolith with a mosaic surface of lava and brick.

Earthquakes had always torn piping and wiring apart and had flooded or charged buildings. So all piping and wiring was to be laid free of construction in covered concrete trenches in the ground of the basements. Mains and all pipes were of lead with wiped joints, the risers sweeping from the trenches, to be hung free in vertical pipe-shafts from which the curved branches were taken off to the bathrooms. Thus, any disturbance would not break the pipes or wiring.

LAST, but not least, there was to be an immense pool, as an architectural feature of the entrance-court, connected to the water system of the hotel and conserving the roof water.

Thus the plans were made so that all architectural features were practical necessities, and in style a building respectful to the traditions of the people to whom it would belong. The nature of the design allowed free scope to their intensive hand methods, because we didn't know what machinery could be used.

Finally the plans were ready.

No estimates could be had. It was all so unfamiliar, no commercial concern would touch it. Nothing was left but to abandon the whole or organize to build it ourselves.

Language was a barrier. Men and methods were strange. With architectural students from the Japanese universities, several of whom were taken to Wisconsin with me during the plan-making period, and one expert foreign builder, Paul F. P. Mueller of Chicago, we organized.

The hotel manager, Hayashi San, was general manager. He had already bought pottery kilns in Shizuoka, and we had made the long, slim, cunning bricks, of a style and size never made before, for the outside shell. They were now ready to use. We had also made the fluted hollow bricks for the inside shell—the first in the empire.

We bought a fine lava quarry at Oya, near Nikko, for the feature material, and started a flood of dimension stone moving down to the site in Tokyo, in a stream that kept pouring into the building for four years.

During that period we had a hundred or more clever stone "choppers" beating out the patterns of the building from the greenish, leopard-spotted lava.

On an average, we employed about 600 men continually; and most of them lived round about the building, as we built it, with their numerous families, cooking, washing, and sleeping. And we tried faithfully—sometimes frantically and profanely—to teach them how to build it, half-way between our way and their way.

But they preferred to carry heavy loads and enormous stones up inclined planes on their shoulders. We tried to abolish scaffolding and teach them to lay brick from the inside. But they lashed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

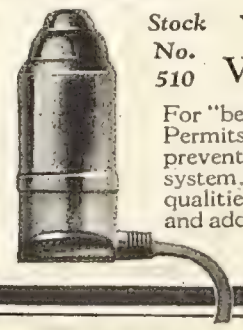
keep your RADIATORS HOT with AIRID AIR VALVES

You do not need to suffer the discomfort of cold, air-clogged radiators. AIRID Air Valves rid radiators of air—assuring hot radiators all the time. They vent the air quickly and silently. Do not leak steam or water. If you are building, insist on AIRID being written in the heating specifications.

AIRID Air Valves (No. 500) require no adjustment. They fit any steam radiator and are easily attached without tools. Nothing to wear out—all metal construction. Guaranteed for five years by the world's largest manufacturers of heating equipment. Your plumbing and heating shop will supply you—or we will send you a trial AIRID Air Valve for $1.35.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

ACCESSORIES DIVISION
816 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.



Stock No. 510 VAC-AIRID Vacuum Valve

For "below atmosphere" jobs. Permits the air to escape, but prevents its return into the system. Contains the venting qualities of No. 500 AIRID and adds the Vacuum feature.

List Price, $4.00

American Radiator Co. (Accessories Division)
816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

☐ Enclosed find $1.35. Send me trial AIRID Air Valve.

☐ Send me complete data on VAC-AIRID Vacuum installation.

☐ Send me your booklet "The Little Things That Make The Big Difference," containing valuable heating suggestions.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Look at a Milano, you men who love a fine pipe. Notice its graceful balance, its handsome lines. Observe the delicate grain of its century-old Italian briar bowl.

Light up Milano. Cool, mellow from its first satisfying puff—here is the sweetest pipe in all the world.

Scores of shapes to suit every type, taste, and temperament. $3.50 up in plain or rustic briar at some enterprising dealer's near you.

"INSURED"

A real policy with every pipe protects you against a burnt-through or cracked bowl. Look for the aristocratic WDC white triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
230 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

"It's a W D C"
WD C TRADE MARK

[WHY THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE DID NOT DESTROY THE HOTEL IMPERIAL
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

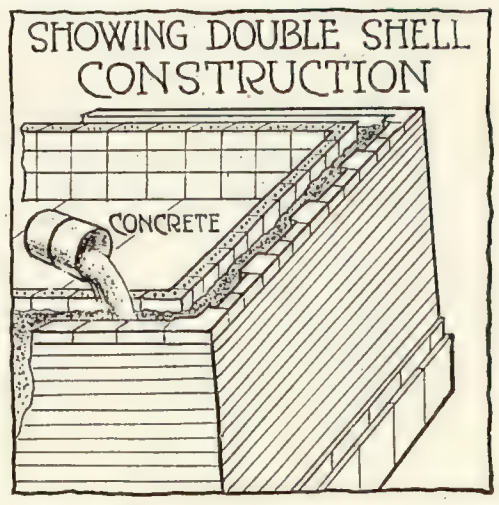
their poles together in cunning ways, as for centuries they had done, and clung with prehensile toes to the framework.

How skilful they were! What craftsmen! How patient and clever! Instead of wasting their talents, we went with them. Language grew less an obstruction, but curious mistakes were perpetual.

It is true that the Japanese approach to any matter is a spiral. Their natural instinct for attack in any direction is oblique and volute. But they made up for it in gentleness and cleverness and loyalty.

The countenance of the building began to emerge from the seemingly hopeless confusion of the enormous area now covered by the building materials, from the terraces and courts overrun by hundreds of families. And the workmen grew more and more interested in it.

There was a warmth of appreciation and loyalty unknown in the building circles of our country, a fine thing to have experienced.



The new-type walls made by pouring concrete between shells of light bricks.

THE curse of our work was the holiday. There were no Sundays, but there were a couple of holidays a week instead, and it took a day or two to recover from most of them. So the work dragged. And the rainy season!

We abolished the expensive cover-shed of tight roof and hanging matting sides under which most buildings are built in Japan, but had we protected the workers from the rain and burning sun, the building would have been finished about seven months sooner.

The directors met regularly for a couple of years, and then began to complain.

Rumors reached them from the English (the English love the Americans in Tokyo), and Americans (why are Americans invariably so unpleasant to one another abroad?) to the effect that the architect of their building was mad, that an earthquake would wreck the structure.

Where all had been pleasant enthusiasm, things now began to drag. The loyalty of my own office force never for a moment wavered, but Manager Hayashi was daily hectored and censured.

At this crucial time it became apparent that 3,500,000 yen more would be necessary to complete and furnish the building. Things looked dark.

By now a small army was working in the lower stories of the building. As soon as one portion was built, it became a hive of frantic industry. The copper features and fixtures and roof tiles were all made there; the interior woodwork and furniture, the upholstery, and many other jobs, went on in the vast interior spaces as soon as the floor slabs were laid.

I had brought examples of good work from home, and I took them apart to teach the workmen how to make them according to the new designs. They were fine craftsmen at this.

Rug designs had gone to Peking. The rugs were being made there to harmonize with the interior features of the public rooms and guest-rooms.

We were about two-thirds of the way through with the building itself when the first crash came.

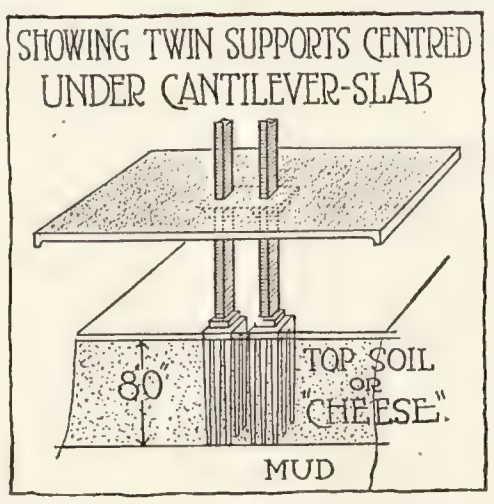
The directors were called together.

Baron Okura was chairman of the board, representing, besides his own interest, the interest of the Imperial Royal Household, which amounted to 60 per cent in addition to ownership of the ground.

There were also Asano San, a white-haired Samson of the shipping interests, a powerful man with shaggy white brows and piercing eyes; Murai of the tobacco interests, a peacemaker, and pleasant always; Wakai, the banker, as broad as he was long, with a beard that reached below the table when he stood up; Kanaka, and half a dozen others.

Baron Okura had rather sponsored me from the beginning. He was in trouble now.

Heretofore the meetings had been held in the old hotel building, and were pleasant social affairs with refreshments.



How the weight of the floors was diverted from the walls to center supports.

This one was not. It was black. A long time it had been threatening. The Baron, a black-haired youth of eighty years, who had shortly before been presented with his sixty-fourth child by his sixteenth wife, a remarkable man, regarded as one of the astute financial powers of the empire, sat at the head of the long table in the high, glowing room.

I sat on his left. On his right sat his cultivated secretary, a Harvard graduate, who was interpreter.

All were talking at once. I answered leading questions without end. The foundations—always the foundations. And the money. The money! There were angry

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Original Lane Translation of The

Arabian Nights

Complete in One Exquisite Volume

The most scholarly version—*complete*, with the translator's famous notes on Oriental customs, is now offered in one luxurious 1280-page volume, instead of the four big books of the ordinary edition.

Those who have read two or three of these stories in simplified form will be amazed by the *real stories* (124 in all) with their revelations of the marvelous life of Baghdad in the golden age of the Caliphs and of Cairo under the Memlook Sultans. This is a

Volume of Rare Beauty
A Perfect Gift—

Bound either in soft flexible Spanish Fabrikoid, maroon with black tracery, marbled edges ($6.00); or in full limp leather, gold edges ($8.00). Bible paper, 4-color frontispiece, gold stamping, boxed. Either style sent **on approval**; pay or return in 5 days.

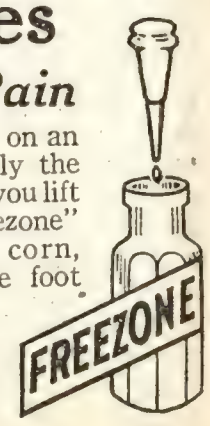
5% Discount for cash with order. Money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Immediate shipment, postpaid, to any address if you order promptly.

THE PICKWICK PUBLISHERS, Inc.
Dept. 24 101 Park Ave., New York

Corns, Callouses

Lift Off—No Pain

Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn and instantly the pain stops. Then shortly you lift the corn right off. "Freezone" ends every kind of corn, hard and soft, and the foot callouses, too. A bottle costs only a few cents at your druggist. Why suffer any longer?



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

looks. The air was surcharged with venom. The directors were going to act!

The Baron was patient and polite for some time. He argued. He explained. He was conciliating and angry by turns. The grand old man's lower lip had a trick of sticking out and quivering when he became intense. This personal idiosyncrasy of his was evident now.

SUDDENLY he rose, leaned forward, head thrust toward the crowd, hissing through clenched teeth, pounding the table with both fists. The crowd went back and down as though blown over by the wind.

There was silence. The Baron, still standing, looked toward me. Not knowing precisely what had happened, I instinctively rose. The interpreter rose too, and said:

"The Baron says that if the young man [all things are relative] will himself remain in Japan until the building is finished, the Baron will himself provide the money and they can all go to —" (whatever the Japanese word is for the place they were to go to).

Homesick, and ill besides, I reached out my hand to the Baron. The compact was made, the meeting over. The directors filed out, red and angry to a man, instead of happy to have the responsibility lifted from them.

And the building of the new Imperial went on.

But now every director became a spy. The walls had ears. Propaganda increased. My freedom was gone. I worked under greater difficulties than ever. But my workmen were loyal, and we got ahead until another storm broke.

Why not, said the directors to the Baron, eliminate the pool and save 40,000 yen? The Baron saw sense in this, and sent for me. His mind was made up. No arguments took effect.

I told him, via my interpreter, that it was the last resource against the quake. In disaster the city water would be cut off, and the window-frames, being of wood in the 500-foot building front along the side street where wooden buildings stood, could set fire to the entire structure, even though it withstood the quake. I had witnessed five terrible fires in Tokyo already.

No matter. It must come out. No, I said; it was wrong to take it out, and by such interference he would release me from my agreement and I could and would go home.

I left his office. But I did not leave Tokyo, and the pool went in, to play its final part in the great drama of destruction that followed two years later.

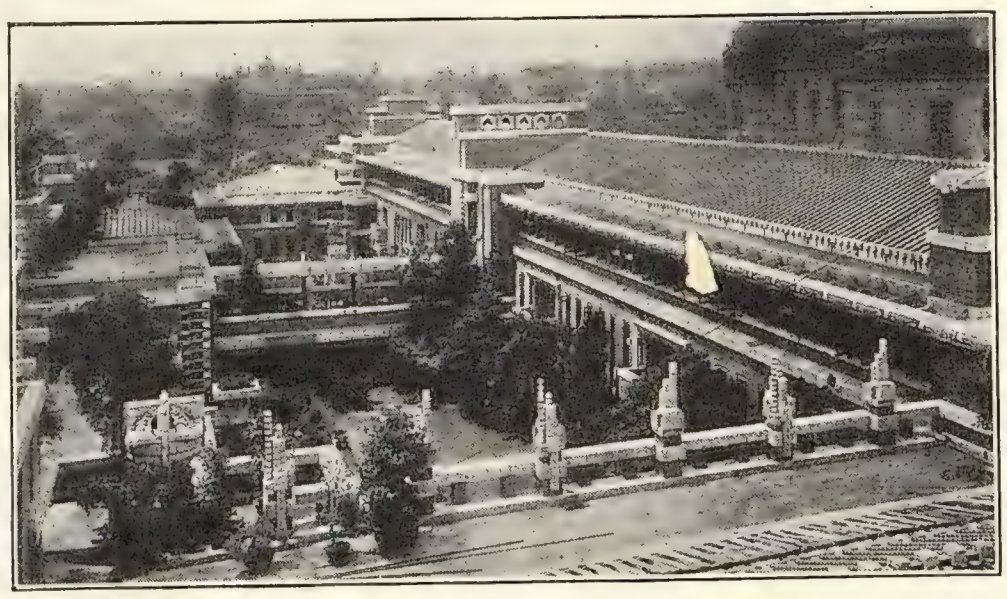
Another year and I could go home. The Tokyo climate, so moist and humid in summer and winter, together with the work and anxiety, were wearing me down.

But now came a terrible test that calmed troublesome fears and made the architect's position easier.

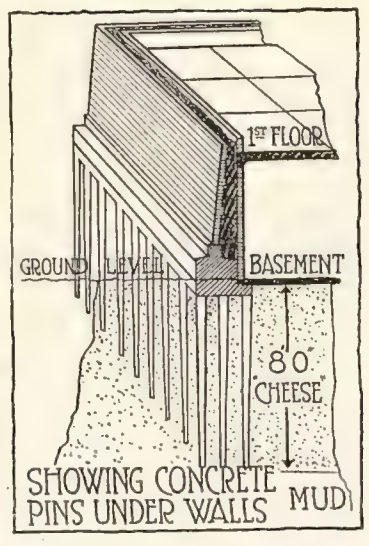
The building construction was about finished. The architect's workroom had been moved to the top of the left wing above the promenade entrance. The boys in the office had been reduced to ten.

Then, one noon, with no warning, a gigantic jolt lifted the whole building and hell broke loose as a wave motion began. The structure was literally in convulsions. I was knocked down by the rush of workmen and my own boys to save their lives. It is a mercy there were not more workmen in the roof-space beyond, or I should have been trampled.

As I lay there I could clearly see the ground-swell pass through the construction above, as it heaved and groaned with hideous crushing and grinding noises. Several thunderous crashes sickened me. Later they proved to be the falling of five tall chimneys of the old Imperial, left standing alone by the recent burning of that building.



The great earthquake destroyed all the buildings shown in the background of this view of the hotel.



How concrete fingers forming the foundations extended only through the shallow "cheese" soil, leaving the mud beneath as an earthquake shock-absorber.

At the time it seemed as though the banquet-hall section, invisible just behind the workroom, had crashed down.

Only one faithful assistant stayed through this terrible ordeal—Endo San, white to the teeth and perspiring. Otherwise the building was utterly deserted. We got up on shaking knees and went together out on to the roofs.

There, across the street, were the crowds of frightened workmen. They had thrown down their tools and run for their lives, even those working in the courts. There they all stood, strangely silent, pasty-faced, shaking. A strange silence was everywhere. Soon fires broke out in a dozen places. Bells rang and pandemonium broke. Women dragging children ran weeping and wailing along the streets below.

We had just passed through the worst quake in fifty-two years. Our building was undamaged. A transit put on the foundation levels showed no deviation whatever. The work had been proved.

Hayashi San, when reports of the damage to the city and none to the building came in, burst into tears of gratitude. His life had barely been worth living for more than a year, so cruel were the suspicions and doubts.

THE year passed. The building was now so nearly complete, there was no longer pressing need for the presence of the architect.

Another wing remained to be finished, but it was a duplication of the one already done and furnished. I could go home with a good conscience.

My clients were generous, adding substantial proof of appreciation to my fee, and I was given farewell parties by the directors, the organization, and the workmen — all as usual in such matters.

The day of sailing came. To get to my car, I had to pass from the rear through the new building to the front. Everything was deserted, but when I arrived at the entrance-courts, there were all the workmen, crowding the spaces, watching and waiting.

Already there had been gratifying evidence of appreciation, I thought; but here was the real thing.

This could have happened nowhere but in Japan. Here was the spirit of the old Japan I had tried to compliment and respect in my work.

As their architect came out, they crowded round — workmen of every rank, from sweepers to foremen of the trades — laughing, weeping, wanting awkwardly to shake hands "foreign fashion." They had learned "awright," and mingled it now with "*Arigato,*" and "*Sayonara, Wrieto-San.*"

Too much, and *Wrieto-San* broke. They followed the car down Hibiya Way to the station, running, shouting, "*Banzai! Wrieto-San, Banzai!*"

The dock at Yokohama, eighteen miles away, was reached by train, and there I found that sixty of the foremen had paid their own way down from Tokyo to shout again and wave good-by while the ship went down the bay.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

If the worst be know
It's not stocks creeping down
It's underwear *creeping up.*

Nothing fatal —*just* underwear!

Of course, the gentleman in the picture seems nerve-wracked. But wouldn't you be nerve-wracked if your underwear gave every promise of rending you limb from limb? How many so-called nervous dispositions are really just cases of nervous underwear!

Not if you wear the Lewis Golf Suit, however. You forget both nerves *and* underwear. The same freedom from underwear annoyance that cut strokes off thousands of golf games, last summer, is yours in the office this winter.

A slightly heavier weight for winter, if you desire. But in both, the same magic fabric that insures perfect comfort — perfect absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Ask for the Lewis Golf Suit today and learn the new freedom in Underwear.

Look for the Lewis label and the little golfer on every genuine Lewis Golf Suit.
If your dealer hasn't the Lewis Golf Suit, $5.00 and your measurements will bring you two suits. State whether knee or ¾ length desired. Lewis Knitting Co., 110 Main Street, Janesville, Wisconsin, makers of the famous Lewis Underwear.

The New
LEWIS
GOLF SUIT
The NEW UNDERWEAR
That Gives NEW FREEDOM

Who are these Investors?

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

TEN years ago fifteen of the largest corporations in the United States had a total of approximately 500,000 stockholders. Today the American Telephone and Telegraph Company alone has more than 420,000 stockholders.

This is an instance of the amazing growth of saving and investment that has taken place in this country. Who are these new investors?

American Telephone and Telegraph stockholders come from every rank and file in every state, nearly every town and city, in the land. Mechanics and merchants, teachers and bankers, laborers and lawyers—every station of life is represented in this investment democracy. And it is a democracy, for the average holding is only 26 shares. No one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies comprising the national Bell Telephone System are owned by the people they serve.

[WHY THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE DID NOT DESTROY THE HOTEL IMPERIAL
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

Such people! Where else in all the world would such touching warmth of kindness and faithfulness be probable?

TWO years later—1924—in Los Angeles. News shouted in the streets of awful disaster: Tokyo and Yokohama wiped out! The most terrible temblor of all history!

Appalling details came day after day. Nothing human, it seemed, could have withstood the cataclysm.

Too anxious to sleep, I tried to get news of the fate of the Imperial and the host of friends I had left over there. Finally, the third night, about two in the morning, the telephone-bell rang. A newspaper reporter wished to inform me that the Imperial hotel was completely destroyed.

My heart sank, but I laughed. "How do you know?" I asked.

They read the dispatch—a list of Imperial University, Imperial Theater, Imperial Hospital, Imperial this and Imperial that.

"You see," I said, "how easy it is to get the Imperial hotel mixed with other Imperials. I am sure, if anything is above ground in Tokyo, it is that building. If you print its destruction as news you will have to retract."

Ten days of uncertainty and conflicting reports; for during most of that time direct communication was cut off.

Then a cablegram:

IMPERIAL STANDS UNDAMAGED A MONUMENT TO YOUR GENIUS IN JAPAN THOUSANDS OF HOMELESS PROVIDED WITH UNINTERRUPTED SERVICE CONGRATULATIONS OKURA

The Baron's cablegram flashed around the world to herald the triumph of good sense.

Both the great Tokyo homes of the Baron were gone. The splendid museum he gave to Tokyo was destroyed with all its contents. The building by the American architect, whose hand he took and whose cause he sponsored, was all he had left in Tokyo.

Then the letters began to come, and nearly all friends were found to be safe. After the first great quake had gone, and the dead were piled in unburied heaps, the Japanese in subsequent shocks had come in droves, dragging their children into the courts and on to the terraces of the hotel building, praying for protection from the God that had protected that building.

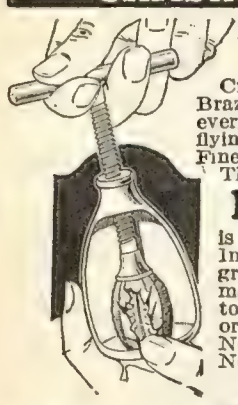
A wall of fire, driving a great wail of human misery before it, came sweeping across the city toward the long front of the building.

The hotel boys had formed a bucket line to the big pool—the only available water—and had kept the window-sashes and -frames on that side wet to fight the flames that came leaping across the narrow street.

The last thought for the safety of the new Imperial had taken effect.

THE END

Ideal — Inexpensive Christmas Gift!



An Easy Twist—Kernel Comes Out Whole

Cracks pecans, walnuts, filberts, Brazil nuts—luscious *whole* meats every time. No crushed kernels, flying shells, or pinched fingers. Fine for candy, cakes, or salting. This Ideal

Nut Cracker

is a useful Christmas gift. Indestructible. At hardware, grocery and fruit stores; or mail stamps or money order to us. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
No. 2 Plain Nickel, ea., 75c
No. 4 Highly Polished, ea., $1
Postpaid in U. S.
Cook Electric Company
2710 Southport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Stop Dandruff this Easy Way

Night and morning for the next few days pour a little liquid D. D. D. on your scalp. Rub it in thoroughly. Note the clean, refreshing odor of this antiseptic. Its soothing, healing elements penetrate the scalp—and drive away dandruff and other scalp irritations. Stops itching instantly. Clear and stainless—dries up almost immediately. A 60c bottle will prove the merit of D. D. D.—or your money back. At all drug stores.

D.D.D. *The Healing Skin Lotion*

PREPARE FOR AN **ART CAREER**

—thru the only art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Where else can you get so wide an experience? Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 82 Chicago, Ill.

ASTHMA and Hay Fever CAUSE DISCOVERED

Send for free booklet

No cost. No obligation.
Address Dept. 1258 Fugate Co., 126 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Blue White DIAMONDS

$49 $1 Down Weekly
1 YEAR TO PAY No. A-252

XMAS SPECIAL WAS $75 **NOW $49**

You can buy this gorgeous diamond dinner ring No. A-252 for Christmas at the wholesale price. Formerly $75, price has been cut to $49.00. $1 deposit, $1 weekly. Take a year to pay. This ring is set with 4 flashing genuine blue-white diamonds, 4 sapphires in 18Kt. solid white gold, latest style dove design mounting. Compare it with similar rings at $75.00. Guaranteed to stand any test or comparison.

Buy From Diamond Importers

You save the middleman's profits because we have been diamond importers since 1879—48 years. We sell only blue-white diamonds—no off color grades. Everything guaranteed. Our money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee protects you.

TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

Just send $1.00 with your order. Pay balance in weekly payments. You have 10 days to decide. If not satisfied, return for full refund. Your bank is our reference.

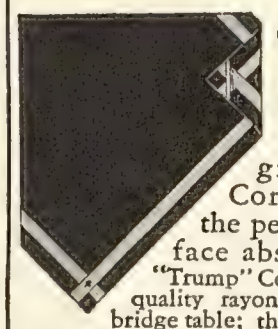
Open Confidential Credit Account

To open a charge account without delay, just give a little information about yourself and a few business references. Everything strictly confidential. If under age, have parents or guardian guarantee account.

Write for Free Bargain Catalog

Hundreds of bargains in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. It brings our large Jewelry Store right into your home. $1,000,000 stock. Buy diamonds like an expert. Contains information other jewelers dare not tell.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.
1540 BROADWAY DEPT. 2396 N.Y.



TRUMP!
Bridge Table Covers

Smart, excellent gifts and prizes. Corner elastics keep the perfect playing surface absolutely smooth. "Trump" Covers, made of highest quality rayon (washable), fit any bridge table; their bright, cheery colors, with contrasting borders *woven* in and embroidered suit symbols, add zest to any party; their surprisingly low cost makes them immensely popular. Colors in harmony with the decorations of your home.

Price $2.00 Each, Postpaid. Individually boxed.

Order your favorite colors by number

1. Sand with peach border
2. Silver-gray and red
3. Black and red
4. Hydrangea blue and gold
5. Grass green and gold
6. Orchid and old gold
7. Old rose and wine
8. Piping Rock gray and red
9. Canton blue and gold
10. Watermelon and black
11. Lido sand and navy
12. Golden poppy and black
13. Silver gray and blue
14. Cinnamon pink and blue

Deal "Trumps" liberally for Christmas

YOMANCO PRODUCTION CO.
Dept. 103-D, 115 Worth Street, New York

Clear Your Head

KONDON'S will do it quick—Cold in head, cough, coryza, nasal and dry catarrh, headache, earache, deafness, sore nose, sore lips, bad breath, rose cold, hay fever. Ask your doctor, nurse or dentist. At druggists 30c or 60c in tubes. Thirty-five years doing good.

FREE — *20 treatment tin. Write for yours now.*
KONDON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

Princess Radziwill

Who mingled with Continentals in the old Russian Court, has written a surprising and interesting article,

Why I Prefer American Men

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

GARTSIDE'S IRON RUST SOAP

Removes Ink, Rust, Fruit Stains, etc. from clothing, rugs, marble.
Sold by drug, department and grocery stores for 25¢. Or send 30¢ by mail.
Dept. 7 L, 677 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

?

HERE'S a hint for you in connection with Question No. 6 of the following group. Don't be misled by thoughts of your old acquaintance, the ern, made famous by cross-word puzzles. He is not the bird referred to.

In next week's LIBERTY you will find the answers to all of the queries and, as usual, there will be twenty new ones to test the extent of your general information.

1—Why does lively music make people feel more active?

2—How fast can a greyhound run?

3—Upon the death of the President and Vice-President, who becomes the President of the United States?

4—Name the primary colors.

5—What is Connie Mack's real name?

6—What species of eagle is included in the national emblem of the United States?

7—What King of England was known as the Lion-Hearted?

8—What proportion of the earth's surface is included in the Soviet Union?

9—What do the letters R. S. V. P. stand for?

10—Who was the "Liberator" of South America?

11—What is the distinction between a contagious and an infectious disease?

12—What are the shrouds on a ship?

13—Why does silver turn black when exposed long to the air?

14—Why are nights likely to be cold in the desert?

15—What feathers are used frequently in making imitation ostrich plumes?

16—For how many years may an author protect his works by copyright?

17—What is the highest altitude at which man can live?

18—What member of President Coolidge's Cabinet once held a high post in the Chinese government?

19—Does human ability to learn decrease with maturity?

20—Did the Emperor Nero play on a fiddle while Rome was burning?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—Why was the old-fashioned dog-cart so named?

A.—The original ones had a box under the seat for the hunting-dogs to ride in, to and from the hunt.

2—Do men or women spend the larger proportion of the world's money?

A.—Advertising authorities estimate that women spend 80 per cent.

3—Where are the Olympic games to be held next year?

A.—In a huge stadium near Amsterdam, Holland.

4—Which State extends farthest north?

A.—Minnesota.

5—What country is the largest purchaser of diamonds?

A.—The United States, having invested $105,000,000 through London alone since the war. The total last year was $11,000,000.

6—What is the Gulf Stream's maximum rate of speed?

A.—About six miles an hour.

7—What proportion of the earth's surface do the seas cover?

A.—About 72 per cent.

8—What is the average annual loss of life from lightning stroke in the United States?

A.—About five per million of population.

9—How large is a sea-horse?

A.—The sea-horse varies from two to twelve inches in length.

10—How many home runs has Babe Ruth made in his major-league career?

A.—The sixty home runs that he hit during the 1927 season, and the two in the World's Series, brought his total in big-league games to 426.

11—What is the origin of the word "cantaloup"?

A.—It is believed to derive from Cantalupo Castle in Italy, where the fruit was first cultivated in Europe.

12—What is the largest railroad system in the world under one management?

A.—The Canadian National. This system, operated by the Canadian government, has about 22,000 miles of track.

13—How many ribs in the human body?

A.—Twenty-four.

14—What is the greatest single cause of death in the United States?

A.—According to statisticians, more persons die of heart-disease than from any other single cause.

15—What is a morganatic marriage?

A.—It is a marriage between a man of the blood of a reigning royal family and a woman of lower social rank. The children are legitimate, though debarred from inheriting their father's rank and property.

16—What play was being performed when Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C.?

A.—Our American Cousin.

17—What team in big league baseball includes the greatest number of college men?

A.—This season the New York Giants had eleven, and the Chicago White Sox had ten.

18—What proportion of deaths in the United States is due to accidents?

A.—One out of every fifteen.

19—Which State's motto appears on United States coins?

A.—Florida's motto: In God We Trust.

20—How large are the largest hailstones?

A.—There are authentic records of hailstones as large as a man's fist and weighing more than a pound, according to the United States Weather Bureau.

21 JEWEL—EXTRA THIN

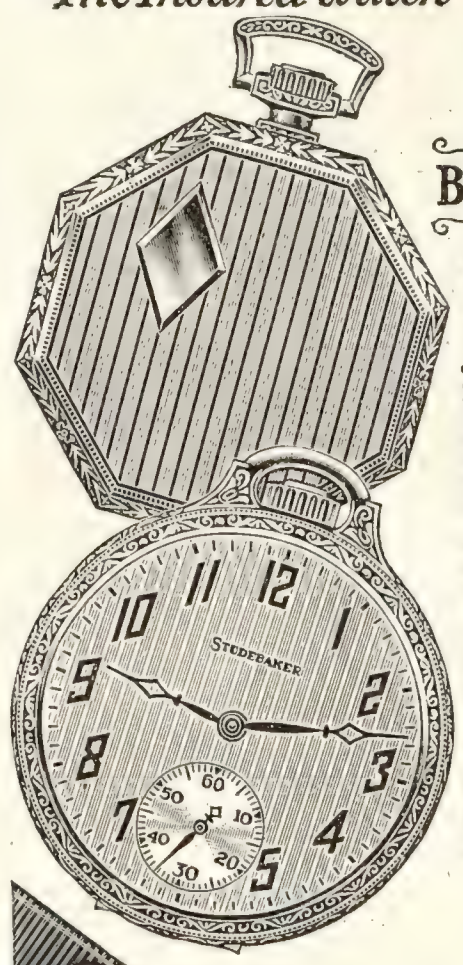
STUDEBAKER

The Insured Watch

Sent for Only $1.00 down

BUY DIRECT

Save 50%!



Just $1.00 down brings you the famous 21-Jewel Studebaker Watch direct from factory. Balance in easy monthly payments. Buy direct and save 30% to 50%. Your choice of 80 magnificent, new cases and dials. Yellow, green and white gold effects. Exquisite thin models. 12 Size and 16 Size. Studebaker Watches have 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments—Insured for your lifetime!

Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry also sold at lowest prices and on easy monthly payments. Send coupon for full details.

Send Coupon for Free Catalog

The coupon below will bring you a copy of our beautiful new six-color catalog. It contains complete information on watch making. It tells how you can buy a 21-Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money and pay for it in easy monthly payments.

The Studebaker Watch Company is directed by members of the famous Studebaker family—known for 75 years of honest dealing.

SPECIAL OFFER! Watch Chain FREE!

For a limited time we are offering a magnificent Watch Chain Free. To all who write immediately we will include particulars of this astounding offer. Offer is limited. Send the coupon NOW!

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY

Directed by the Studebaker Family—three-quarters of a century of fair dealing

WATCHES • DIAMONDS • JEWELRY

Dept. N-893 • South Bend, Indiana

Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

Save on Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Strap Watches for Men. Diamonds and Jewelry. Sold on the easiest kind of payments!

Mail This Coupon

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Dept. N893 South Bend, Indiana

☐ Please send me your free catalog of Advance Watch Styles and details of your $1.00 down offer.

☐ Please send me free catalog of Jewelry and Diamonds.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. .....

City..... *State* .....

Here's an *Easy, Quick Way* To Earn $15 a Day!

YOU can make $15 a day taking orders for Jiffykake—the marvelous new prepared cake flour that has taken the country by storm. Makes the most delicious, light, fluffy cakes—loaf cakes, layer cakes and cup cakes—in just a few minutes. No eggs, milk, sugar or shortening needed. Even the most inexperienced housewife can make perfect cakes in a jiffy with Jiffykake. No guesswork—results certain. It's so easy to use—quick, convenient and economical!

No Experience or Capital Needed

You don't need previous selling experience, capital or special training to make big money with Jiffykake. Just show it to housewives and take their orders. Everybody buys from you. Jiffykake is made from the same pure ingredients used in the home—but it is scientifically prepared by expert bakers—that's why Jiffykakes are always successful! Contains eggs, flour, sugar, shortening, baking powder and flavoring—everything completely mixed—ready to use. Just add water and bake. Two flavors, vanilla and chocoloate.

same proposition! Albers cleared $47 cash profit in a day; Mrs. Hodges earns $18 to $20 every day; and Mrs. Roof earned $50 the first week in her spare time. You can make these big profits—even bigger earnings!

HUDSON Coach

FREE

I give this high grade Hudson Coach FREE to hustlers to help them develop their business. The car is given to you free of any restrictions and becomes your permanent property. Send coupon for details.

NO CONTEST

$125 a Week!

You can make amazing profits with this money-making proposition—in spare time or full time. Jiffykake is only one of my 350 fast-moving, profitable products. Vaughn has made $125 a week with this

housewives in your community. You can carry a sample right in your pocket.

Try It at My Risk!

I want you to try out this money-maker to convince yourself of its tremendous possibilities. You'll be amazed to find how easily you can make $15—or more—a day. You positively don't need any experience. All I want you to do is introduce Jiffykake to

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

I send you all details immediately upon receipt of the coupon. No cost or obligation to you—no red tape or delay. I furnish everything you need to make big money. If you would like to make $50 a week in spare time or $100 a week in full time, mail the coupon. Don't delay—every day you wait costs you many dollars. Be sure to be first to introduce Jiffykake in your locality. Mail the coupon today — RIGHT NOW!

THE JIFFYKAKE COMPANY,
3636 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send, without cost or obligation, details of your proposition that will bring me $50 to $100 a week. Also your FREE Auto offer.

Name

Address

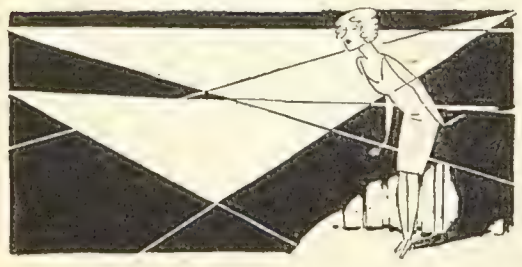
VOX POP

Connie Puts in a Full Day

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We noted, with much amusement, ten advertisements featuring Miss Constance Talmadge in a recent issue of LIBERTY.

The ads appeared in the following sequence:

"Breakfast at Sunrise," wakened by the alarm of the "Ansonia Squareclox." Dons her "Benrus" wrist watch, "Chews Dentyne and Smiles." With her "Juliet" engagement and wedding rings she steps into a car fitted with "Air Containers." She uses exclusively "Gold Seal Radio Tubes" and "Pleasantly Banishes Excess Fat with Marmola



Tablets." Miss Talmadge uses her "Sure-Fire Lighter," and "Can Hardly Wait to See a First National Moving Picture."

We ask you—is this a system?—*D. E. K.*

He Missed One

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Connie Talmadge sure romped away with the October 29 issue. Nine times—from page 32 to 77—Connie appeared in the advertisements endorsing the following articles: clocks, wrist watches, chewing gum, rings, inner tubes, radio tubes, reducing tablets, and an automatic lighter.

Was surprised not to find her mixed up with the ad for aspirin tablets. They should go well with "Breakfast at Sunrise," too—*R.S.N.*

Constancy

CHICAGO, ILL.—Was it Constance Talmadge's birthday last week, or is it that all the rest of Hollywood has gone to Paris for divorces? I noticed that Constance's picture appeared in ten ads in this week's issue—probably she needed some extra spending money. I've been trying to think of which one the raid will be on next week. Lon Chaney would look delightful trying out some new facial soap.—"*Gus.*"

Feels Guilty

VALLEY FORGE, PA.—I read your October 29 issue with interest. I feel, now, that I know more about the private life of Constance Talmadge than any married man (outside her immediate family) has any right to.—*K K.*

What an Imagination!

RICHMOND HILL, L. I.—Your story, Revenge, was too filthy even for the pink magazines one finds in barber shops.—*G. J. Guess.*

Taking Trash Seriously

SARASOTA, FLA.—Since reading A. Hamilton Gibbs' story, Revenge, in a recent issue, I can hold nothing but disgust for a magazine that would publish such trash—such absolutely *vile scum* as that!

If men are like the one portrayed here, I certainly never want to marry. Vile creatures such as this are not fit to be associated with womanhood. I am *positive* that other girls will agree with me.—*Lucille Anderson.*

A Friend in Need

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Congratulations on that tale of yours, Revenge. It was one of the subtlest bits of work I've run across for a long time. For felicity of phrasing and effectiveness in construction I'll have to hand it to Mr. Gibbs.—*P. Mills.*

Rougher, Tougher Maidens

HAMILTON, OHIO—How come, in your magazine, the modern girls are all rough, tough, and hard to bluff? Just because we shoot straight from the shoulder is no sign we are bold, careless, and vulgar. Honestly, for the last six months I haven't read an article or a story in LIBERTY in which the heroine (if she could be called such) wasn't common and coarse.—*M. M. M.*

New Wives for Old

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your article by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, entitled Married Spinsters, sure was timely. I know, because I have a wife like that myself. Only some one that has one knows the h— they are. Just plain h—, that's all! As for me, I intend to get another real soon. *O. T. J.*

Rewards of Patience

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Good things always come to those who wait if they wait long enough, and after these many months I am indeed glad that you have added to your staff of contributors a real writer: Mrs. Kathleen Norris.—*P. S.*

Petition Granted

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The year-long calendar that made your New Year's magazine cover has been posted up opposite my desk since January 1. It has been a daily joy. I hope you plan to duplicate it this year!—*Nan M. Clark.*

Loud Call for Silver Lining

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am simply raving! What can you mean by continually printing those woeful tales of Viña Delmar's? Every one I know always complains about the bad taste in their mouth after reading one of her "contributions to Literature."

We do not want stories dealing with the dark side of life—we can easily see that side. Such stories as Viña Delmar writes make the modern girl appear to be more immoral and naughty than she really is, and give such people as Judge Oberwager more chance than ever to fling unjust condemnations at her.—*The Man-Hater.*

Knock from Knoxville

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—If you wanna do your readers a favor, for heaven's sake cut out the Toni, Jr., series of space-fillers.—*H. E.*

Blocking the Kick

TOWSON, MD.—"Critic"—writing that Toni, Jr., is trash—is evidently very hard-hearted. Personally, I think Toni, Jr., is one of the cutest bits of writing that I have read in a long while, and I'm no grandmother, but just a married flapper.—*Mrs. Alton E. Price.*

Proceed! Proceed!

CHICAGO, ILL.—I, for one, want to know if Jack O'Shean really meant that Vox Pop letter of his—the letter in which he said: "I have went with girls in practly every State. And I have found that if a man don't do things he hadent ought to they will not go out with him a secound time."

Was he just trying to hand us a real good laugh? That letter— He— Oh, Lord— Words fail!—*Me.*

A Miracle of Love

CHICAGO, ILL.—In regards to your Jack O'Shean's letter. I'm, like him, a roamer. I've been in nearly every country east and west and I'm a lady man myself. I've found a girl that don't do any of the things he states, and I know that she would rather have my respect than all the petting and all the highballs in the country, and I've made a few of them myself.—*H. G. H.*

What Do You Mean—"Hang"?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Your editorial, Teetotalers by Statute, was undoubtedly the best and frankest exposé of the *raison d'être* of prohibition. Truth, fairness, and common sense. Country *versus* City. Profit *versus* Principle. Hang it in the Hall of Fame between Dr. Frank Crane and Brisbane!—*P. L. D.*

Speaking of Stupidity—

DES MOINES, IOWA—Speaking of "stupidity," I'm wondering whether anything could be sillier than your editorial on the Sacco-Vanzetti trial.

By an utterly sloppy flaunting of logic, the State was blamed because these fine murderers, after themselves dragging into the record the fact that they were enemies of organized society, for seven long years, by every device known to human ingenuity, sought to escape paying the price nature itself exacts for murder.—*Casper Scheink.*

Never Argue with a Customer

WATERTOWN, MASS.—I have been reading a few letters in Vox Pop and I am disgusted at them. I am a LIBERTY salesman, and I don't find a thing wrong with your magazine. I don't have to sell my LIBERTYS. People come up and *ask* for them. —*Tom Vahey.*

A Flock of Whys

BURLINGTON, VT.—*Re* the article entitled The Light Eyes Have It, by Charles J. McGuirk:

If eye color is due to climate, why are not the Chinese and Japanese blue-eyed blonds? Why are the Laplanders a short, stocky, round-headed, black-eyed race? Why are blue-eyed blonds still frequently encountered among the native Berber tribes of Northern Africa?—*R. Hulerton.*

It's No Wrestling-Match—This World Control

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If, as Mr. McGuirk says, the English are a distinctly poor and reedy lot, then it doesn't speak very well for the rest of the world that these same poor and reedy, also non-Nordic—so he says—people should own or control more than a quarter of the entire earth.

The rest of us must be even reedier?—*J. Smythe.*

But THEY Live in Igloos

SANTA FE, N. M.—Your blue-eyed article in a recent issue held that

complexions get lighter and eyes bluer the farther from the equator. Fine! But—what about the Eskimos? —*Carl B. Livingston.*

Hope Springs Eternal

WINNIPEG, CAN. — Elliott White Springs is all right, but there isn't enough of him.

Please get some more stories out of him.—*N. R. Chamberlin.*

And now comes Gift-time

~what an opportunity it brings to delight someone~or many~with the rich colorful beauty, the unlimited usefulness, the refreshing *unusualness* of

Buss Lights

Men especially often choose these handsome decorated Metal Shade Buss Lights, which have all the Buss Light features and retail for $3; there is also a plain model at $2.

Many choose these metal shade Buss Lights

BUSS Light

This mark identifies a Buss Light

THESE little lamp beauties bring a new zest to gift giving this season—for they're adorable!

Buss Lights have set the vogue in color decoration for the home. So charmingly distinctive in design! So richly radiant in their genuine oil paint colors, with their jet black backgrounds! So graceful and handsome in line and finish! And useful as no rigid stand lamp can ever be!

A beautiful light that is useful— a useful light that is beautiful

Buss Lights bring so much more pleasure to the user than just their decorative beauty and color, because:—

1. The shade can be tilted on its patent holder to cast the light wherever wanted for reading or sewing.

2. The lamp has a patent ball joint, so that you can bend it to any angle for any light use, such as over the radio, piano or desk.

3. The plate in the base twirls out to become a clamp that fits on the bed or chair or sewing machine.

4. And there is a slot in the base to hang it by, so that it hides the nail it hangs on and hugs the wall like a permanent fixture. (Charming beside a mirror anywhere.)

The Yellow Jonquil and Pink Rose Buss Lights

So you see that a Buss Light is not just a present for the home, but a ***delightful gift for individual use.***

Only $3 complete with base, shade and extra long cord. Translucent shades in four colorful designs. Bases in lustrous Ivory or Statuary Bronze.

Wherever you are, you'll find department stores and electrical stores featuring the new 1928 line of Buss Lights. See them the first chance you get. No description can equal the lamps themselves. They're adorable.

If you can't find Buss Light nearby, order from us, enclosing money order and specifying lamp wanted. Bussmann Mfg. Co., 2548 University St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Stand in line—it's Eskimo Pie time!

Brightened eyes . . . eager lips . . . outstretched hands—tell-tale signs that Eskimo Pie time has arrived!

Never has any sweet treat been so popular with the youngsters of America. Nor has any other children's favorite ever brought such taste enjoyment to older folks.

Rich, wholesome ice cream—enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate . . . two enticing flavors combined in a magic way that makes them both taste indescribably better.

Refreshing! Delicious! Full of health-building, energizing elements! A winning treat on any happy occasion!

Start the "Eskimo Pie every day" custom today—for yourself and the children. Ask for it at your nearest drug store or confectioner's.

BUY THEM BY THE BOX — SERVE THEM ON ALL OCCASIONS

© 1927, E. P. Corp.

An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, held in a sanitary moisture-proof wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie*

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO RETAIL DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer is unable to supply you with Eskimo Pie advise us immediately.*

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION

ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our retail selling plans and point-of-purchase advertising are ready for you. Write us for free booklet, "The Future of Eskimo Pie."*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

New Recipes for CHRISTMAS Cakes

By ETHEL SOMERS

TRADITIONAL family fruit-cake recipes are the pride of many a household at this season of the year. The modern cook, however, grown accustomed to an exact formula, often finds difficulty in following the directions contained in these old recipes.

Every step and principle herein described is fundamental to a superior fruit-cake product, regardless of the formula used. We offer, as well, some cheaper fruit- and spice-cakes which are less rich in food value than the old recipes, and require only a few days for ripening.

Fundamental principles for making successful fruit-cake or plum pudding:

Immaculate cleaning of the fruit to be used.

Thorough drying before using in the cake.

Thin, clean-cut slicing of the fruits.

The foundation batter must be thoroughly blended.

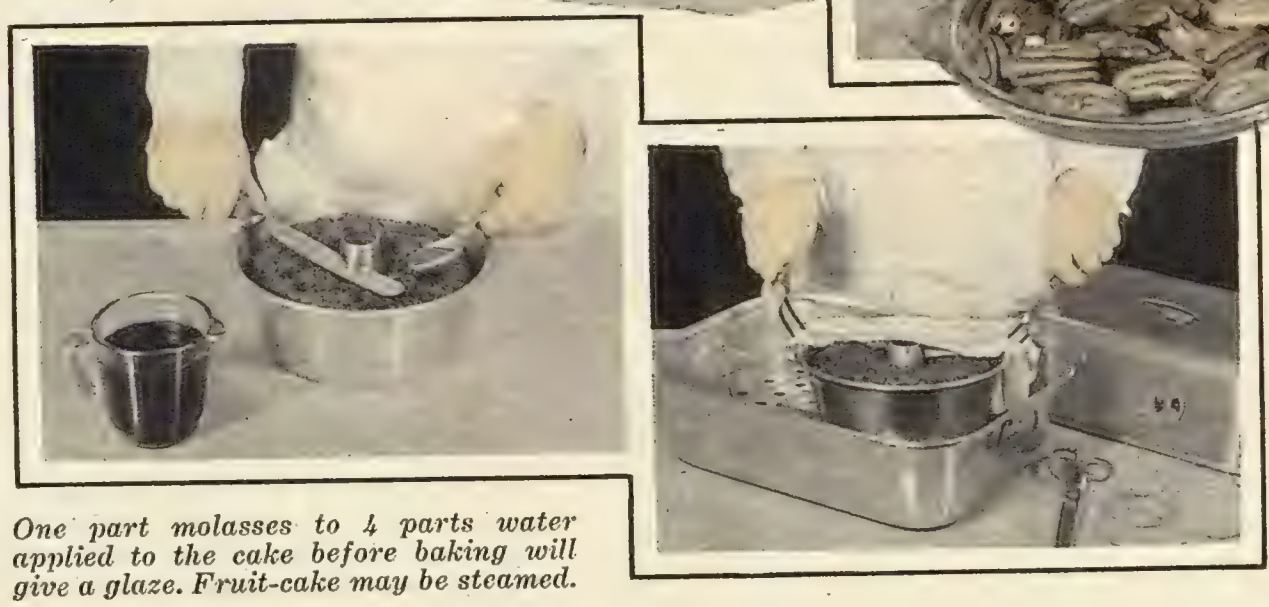
The proportion of liquid in the recipe must be accurate.

Protect the cake by double layers of waxed or greased Manila paper.

Cut two pieces of paper to fit the baking-pan—one lengthwise and one crosswise. Be sure that the paper reaches to the top of the pan and fits snugly in the corners. It is wise to crease the paper to insure its staying in place while the pan is being filled with the cake batter.

Fruity fruit-cakes are best when steamed before baking.

Cool the baked cakes thoroughly on a cake-rack, wrap in waxed paper, and store in a tightly covered metal container.



One part molasses to 4 parts water applied to the cake before baking will give a glaze. Fruit-cake may be steamed.

Gift cakes may be decorated with candied fruits. Moisten the fruit with a concentrated sugar syrup to hold it in position.

Cheap Spice-Cake

- ⅞ cup brown sugar
- ¾ teaspoon soda
- 1¾ cups flour, white or whole-wheat
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¾ teaspoon cloves
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup walnut meats
- 1 cup raisins or figs
- ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk

MIX and sift the dry ingredients until well blended. Add the nuts and raisins. Melt the butter and add it to the milk. Stir these liquids into the dry ingredients. Beat 1 minute or until well blended. Pour into a lined, greased baking-pan. Bake 1 hour in a slow oven (325° F.) (Will keep a week or more.)

Apple-Sauce Cake

- ½ teaspoon baking-powder
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ to ½ teaspoon cloves
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup white sugar
- ½ cup butter, melted
- 1½ cups apple sauce, unsweetened, medium thick
- 1 cup raisins
- ½ cup nuts, if desired
- 1 cup figs or prunes, if desired

MIX and sift the dry ingredients thoroughly. Add chopped fruits and nuts. Combine the melted butter and apple sauce. Cool these. Add the liquid to dry ingredients and mix lightly. Beat from 1 to 2 minutes. Bake in a paper-lined loaf-pan in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 45 to 60 minutes, depending on thickness of cake, or until the cake has shrunk away from the pan's edge and springs back when lightly pressed in the center. A richer cake may be made by increasing the butter to 1 cup. (Will keep two weeks or more.)

Uncooked Fruit-Cake

- ¾ pound seeded raisins
- ¼ pound dried currants
- ½ pound dates
- ¼ pound figs
- ¼ pound candied cherries
- ¼ pound candied pineapple
- 2 ounces sliced citron peel
- ½ pound shelled pecans
- ¾ cup dry bread-crumbs (preferably whole-wheat; white crumbs may be used)
- 1 cup ground rolled oats
- ½ cup grape juice
- ½ cup orange juice
- ⅜ cup strained honey
- 2 tablespoons unsalted butter or vegetable oil
- 2 whole cloves
- 2 allspice berries or their equivalent in powdered allspice
- 1 inch stick cinnamon

SIMMER the fruit juices and spices over a slow fire for about 5 minutes or until savory. Strain through cheese-cloth. Add the ground oatmeal, spices, and bread-crumbs to the boiling fruit juice. Cool. Stir in the honey and shortening. Wash the fruits thoroughly. Chop the fruits and nuts rather coarse, so they will show in the slices of the finished cake. Cover the cake batter air-tight and let stand overnight. Cover the fruits and nuts lightly and let stand overnight to dry thoroughly. In the morning combine the two mixtures and blend thoroughly by kneading as for bread. Pack the mixture tightly in a paper-lined pan. Even though wax-paper is used, it is wise to oil same with some unsalted fat. If the cake is not pressed solid into the pan it will not slice to advantage after keeping. Cover the top with oiled wax-paper, and put the cake into a covered metal container in a cool place for several weeks or even longer. Freshen two or three days before using by wrapping in a cloth wrung out of grape juice.

THREE meals a day! Seven days a week! A large order, but each and every meal can be made interesting and delicious by following recipes in LIBERTY'S three menu books: 100 Standard Recipes (the book you can't get along without); Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks (excellent suggestions for parties, teas, luncheons); and A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes (you'll want this for special occasions). Each book is 10¢; all three, 25¢. Use coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOK-BOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I enclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. .....

City..... State.....

12-3-27

Rich Fruit-Cake

- 1 package seeded raisins
- 1 package currants
- 2 ounces candied orange peel
- 2 ounces candied lemon peel
- ¼ pound citron
- ½ pound or 2 cups flour, sifted (it is always better to weigh the flour)
- 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup preserved cherries
- ½ cup preserved pineapple, if desired
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ¼ cup grape juice
- ¼ cup orange juice
- ½ teaspoon mace
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- ½ pound or 1 cup butter (it is better to go by weight)
- ½ pound or 1 cup sugar (it is better to go by weight)
- 6 eggs
- Fruits and nuts to garnish

WASH the raisins and currants. Drain well, and then dry on a towel. Shred the pineapple, citron, orange and lemon peel. Mix the flour, salt, and spices. Grind the raisins, add the currants and shredded orange and lemon peel. Then sift in the flour mixture and mix thoroughly with the fruit. Cream the butter. Separate the eggs. Add the beaten yolks to the butter and sugar. Beat well, then add the fruit mixture and fruit juices. Mix thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Prepare the cake-pan by greasing and lining it with greased paper. Put in a 1-inch layer of the cake dough. Spread this with shredded citron or any additional preserved fruit desired. Repeat this process for the top layer of dough. Arrange fruits, almonds, and cherries on top in a design before baking. Do not press them into the cake, for it will rise enough to hide them if you do. Bake in a very slow oven (250° F.) for 4½ hours, or steam 3 hours and finish in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Remove from the oven. Let stand for a few minutes, then remove the cake from the pan and cool on a cake-rack. When thoroughly cool, wrap in wax-paper and store in a tightly covered metal box.

The Doves of

A Comedy of Florida at Its Wildest, Money at Its Maddest, and Love at Its Tenderest

The delegation that welcomed the señorita was not large, but it was important.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE dining-car in which Mme. Bontelli sat at a table enticing in its white linen, glistening silver, and shining crystal, came to a stop just where she could see the Plazetto nicely.

Although her waiter stood attentive, hovering until she filled out the order slip for her luncheon, she ignored him and hastily drew from her hand-bag her famous ivory tablet and a gold pencil, and jotted down memoranda of the delightful scene that met her eyes.

"This is Sandona?" she asked the waiter, and, before he could reply, answered herself: "Yes, I see the name on the station. Spanish, Moorish, Italian. Venetian canals. Palms. Doves—white."

She underlined "Doves—white," as something more than usually important, and said, "Is the fruit salad nice, George?" and paid no more attention to Sandona, with the sun beating down on its Spanish-Moorish-Italian architecture, but concentrated on the menu and managed, as she usually did, to secure a delicious luncheon.

Mme. Bontelli, who preferred to be called Kate Finch, which had been her maiden name and was still the name under which she wrote her tremendously popular novels, was doing something not quite new, for she had already written several books of travel.

Her Flight through Italy was said to have sold beyond 300,000 copies and was still in eager demand, almost no one daring to think of going to Italy without a copy in his or her luggage.

Her Flight through the Château Country was only less popular, with her other Flight books close in line, and now she was gathering data for a Flight through Florida book.

The train moved on and Kate Finch finished her luncheon and returned to her room in the sleeper. A portable typewriter was ready to her hand and she seated herself before it. She wrote rapidly and composed fluently, and she meant to give a full chapter to Sandona—perhaps 4,000 words; but before she began to write she leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Ah! Those doves, those beautiful doves!" she exclaimed, and for a few moments lost herself in reveries. She was again standing before St. Mark's with dear Carlo handing her grain to throw to the doves there.

She had said, she remembered, "Carlo, are they not beautiful?"

And he had replied, "But you are more beautiful, my dearest!"

She had been but twenty then—twenty, and now she was perilously close to fifty!—and Carlo had been such a dear boy, so handsome, such a kind and faithful husband, and living such a short time.

"But in all Florida," she began the new chapter, "there is nothing as beautiful, nothing to compare with the snow-white doves of Sandona."

That, she thought, reading it, should be "nothing as beautiful as," and she drew the sheet from the machine, crumpled it in her hand, and dropped it on the floor. And when she had inserted a new sheet she closed her eyes again.

She saw the white doves of Sandona fluttering in the air above the Plazetto, seemingly filling the air with hundreds of immaculately white wings, circling the tower of the Moorish-Spanish-Italian Hoteletto Sandona. She saw again the young girl in white, too, who held out a hand to which one of the doves circled down, to alight on her outstretched finger, its wings quivering as it sought a balance.

Mme. Bontelli hesitated when she opened her eyes, and then, as if inspired—and, indeed, she was inspired—she let her fingers race over the keys, writing the famous chapter that begins "Doves of Sandona! White spirits of the Land of Flowers!" Within a year this was to be proclaimed the most beautiful descriptive writing ever done by an American author.

Even Ames Frazer, who had always scoffed at Kate Finch's works, wrote in his column:

> Whatever one may think of Kate Finch in general, one must admit that in the Sandona chapter of her new book, the chapter headed The Doves of Sandona, she has written an epic that will never die. Had American literature produced nothing but this, it would be a worthy literature.

THE book appeared on the first day of September, and on the second of September a man named Henry Williams sent a telegram to a man in Sandona named Joseph Brainlaw.

> NEW BOOK BY KATE FINCH JUST OFF PRESS STOP [the telegram read]. TITLE OF BOOK A FLIGHT THROUGH FLORIDA STOP ADVANCE SALE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES STOP PUBLISHER SAYS SALE WILL SURELY REACH FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND STOP CHAPTER ENTITLED DOVES OF SANDONA BEING MADLY PRAISED BY ALL CRITICS STOP CHAPTER TELLS ABOUT INNUMERABLE WHITE DOVES FLYING AND FLUTTERING IN PLAZETTO OF SANDONA STOP ARE THERE ANY SUCH DOVES THERE STOP NEVER SAW ANY DOVES THERE MYSELF STOP BOOK WILL BE BIGGEST BOOM SANDONA EVER HAD BUT HOW ABOUT DOVES STOP ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY VISIT SANDONA TO SEE DOVES THIS WINTER BUT IF NO DOVES THIS WILL GIVE SANDONA A BLACK EYE FOREVER STOP DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS AT ALL STOP SAW KATE FINCH AND SHE SAYS SHE SAW DOVES IN PLAZETTO AT SANDONA STOP AM SENDING COPY OF THE BOOK BY SPECIAL AIRPLANE TODAY STOP

In Sandona, while Henry Williams—who was the New York sales-manager for the Sandona Development Company—was writing this telegram, a young man, Jim Hobart, was walking up and down the floor of a handsome Spanish-Italian-Moorish room in the largest

SANDONA

By

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Pictures by
KATHERINE STURGES

house in Sandona, while a beautiful girl was saying from time to time:

"Please, papa! Now, say yes, papa!" And a stern-faced and rather elderly gentleman in a large wicker chair was alternately taking sips of iced lemonade and saying "No!" and "No!" and yet again "No!"

"No!" he said firmly, when he had reached the bottom of his glass. "Jim knows what I told him, and you know what I told him. You can't marry him until he is earning ten thousand dollars a year, and I won't pay him ten thousand dollars a year until our sales justify it. I've told you that, Dorothy. That is final."

"BUT, father, you said yourself that Jim was making good."

"I said nothing of the kind. I said he was doing very well for a beginner. I may have gone so far as to say that as a publicity man he has shown considerable originality and ability, and I may have said that he might make good, but I did not say he had made good.

"He has not made good—not yet. Buyers are what will show whether he has made good or not. Now I have here the statistics of the number of pieces of property sold in—"

"Oh! Your old statistics!" Dorothy cried. "I hate them!"

"And you have good reason to hate them," said Mr. Booth. "They show that Jim is not entitled to a ten-thousand-dollar salary. He has not earned it. Our sales don't show it. And perhaps if he gave just a little more time to making Sandona known to America and a little less time to hanging around you morning, noon, and night, he might be doing something worth while."

"He doesn't hang around me morn—" Dorothy had begun indignantly, when Mr. Booth's butler entered bearing a silver tray on which lay a telegram.

"For me?" asked Mr. Booth, reaching out his hand.

"For Mr. Hobart, sir," said the butler. "The boy was told at the office that Mr. Hobart would probably be here."

"You bet he would probably be here—if Dorothy was," said Mr. Booth while Jim Hobart ripped open the envelop. The young man read the telegram, and the look of woe that had been sitting around on his face departed. He grinned.

"Please read that, sir," he said, handing the telegram to Mr. Booth. "It is from Noel Blake, who was in my class at college and who is now with Brill & Forester, the book publishers. It is rather good news, I think, sir."

Mr. Booth took the telegram and adjusted his eye-glasses carefully and read:

CONGRATULATIONS OLD HORSE KATE FINCH GIVES SANDONA WHOLE CHAPTER IN HER NEW BOOK A FLIGHT THROUGH FLORIDA OUT

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE bride and groom coming from the Italian-Spanish-Moorish chapel, with innumerable white doves fluttering in the sunshine.

[THE DOVES OF SANDONA
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

YESTERDAY AND ALL NEW YORK TALKING ABOUT IT STOP WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW ABOUT SANDONA IN A WEEK STOP AM SAVING UP FOR THAT PRESENT.

"I told him, in one of my letters, that you had said Dorothy and I might be married when I was worth ten thousand dollars to you," Jim explained modestly. "That is what he means, sir."

"Hum!" said Mr. Booth. "Well, maybe you have done something this time. I suppose you primed this Finch woman to give Sandona a good boost in this book of hers, did you?"

"Well, I wouldn't go quite as far as saying that, sir," said Jim. "You can't prime a woman of Kate Finch's importance—not out-and-out prime her, as you might say."

"But of course," said Dorothy quickly, "Jim is entitled to any credit; he's the only publicity man for Sandona."

To this Mr. Booth said nothing. He rang for another lemonade, and while he was waiting for it Jim and Dorothy slipped away. They stepped into Jim's classy roadster—furnished free by the company—and drove to the telegraph office.

Jim was in a hurry and he broke what speed limit remained in Sandona—he wanted to wire Noel Blake to send a copy of A Flight through Florida by the first mail leaving New York.

JIMMY HOBART was not in love with Dorothy Booth in any ordinary way. The moment he first saw her in New York he knew not only that she was the only girl for him, but that she was his entire life and reason for living.

He was in good condition, 145 pounds weight, when he met her, pulse and temperature normal; but she went with her father to the sandy Florida shore the next day—the shore that was to become Sandona—and by spring Jimmy was down to 129, pulse erratic, temperature subnormal, appetite nil, and color bad.

With the hot weather Dorothy returned to New York and let Jimmy know she had returned, and he immediately began gaining flesh at the rate of a pound a day, his cheeks became rosy, his eyes sparkled, and his appetite became ferocious.

When he held Dorothy's hand his pulse beat like a drum. The advertising agency for which he had once worked discharged him—he was never on the job, but always with or near Dorothy.

Dorothy was little, if any, less in love, and when she had begged and pleaded with her father to be allowed to marry Jimmy instanter, and had kept this up until Mr. Booth was almost mad, the president of the Sandona Development Company did the thing he thought wise and gave Jimmy the job of publicity man for the new town. But he told Dorothy flatly that until Jimmy made good and was worth $10,000 a year there would be no marrying.

Ewing Galloway photo

"He may be all right," he told her, "and he appears to be clean and honest, but I'm leery of these young pop-ups. I'll see what he has in him; but his concern fired him, and that's bad. I'll hand him over to Brainlaw—and Brainlaw won't stand any nonsense."

When Jimmy heard this he almost kissed Mr. Booth's boots. He was to be near Dorothy and he was to labor for Dorothy's own father, and he began his work of making Sandona known to America in a spirit of eager enthusiasm.

But, of course, there were many other up-and-coming Florida developments shouting for attention, and some of them had publicity men of such experience and wisdom that, compared with them, Jimmy Hobart was a mere unlaid egg.

However, he did his best. He did so well that while Sandona was still mostly sand and stakes and pine-barren, it began to be mentioned in the newspapers. And at the close of the first year Mr. Booth told Brainlaw to boost Jimmy's pay from the original $2,000 to a neat $5,000. The Sandona Tarpon Tournament accounted for part of that.

When Jimmy had sent his telegram to Noel Blake asking for a copy of A Flight through Florida, he went out of the telegraph office and got into the roadster.

"This is going to be good, Dot," he said. "Far be it from me to put over anything on your dear old father, but if little Jimmy-boy can hook himself on to this Kate Finch thing, it will be wedding-bells for us. We'll go around to the office right now and see if I put this Kate Finch lady on our mailing-list. If I did we're all jake; if I didn't—"

"You could write a card and after you put it there it would be there," Dorothy said. "All's fair in love and war, isn't it?"

"In a manner of speaking," Jimmy said, "anything is fair in love and real estate. A famous lady like Kate Finch should be on our mailing-list in any event. It is my duty to Sandona to put her on if she isn't on."

"Of course it is!" said Dorothy cheerfully, and they drove to the company office.

WHEN Jimmy entered the main office, which was done in the Moorish-Italian-Spanish style, Joseph Brainlaw had just kicked a wicker waste-basket across the room and was pounding on a desk with his fist, uttering cries of anger and distress. In his other hand he held the telegram from Henry Williams. As he saw Jimmy he raised both hands above his head and shouted.

"You!" he ejaculated. "You! You! You!" And then words failed him, and he gurgled and thrust the telegram at Jimmy.

Jimmy had an intuition that he had done something that did not please Mr. Brainlaw. He took the yellow sheet and stepped back out of fist range while Mr. Brainlaw alternately swelled like a tree-toad's throat and deflated like a punctured blister, turning from red to purple and from purple to red. Jimmy read the telegram twice.

"She must have been here December twelfth," he said feebly.

"December twelfth! Doves! Innumerable doves! Doves of Sandona!" cried Mr. Brainlaw. He seemed to choke on the doves. "You've doved us! And that's all you can say—'December twelfth'! What do you mean, December twelfth?"

"When the Amalgamated Association of Master Plumbers was here in convention," said Jimmy. "That was December twelfth. She must have been here then."

"Don't I know that?" shouted Mr. Brainlaw. "You don't have to tell me that, do you? 'White doves! Innumerable white doves'!"

He might have choked to death, but Mr. Booth interrupted him, entering the office in haste.

"What's all this? What's the terrible thing you were trying to splutter over the phone?" he demanded. "What do you want to see me in such a rush for?"

"Doves!" cried Mr. Brainlaw. "He—he—that—that—"

He could not think of a sufficiently base name for Jimmy, and stood shaking his finger at him, and Dorothy, who had entered behind her father, took his hand and pulled it down.

"Don't you point your finger at Jimmy in that tone of voice!" she ordered. "I won't have him called names by anybody's finger!"

"He's ruined Sandona," said Mr. Brainlaw. "We'll be laughed off the earth. Doves! Read that telegram from Williams."

Mr. Booth, with Dorothy standing on tiptoe to read over his shoulder, read the telegram.

"I know what happened," said Brainlaw bitterly. "I told him not to make that plumbers' convention a vaudeville show. I told him not to get that bird-woman."

He referred to Señorita Martinez and her World-Famous Bevy of Trained Doves.

"Well, we had to do something, didn't we?" asked Jimmy. "We didn't have anything here but sand and water and the golf-course, and plumbers don't play golf. We had to amuse them somehow. They loved the doves. We couldn't let them toss horseshoes three days."

"It's plain enough what happened," said Mr. Brainlaw. "This writer woman—this Kate Finch—saw the doves. She never stopped here. She went through on the train and she saw the Martinez woman showing off her doves in the Plazetto. She thought they were native doves—doves like they have in Italy or wherever those doves are. 'Innumerable doves'!

"My gosh! 'The doves of Sandona'! And there ain't a dove within a thousand miles of here—not even a pigeon. There'll be thousands of visitors here now, and we won't have a dove to show them. Not even one blasted tail-feather."

"We might make a joke of it," said Jimmy, but not very hopefully. "We might say the Sandona Chicken Farm's chickens were what she meant. They've got over two thousand chickens out there now—white Leghorns. They're white."

"Don't be a fool," said Mr. Brainlaw. "I know what that woman saw—she saw white doves flying all over the Plazetto. You'll see what she says when that book gets here. You can't make white Leghorns fly around in the air like a lot of blasted eagles."

"We might get a lot of feathers—white chicken feathers—and scatter them in the Plazetto," suggested Jimmy, "and say there had been a sudden dove epidemic—glanders or something."

"Glanders are not a dove disease," said Mr. Brainlaw scornfully. "Glanders are a kind of female duck. We'd look nice telling the world Sandona was the sort of place that gave doves epidemics, wouldn't we?"

"We could say the doves saw Brainlaw and it poisoned them," said Jimmy viciously.

"NOW, gentlemen," said Mr. Booth soothingly, "let us avoid personalities. This is no time for them. This is a very serious matter. In a very few days Sandona will be known throughout the land as the City of Doves. We have no alternative—we must have doves, innumerable doves, white doves. The Plazetto must be full of doves when the tourists begin to arrive."

"Now somebody is talking sense," said Mr. Brainlaw.

"We must telegraph today for doves," said Mr. Booth. "I don't know where to get doves, but Henry Williams can look that up in New York. Send him a wire, Brainlaw, to buy immediately and ship at once—by airplane if possible—enough doves to be innumerable. How many doves," he asked doubtfully, "do you think would be enough to look like innumerable?"

"Señorita Martinez had one hundred," said Jimmy helpfully.

"We will have Williams buy five hundred," said Mr. Booth with vigor. "What do you suppose white doves cost?"

No one had any idea, because no one there had ever bought a white dove. Mr. Brainlaw said he had once bought a squab, but that was in a restaurant and the squab was broiled.

He had paid two dollars for it, but—if he remembered rightly—there was some vegetable came with it. He had an idea the vegetable was asparagus. But, he added, it must be remembered that squab was not necessarily dove. It was probably pigeon and not full-grown pigeon at that.

Say one dollar for a squab and you could reckon a full-sized pigeon at one dollar fifty and be on the safe side. Then add fifty cents because a dove was a dove and not a pigeon.

That made two dollars. Then add fifty cents because a white dove was a special color—or

Jim walked the floor while a beautiful girl was saying, "Please, papa! Now, say yes, papa."

"select," as you might say—and you had two dollars and fifty cents. Say three dollars. That would mean $1,500 for 500 white doves.

"Yes. Just so!" said Mr. Booth thoughtfully. "But will the doves stay here when we get them here? A dove is a sort of pigeon, isn't it? And don't pigeons always go home?"

"Thunderation, yes!" said Mr. Brainlaw, deflating suddenly. "It is no good buying a lot of doves that will go right home again."

"But would they go home?" asked Jimmy sarcastically. "Isn't Sandona the beauty spot of the whole world? Wouldn't the doves be fascinated by the unequaled natural situation, the perfect climate, fishing such as is unequaled in America, an ideal golf-course, the superb Plazetto, the gondola-studded canalettos, the cuisine of the modern and even luxurious hoteletto, and the easy terms on which real estatetto is sold? Couldn't Mr. Brainlaw read to the doves one of our circulars and thus convince them that home is nothing like Sandona? When you are through talking nonsense I'll tell you what to do."

"What?" asked Mr. Booth.

"SEND for Señorita Martinez and her birds, of course!" said Jimmy. "Any one not crazy with the heat would have thought of that immediately. Telegraph to her agent and engage her and her birds for the winter. You'll have the very birds Kate Finch saw—the birds she went mad over. They will flutter about the Plazetto.

"They will alight on her arms and head. They will glitter in the golden sunshine as they circle over the canalettos and swing hither and yon around the campanile of the hoteletto. They won't depart, because their home is the coop Señorita Martinez brings with her. Will you send the telegram or shall I?"

"I will send it," said Mr. Brainlaw, and Jimmy turned on his heel and went out to his roadster.

"Jimmy," said Dorothy, "you are wonderful!"

"Gee whiz! That was a close squeak!" he replied. "I saved my bacon that time. If they had sent for a lot of assorted doves, my time would have been up—mine the crime but theirs the mending of it."

"Do you think she will come?"

"Sure to," said Jimmy confidently. "I had quite a talk with her when she was here before, and she was blue enough. The dove show is on the blink, she says—no engagements any

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DOVES OF SANDONA
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

more. She'll jump at a contract such as your father will offer her."

In this supposition Jimmy was right. Even before the airplane arrived with the copy of A Flight through Florida, a return telegram came from the agent of Señorita Martinez accepting the Sandona Development Company's proffered contract for a full winter's engagement for the señorita and her birds.

"Señorita and her birds accept," said the telegram, and Jimmy danced a jig of joy.

"Who put Sandona on the map?" he asked Dorothy excitedly.

"You did, darling," she answered instantly.

The copy of Kate Finch's book arrived by airplane, and Mr. Booth read the Sandona-dove chapter. Mr. Brainlaw read it. Jimmy and Dorothy, heads close together, read it. Every one read it.

Jimmy prepared an entire new line of advertising copy headed, "Sandona, the City of Doves," and telegraphed it to New York, wiring the best lagoon and campanile artist to do a new series of pictures of Sandona with doves simply littering the Plazetto and filling the amazingly blue sky with graceful blobs of white.

"Rush your arrival," Brainlaw wired the señorita. "Influx of tourists due any day. Wire answer."

"Leaving tonight," was the answer.

THE delegation that went to the Moorish-Spanish-Italian station to welcome the señorita was not large, but it was important. Mr. Booth was there and so were Brainlaw and Jimmy and Dorothy.

"There she is!" Dorothy exclaimed, as the slender figure of Señorita Martinez appeared on the car steps, beaming smiles.

"Sooch a gladness to be here in theese so nice warm place again!" the señorita declared. "And theese is Meester Chimmy 'Obart—I remember heem so vell! And Meester Prainlaw—yes? And Mees Dorotea and Meester Boot'. So glad! How do?"

"We are glad to have you here, too," said Mr. Booth. "Never gladder to have any one arrive in Sandona, I can tell you. And how are the birds?"

"Choost fine! Like good angels they travel theese long way. I have the good luck, hey?—one hunder' birds and not one seek."

"One hundred? That's good," said Mr. Booth. "And all white, I hope."

"All vite?" laughed the señorita. "No; I do not like theese vite cockatoos; I have the vite doves long enough—now I have the gay colors of birds. You shall see; sooch beautiful parrots!"

"Parrots!" cried Mr. Booth. "Did you say parrots? Haven't you got doves?"

"Doves—poof!" said Señorita Martinez lightly. "One hunder' parrots! Nobody wants to see the dove any more. You will see how clever are the parrots of Señorita Martinez!"

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Mr. Brainlaw. "And she has a six-months contract!"

Dorothy drew Jimmy to one side and fell behind the others.

"Jimmy dear," she said earnestly, "don't you think that you had better drive up to Jacksonville or Georgia or somewhere right away and not be here for a while? I'm afraid papa and Mr. Brainlaw are not going to be nice about this."

"I'll stick it out," Jimmy said in a resolute tone. "I'll not run like a kicked dog."

"But, Jimmy sweet," urged Dorothy, "you won't have to run like a kicked dog. You can get into your roadster and go. There's nothing papa hates as he hates parrots. He's vicious about parrots."

"What did parrots ever do to him?"

"A parrot bit him on the thumb, Jimmy," Dorothy said, "and his thumb swelled up, and his whole arm swelled up and turned purple and green, and if father had not been so firm—you know how firm he can be, Jimmy—the hospital would have cut it off. The doctors said papa was especially subject to parrots; I mean parrots were particularly poisonous to papa."

"Gosh!" said Jimmy, but Martinez' happy laughter tinkled gaily in the silence that followed.

"Those dove!" she cried merrily. "I 'ave 'ad the good luck with those dove. I sell them for beeg money. You know Palmetora?"

They did know Palmetora; it was Sandona's rival development on the coast, fifty miles to the north.

"That Meester Walham that own Palmetora he thinks he make Palmetora sooch a lovely place with doves in the plaza like that Venice in Italy," said the señorita. "He has buy my doves."

"For the love of Mike!" cried Mr. Brainlaw, and Jimmy edged toward his roadster.

"I can get another job," he said to Dorothy.

"Don't marry anybody till you hear from me."

"You'd better go, darling," Dorothy urged. "Step on it quick, Jimmy—papa's looking this way."

There was a whir of the starter, the gears bit, and the roadster and Jimmy shot away.

He made the first fifty miles in forty minutes, and as he reached the rich Moorish-Persian-Arabian plaza of Palmetora, he hardly slowed down. And, when a large purple car shot from a cross street into the plaza, he hit it a beautiful jolt and jammed it against the Bagdad fountain, to its temporary disablement.

Two men instantly leaped from the purple car, and the one with the flowing blue tie threw his hat on the ground and stamped on it.

"And now this!" he wailed. "My car!"

"Yeah!" cried the other man, shaking his fist under Jimmy's nose. "Who are you, driving through here like a crazy man?"

"My name is Hobart," Jimmy said. Two policemen came running from where they had been tossing horseshoes. "James Hobart."

"Hobart?" exclaimed the man with the blue tie excitedly. "Are you the publicity man for that Sandona place? Did you just come from there? Is there a Señorita Martinez there?"

"I'll say she's there!" Jimmy admitted.

"With parrots?"

"One hundred parrots; no cockatoos," Jimmy said. "Not a white bird in the lot."

Instantly the man with the blue tie picked up his hat and rushed away.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Jimmy. "Is he crazy?"

"He's our city-planner," said the man Jimmy had come so near sending to a final resting-place. "He's crazy all right. He came down on the train a half-hour ago and blew up like a ton of TNT. The doves did it."

"Doves?"

"A bunch of doves I bought to flutter in the plaza and make it look nice and romantic. He said doves would knock his plaza color scheme into a cocked hat.

"He said that putting doves in our plaza was like putting *Mary's* little lamb in a brass band. He sat down and cried a quart of tears into his hat—said he had worked and struggled and bled to get us a rich, ripe color scheme. He said that even a pin-headed silurian ought to know that our plaza needed parrots."

"Parrots?" exclaimed Jimmy. "Did you say parrots? Where is he going now?"

"He heard that Señorita Martinez was to be in Sandona. He is going to telegraph her and see if he can get her parrots."

"Get in here," Jimmy said. "We have a six-months contract for those parrots—an iron-clad contract—and he can't get those parrots. But I can get them for you. I have a pull with Mr. Booth. I am like a son to him. Jump in this car."

They passed the panting city-planner a full block before they reached the telegraph office, and when that angry man arrived there Jimmy was already writing the telegram, shielding it from view.

WHILE OTHERS TALK I ACT STOP [the telegram read] HAVE SECURED DOVES FOR SANDONA STOP MY STERLING DIPLOMACY SUCCESSFUL STOP BY TREMENDOUS EXERTION HAVE INDUCED PALMETORA TO TAKE PARROTS OFF YOUR HANDS STOP

Two hours later Jimmy was back in Sandona, and the doves were on their way there in a truck.

"And how about my being worth ten thousand a year now, Mr. Booth?" Jimmy asked.

"When he is able to turn parrots into doves," said Dorothy, "he is certainly worth ten thousand a year to you. Suppose the parrots bit both your thumbs?"

"Dorothy," said Mr. Booth, "the cold fact is that James is not—what is that, Brainlaw?"

"It is a telegram from Henry Williams."

TELEGRAPH IMMEDIATELY IF YOU HAVE DOVES IN THE PLAZETTO STOP IF SO KATE FINCH WILL BUY TEN ACRE PLOT AND MAKE SANDONA HER WINTER HOME.

"Of course we have doves!" said Mr. Booth briskly. "Wire Williams to guarantee innumerable white doves. And, as I was saying, Dorothy, James is not worth—"

He paused to cough behind his hand.

"—is not worth a cent less than ten thousand dollars a year," he finished, "to me and the Sandona Development Company."

Which, you see, explains the photogravure that appeared in the newspapers not long after—the one showing the bride and groom coming from the Italian-Spanish-Moorish chapel at Sandona with innumerable white doves fluttering in the sunshine above their heads.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

We're going to publish some encouraging news for the fellows whose waistlines are running their chest measurements a close race.

It's the plump man's Declaration of Independence. It's the fearless assertion of every man's right to be as lazy and obese as his conscience will let him.

Reading time, 15 minutes and 20 seconds, and 152 chuckles guaranteed. It's—

Fit, Fat, and Fifty

By REX BEACH

In Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

Harmonize Your Dresses with Your Coat

By
MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE big idea in modern costuming is to have as few clothes as you can get by with and make them look like as many as possible. Of course, one can find occasions for as many coats as one can afford, can run up a bill for, can locate, and can survive trying on.

Maybe it isn't going too far, however, to say that the ideal state of being is to have just one wrap that will appropriately cover each and every occasion up until 6 P. M. It then becomes an exercise in taste and judgment, a Roman holiday and orgy of shopping, to get all of one's dresses to accommodate themselves to or to flow into, so to speak, that one garment, so that the wrap will look as if it belonged to that frock and that one alone!

We all remember when we had what we called "my coat," which was our one and only wrap, and an article apart in our wardrobe, usually of black or brown. We had another article of apparel which was our every-day dress and was likely to be in a very stiff quality of dark blue serge. There was no effort to make their paths cross, either in coloring or design.

Today, if the collar of that coat is of dark brown nutria or otter, the groundwork of the dress is likely to be brown in coloring too.

A good idea is to compose one's day wardrobe of a dress of thin crepe and another of the new thin velvet, so light in weave that it too might be crepe, except that it has a different feeling.

One or both of these frocks, with another of thin wool in the same general coloring and made in the sports manner, would set one up for almost any daytime event of the winter. With a change of accessories and jewelry one should be ready for occasions covering a wide range.

As a working principle in assembling one's wardrobe, all of our dresses and our one wrap should form a harmonious whole. If we have the patience and the income for all of the different types of coats that tempt us, only then should we consider individual and unrelated frocks. The three shown here are all excellent for the sort of wardrobe we have been proposing.

The first dress, of crepella, follows the trick we mentioned above for converting even a fur coat into an ensemble. The collar of this black caracal wrap is of brown otter, and the dress selected to wear with it is of the same shade of lightish brown. It is made with a little yoke at the throat and another across the hips, with two belts on the latter in harmonizing tones of beige and brown. The skirt has wide box plaits.

The second gown is a little "dressier"—*plus habille*, as the French would say. As it must still "go with" a brown fur collar, it too is of brown. This dress is of one of the new velvets, as fine and supple as crepe. If it is not, you must not buy it, for it would be dreadfully uncomfortable under a fur coat. It is made very simply, with two diagonal tiers traversing the blouse and one going in the same movement across the skirt.

A DRESS of nut-brown crepella to go with a coat which has a brown fur collar.

THIS brown velvet dress is made with two diagonal tiers—on blouse and skirt, front and back.

MADE in surplice effect, this dress of dark blue wool georgette fastens with a silver buckle.

If one wishes a little variety in coloring in spite of fur collars to be harmonized with, there is a new material which they call wool georgette, and we might get the third frock here depicted in this material in dark blue.

In cut the dress is a little more formal than the others, with its surplice movement on the side and its tattered strips of the material hanging below the hem. This movement in itself is interesting, because up to the moment the uneven hemline has been confined to evening dresses.

The gown is interesting for exploiting what may become another new style: After an epoch of belts, this frock is beltless. It has a silver buckle on the side.

PARIS Gets a New SLANT on the WINTER DRESS

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, November 6.

GETTING something new is one of the most exhilarating experiences any woman can have. That is, so long as she is youthful, and this may be at any time between five years old and seventy years young. Whether it is a new sweetheart, her first bob, or a different kind of dress, the newness gives a real thrill.

A new costume is a kind of miracle, transforming us into another, altogether more desirable creature than we were in our old clothes. Fashion is studious of change in order to cater to this fundamental female urge.

Every woman knows the experience of finding that, after she has worn them awhile, she simply can not bear herself in her customary costumes. This ennui is likely to attack her between the big style seasons, because any season is open season for a change of style scenery. Fashion-makers are, therefore, constantly varying the mode, so that there is something new on tap every day for needy women. Alterations of fashions lie, very often, in little things; but these small details make that world of difference between the stale and the fresh.

This black satin frock from Vionnet shows the grace of the irregular line in hem, sash, and collar.

Paris has no more than finished broadcasting the style changes of the fall openings, and now she is showing others, which are called the mid-season fashions. In these latest of modes Paris gets a new slant on the winter frock, coat, and suit—both figuratively and literally.

While the clothes shown are cut on the same slender lines as before, these lines are slanted, made diagonal, and placed on the bias, so that the new clothes do seem new. And they are thrilling, too, on account of this new slant. Very often you will not find even the tiniest bit of independent trimming on these winter clothes. It is the play and interplay of graceful lines which give them their curative difference.

The true allure of the draped and diagonal lines which characterize our latest fashions lies in the fact that the frocks so treated have a siren quality. Refined and elegant, but siren-like just the same.

Our model of a winter frock from Jean Patou reveals strikingly the real newness and charm of slanting lines, a one-color scheme, and the subtlety of the siren's grace. This gown is particularly delightful for the woman who has years and experience, because its youthful air is a tempered one.

All-black broadcloth, trimmed in an entirely novel way with black astrakhan, makes this stunning furred winter suit.

Dœuillet demonstrates the bias mode in the diagonal tiered skirt of this blue velvet frock.

The new slant lies in the arrangement of hip- and hemlines. The hiplines are curved upward, crossed at the surpliced closing, and attached under a soft bow on the right hip.

This gown is made of huckleberry-blue velvet. The skirt is shirred so that it is very full, and the hemline is made diagonal by a very full panel on the left hip, this panel also making the sloping hipline more irregular, being placed just above the bottom of the bodice. The sleeves are shirred from elbows to wrists and have tiny tulle frills at the wristlines.

Another combination of biased lines, and one of supreme cachet and charm, is found in the all-black crêpe-satin frock from Madeleine Vionnet. As all the world knows, Vionnet is a genius second to none in draping the feminine figure; and this model demonstrates her art most successfully.

The bloused waist is cut in a series of pie-like

The exquisite harmony of the slanting lines of the mode is illustrated in this huckleberry-blue velvet frock from Jean Patou.

pieces, converging at the center front of the waistline. A wide, long sash forms a soft and enchanting collar; and another sash, which slants upward in front, where it is tucked at the center, outlines the waistline. The skirt has a double panel at the center front, is slightly circular, and has a hemline that slopes downward slightly at the back. The sleeves have an easy fit which is merged into tighter cuffs.

This frock should be worn with a small toque of all black, preferably velvet, trimmed with a metal or jeweled pin or buckle. Practically every hat this season has its ornament of this nature, if it is to be worn with afternoon clothes.

Sometimes another ornament, of the same type, is used also on the frock, as the jeweled buckle that fastens the surpliced blouse of our Dœuillet dress.

This model, of midnight-blue velvet, is made with fitted sleeves which have a circular ruffle at the back from elbow to wrist. The skirt is composed of a series of diagonal tiers, which fall in cascaded drapery at the left side-front. These tiers are faced with white, the white showing only in the drapery.

IN Paris, this winter, a great many fashionable women are wearing toilettes of all black, or of all dark blue, and for any woman who has been wearing some lighter or more pronounced shade, or combination of colors, a change to one of these one-color costumes will be a clever and exhilarating one.

Perhaps a suit of black broadcloth, such as the one here pictured. This suit, with its supreme simplicity, has a real elegance that doesn't easily become tiresome. The jacket, which is collarless, is straight and short, and tucked with diagonal lines, the bias closing terminating away around on the left side, beneath the band of black astrakhan which marks the hipline. The sleeves are cuffed with astrakhan. Supplanting a collar, and much more novel, is the rolled scarf of black astrakhan, which is tied with a sash of black broadcloth. The skirt is wrapped around and has a circular panel at the left side.

The ONLY Child

Discussing the Advantages of Having Brothers and Sisters

An Article by
BRENDA UELAND
Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

(Reading time: 15 minutes 30 seconds.)

THIRTY years ago an only child was a rare, an exceptional thing; so much so that we used to think the mother of an only child—if not a widow—must be an invalid. If a woman could have one child, it was assumed that some peculiar and secret misfortune intervened to prevent her from having six or seven. But now there are "only" children all over the place.

Just in my neighborhood of seven scattered homes, it occurs to me, there are four "only" children. Undoubtedly the world is being filled with them. And since they have always been supposed to have certain special faults—exasperating, disagreeable faults—it is time to look into the serious misfortune of being an only child: to see what kind of person the only child actually is, and why.

In looking up great men of the past, it is almost impossible to find one who was an only child. Washington was the oldest of his mother's six, although his father had had four children by an earlier marriage; Franklin was one of seventeen; Napoleon one of fourteen; Lord Nelson one of eleven. Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Francis Bacon, Darwin, Cromwell—almost any famous character you care to mention—had brothers or sisters, or both.

The great men who were illegitimate, you might think, could be classed as only children. But Alexander Hamilton's illegitimacy was due merely to the fact that his mother's divorce from her first husband proved not to be legal, and there were two other children who died fairly early.

Leonardo da Vinci—the most extraordinary, rare, brilliant, handsome, charming, and gifted of beings, perhaps, that ever graced this earth—was illegitimate. His father was a Florentine gentleman, and his mother was said by some to have been a peasant woman. But his father took him into his house and brought him up with his eleven legitimate children.

Lord Byron had a half-sister, six years older than himself, but he was brought up separately by a violent mother. So we can count him as an only child. John Ruskin was a famous only child. Sir Edmund Gosse, the English scholar and critic, is an only child. But after quite a search I don't come upon any others equally conspicuous, and so no conclusions can be drawn from studying biographies.

But for the last several years modern educators and psychologists have been studying children closely and scientifically, compiling volumes of records. They have come to certain definite conclusions about the only child. These conclusions are: it is a great disadvantage to be an only child; it can be a terrible misfortune.

Hail to King Only Child, tyrant of the home!

Dr. Ruth Andrus, the acting director of the Institute of Child Welfare Research at Teachers College, Columbia University, says:

"THE type that we describe as 'the only child' may also be an oldest child, or a favorite child, or perhaps a youngest, most adored child. Anyway, the term 'only child' describes a certain definite kind of person, and I can tell you what he is like.

"'Good' parents—nice, conscientious, strict, loving people—just like the bad ones, can do things to their children that will cripple them for life; that will prevent them, when they grow up, from becoming all they might have become if their 'good' parents hadn't interfered.

"And the peculiar disadvantage of the only child is this: because he is alone, his parents have the time to focus on him, and him alone, and so to do him much more harm than they can do to four or six or ten children.

"Almost all the faults of the only child can be laid to two things: his parents have either smothered him with too much attention, love, anxiety; or they have goaded him—that is, they have tried too unremittingly to push him forward, to fill his head with what they think should be there, to force his personality into what they want it to be, trampling on any of his traits that they don't admire, when perhaps those traits are, in the opinion of other people, very fine ones.

"For example, a minister might not want his daughter to be an actress. Yet the rest of the world would much prefer having her a happy actress than a disappointed and gloomy school-teacher.

"Now, I will enumerate some of the faults

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SUPREMACY!

Tower Model 28 reigns supreme among the world's drum-type speakers. Its bronzed mesh front, its elaborate heraldic design of carved wood effect, present an air of rich refinement.

Combined with this, are its amazing reproducing powers! A special super-powered armature-type unit guarantees unexcelled mellowness and purity of tone. Remember—you haven't the *best* unless it's a Tower Model 28.

See your dealer today.

Created by—
THE TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.
122 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

$17.50

Hungry as a Bear?

Ask for these big, brown, crisp peanuts. Hunt for the glassine bags, with the famous Mr. Peanut on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

[THE ONLY CHILD
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

of the only child. First, he is lacking in initiative. The only child, we find, often expects to be dressed and washed even when eight or nine years old, while a child brought up in a big family has learned to dress himself, take his own bath, brush his teeth, and to do many more useful and helpful and capable things at four or even earlier.

"Usually the only child learns to talk and walk late. The reason is that he isn't left alone enough to practise.

"The only child grows up to feel that the world owes him a living; that, for giving very little on his part, other people should give much; that the world is cold and mean to him because it presents such a marked contrast from his over-solicitous parents. He needs coddling and has an unhealthy craving for sympathy.

"People used to think the first year of life was unimportant. Now we know it is terrifically important, because habits that are acquired very early feel, when one is grown up, just like instincts; just as compelling. And contrary habits, formed afterward to counteract the early bad habits, can not have the same force."

DR. ANDRUS makes the point that, to parents, an only child is so tremendously important that, unless they are careful, the child will feel he is just as important to everybody else as his parents judge him to be.

Sooner or later, however, other people won't regard him so fondly, and his habits of expecting applause and attention will make him disrespected and a nuisance. Therefore parents should be very careful, when a child has a slight hurt, not to carry on as though it were a serious wound and the "naughty table" with which he collided were to blame.

Psychologists now realize that a great deal of hysteria in later life is due to an excessive desire for sympathy. People invent ailments in the hope of being petted and treated gently.

This disposition, according to Dr. Andrus, can be prevented from developing by not encouraging children to cry over every scratch or bruise. In this respect the education of the nursery is still much worse for girls than for boys, because one is supposed to be more sympathetic and pitying toward girls. It is just as bad to be soft with girls as with boys, if we want women to be as cheerful and uncomplaining and brave as we expect men to be.

"Often the mother of an only child is overanxious about his eating," Dr. Andrus told me. "The child is made to feel that a necessary action, such as eating, which ought to be a pleasure, is something his mother wants him to do to please her. The child then feels a new power over her which he enjoys very much.

"One mother, beside herself with worry, was telling me one day how hard it was to get her little girl to eat.

"'Mama, tell her about the time I wouldn't eat the scrambled eggs,' interpolated this child eagerly.

"Now, if the child of a distracted mother who has many children doesn't eat, his food is whisked to the kitchen and he goes hungry. Such a child, I assure you, will never be over-finicky about food. He will eat his meals with pleasure and dispatch.

"OFTEN the parents of an only child take the same attitude toward his education. This is: won't he please, please go to school and do well for their sake?

"What he should be made to feel is that education is a great and rare privilege. If he doesn't want it, then let him get out of school and make room for those who do.

"The only child has too many toys. This leads to very bad habits of attention; to a tendency to run from one thing to another; not to finish things; to give up whatever becomes a little tiresome or hard.

"Only children are what we call very negativistic. That is, they resist all suggestions; say 'no' to everything the teacher or parent proposes.

"This is the reason: An only child is surfeited with attention and advice and suggestions from adults who are trying to influence him, train him, lead him in the way they want him to go, cramming their views into his head and giving him no opportunity or peace to work out his own ideas, to think his own thoughts, to make his own experiments.

"In almost every child there is a strong feeling for survival, and in his effort to preserve his own personality he will resist his parents at every turn.

"He will become so fatigued by suggestions he finally will refuse them all. 'No! I don't want to,' he will say to everything. This characteristic begins to show itself at about four or five. And if this child is not led out of it by a wise teacher, he will grow up to be a stubborn and pigheaded adult.

"Often the parents of an only child want to satisfy their own ego in the child—their own desire for attention and applause. These I have seen make their child into a show-off and a smarty.

"I have even come upon parents who will take their darling to innumerable doctors, make much of his symptoms, get him into hospitals for all the minor operations; and the motive back of this will be (a quite unconscious one) that the parents crave attention for themselves, and they get it vicariously through the superfluous medical attention that they secure for their child."

As if all the foregoing weren't a heavy enough burden on the only child's back, psychologists add the onus of still another weakness. They tell us that he is too afraid of failure. Because he has been helped to do everything by his parents, he is unfamiliar with failure,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Pure Breath

You carry a breath like Spring with you this NEW way

THERE is now scientific and instant protection against bad breath. May-Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form . . . dainty little tablets that you carry with you, in a purse or pocket, always.

Not a candy. Not merely a perfume. For that simply cries out concealment.

A single tablet stops bad breath instantly, *whether from mouth, stomach, food or smoking.*

Get May-Breath at drug, cigar and confectionery counters. Costs only few cents.

May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form

$1.00 Post Paid

This Individual Name Pencil Set —Delights Any Child

Genuine, full grained sheep-skin leather case with coin pocket, richly embossed, containing penholder and pencils in assorted colors, point protecter, ruler and sharpener. **Any name engraved in 18 kt. gold. $1.00 complete. Junior Set**—3 pencils, assorted colors, embossed leather case, **name engraved—50c.** The *Genuine "Write Gift de Luxe Set"* trade mark reg. is supreme in its class and not to be confused with ordinary pencil sets of inferior quality.

Send check, money order, cash or U. S. Postage.

IMPRINT PENCIL CO., Inc., 112 Fourth Ave., L-2 N.Y.

CANARIES
Guaranteed Singers $10

Imported birds, entirely different from ordinary Canaries. Educated and sing with artificial light. Guaranteed alive at express office. **Only $10.** Send dealer's name for BIRD BOOK FREE.

THESE BIRDS ARE ALL
"LIVING MUSIC BOXES"
(Reg. U.S. Pat. No. 50353)

—the most famous songsters in the country. Art Randall, orchestra director, Omaha, writes: "Radio Dick wonderful. Sings every night over radio station WOW."

MAX GEISLER BIRD COMPANY
Largest bird and pet animal house in the world
102 Geisler Bldg., Omaha, Nebr. or 31 Cooper Sq., New York

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1231-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

"STAMMERING
Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
10923 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis

BALDNESS
CAN BE AVOIDED

Lucky Tiger kills the germs. Stops falling hair. Money-Back Guarantee. Use White-Fox for all skin eruptions. Barbers and druggists.

LUCKY TIGER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

and so it becomes unduly disagreeable to him. He takes it much too hard. This leads him to a tendency to stay at home, where he is safe and secure.

He doesn't venture out with new acquaintances. He doesn't like a change. He doesn't mix well. He has not that light-hearted, adventurous spirit that is so necessary if he is to be a successful and attractive person.

To return to Dr. Andrus and her list of indictments.

"There is another important reason," she said, "why the only child seems to turn out so badly. It is this: if he isn't docile he is apt to resist his parents so fiercely that he becomes just what disappoints them and shocks them the most. We all know the saying about ministers' sons being so bad. I think it can be explained in that way.

"Until very recently all parents felt they should tamper with their children's personalities, and of course, if there was only one child, they had the time and energy to bring to bear much more pressure.

"Say that two parents want their child to grow up to be a perfect little lady, and for that end they quash, suppress, every impulse in the little girl that does not conform to their ideal.

"Now, the little girl probably has much that is ladylike in her and much also that is hearty and boisterous. She will instinctively feel that her parents are trying to kill in her a part that is very essential; and so, to save her personality, she will resist them to the extent that she becomes exaggeratedly hoydenish.

"Then I have seen parents who wanted their boy to be a big, husky athlete, insisting that he develop into a virile, masterful business man. Instead, the boy, who doesn't want that, resists them fiercely and develops into a temperamental and rebellious young man who has the greatest scorn for anything conventionally manly, like business or athletics, and who becomes, perhaps, ridiculously set in his *artisticness*, his unconventionality, his Bohemianism, or his radical political views.

"That is why we see so many only children 'breaking their mothers' hearts,' as people say. It really means that their mothers have tried first (but failed) to break their children's spirit."

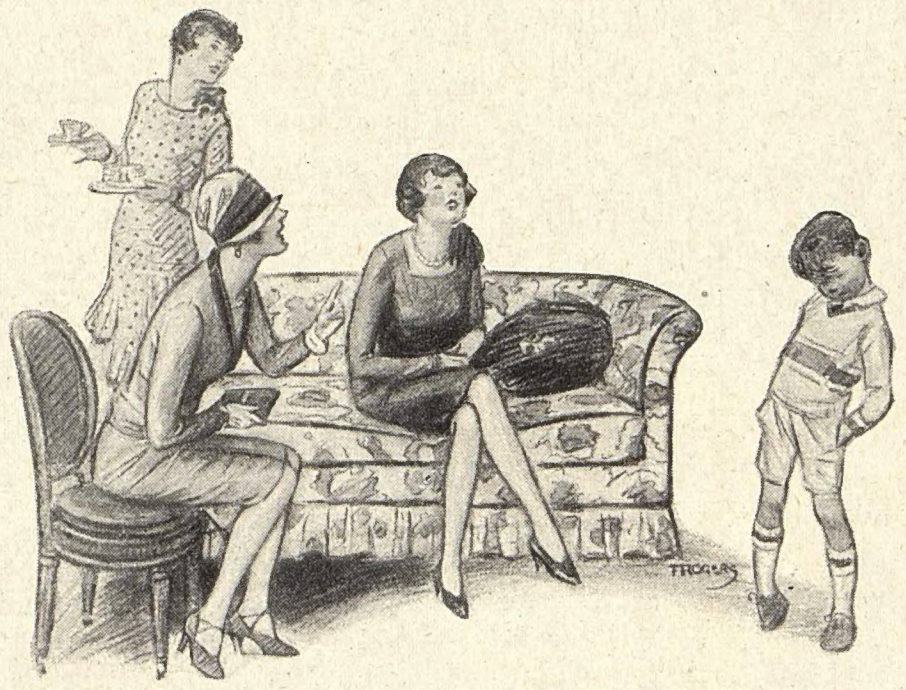
SOMETIMES the parents of an only child are very ambitious for him. They concentrate to make him an intellectual wonder.

"It is of course possible," writes Bertrand Russell in his book Education and the Good Life, to bring up a child as John Stuart Mill was brought up: to begin Greek at the age of three and never know any ordinary childish fun. From the standpoint of acquiring knowledge, the results may be good, but taken all around I can not admire them.

"Mill relates in his Autobiography that during adolescence he nearly committed suicide from the thought that all combinations of musical notes would one day be used up and that new musical composition would become impossible.

"I was myself the product of a solitary education up to the age of sixteen, somewhat less fierce than Mill's, but still too destitute of the ordinary joys of youth.

"I experienced in adolescence just the same tendency to suicide as Mill describes—in my case because I thought the law of dynamics regulated the movements of my body, making the will a mere delusion. When I began to associate with contemporaries I found myself an angular prig. How far I have remained so it is not for me to say."



"No! I don't want to," he will say to everything. This characteristic begins to show itself at about four or five.

NOW we come to one of the greatest causes of unhappiness and failure in the world: fear. Fear is an utter waste of energy. It does no good at all. If you are in danger it doesn't even help to save your life.

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, in his book The Childhood of Animals, gives a large number of observations and experiments to show that there is usually no inherited instinct of fear in young animals. They view the age-long enemies of their species without the slightest alarm, unless their parents have taught them to feel the fear of these animals.

Children well under a year old seem never to be afraid of animals.

Fear of the dark, also, seems never to occur to children who have not been exposed to the suggestion that the dark is terrifying. There are strong grounds for the view that most of the fears which we used to regard as instinctive are acquired and would not arise if grown-up people did not create them.

Again the only child is the greatest sufferer, says Dr. Andrus. "It works like this: An adoring mother has her little boy by the hand. She goes into a strange place with him; perhaps takes him to kindergarten for the first time. Just the increased pressure of her hand, the way she clutches him when she kisses him good-by, will suggest ineradicably to the child that this place is dangerous.

"In fact, a continuous highly emotional, apprehensive, clutching attitude will create in her baby (even if he is only a few months old) a feeling that the world is dangerous and a dreadful place that can only be safely faced when his mother is hanging on to him."

That is why it is so bad that women should be encouraged to be cowards. The unnecessary fear that is wished on children because mothers and nurses are timid is incalculable.

"Hitherto men have thought it attractive in women," writes Bertrand Russell, "to be full of irrational terrors, because it gave men a chance to seem protective without incurring real danger. But the sons of these men have acquired the terrors from their mothers and have had to be trained afterward to regain courage which they need never have lost if their fathers had not desired to despise their mothers.

"One generation of fearless women would transform the world, by bringing into it a generation of fearless children. I believe that it is possible to educate ordinary men and women so that they shall be able to live without fear."

Shyness is another form of fear. It is most common in England and in parts of America and in China, but rare elsewhere. It is due, most of it, to an insistence upon company manners by parents. One often hears a well meaning mother give her poor child half a dozen orders and admonitions in the space of six seconds: "Say How do you do? Shake hands with Mrs. Brown. Stand up straight! Take your fingers out of your mouth! You forgot to take off your cap!"

THE mother who does such a thing might as well know now that her child will grow up to be, it is most likely, one of the shyest, most awkward, gawky, blushing, self-conscious of men, causing by his self-consciousness great agony to whatever social circle he is introduced. Again, in this the only child is the greatest sufferer.

The only child causes unhappy marriages. Because he has never grown up, he becomes that too familiar thing—the petulant, pouting husband who is annoyed and restless when all conversation and attention is not directed at himself.

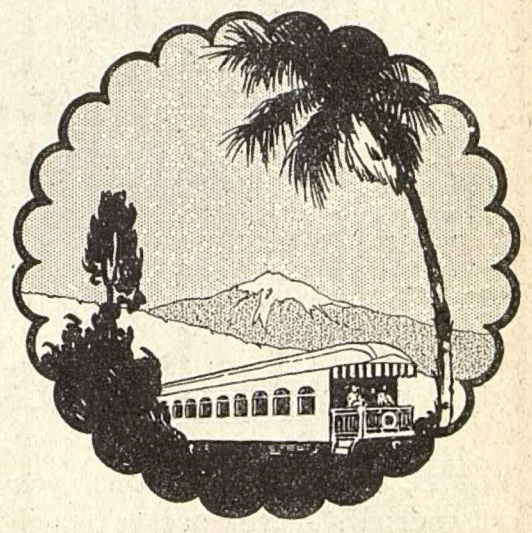
Such a man dislikes children, doesn't want them, and, if he has any, can't be good to them. This is because he is jealous of them and annoyed that he is not the only child in the family, the object of his wife's solicitude.

As for his wife, he expects her, poor woman, to be a mother to him—to wait on him, cheer him up, soothe his tantrums.

As for only children who become wives, some talk baby talk; some think it adorable to pretend they

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOS ANGELES LIMITED



NOTHING FINER— NOTHING FASTER—

Leaves Chicago 8:10 P.M., daily

Like a sojourn in a fine hotel—appointments and cuisine link luxury and high scenic diversion to make your 63-hour journey a pleasant means to the end—California! the year round playground out of doors. Los Angeles Limited* has barber, bath, valet, maid, manicure.

Seven other fine fast trains to California, including the 63-hour San Francisco Overland Limited*; Gold Coast Limited (Open-top observation car in Southern California); Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.

*Extra fare trains.

See magnificent, mysterious Death Valley en route. Only $40 additional for all-expense two-day side trips.

For booklets describing California, Death Valley and these fine trains:

Address C. J. COLLINS
General Passenger Agent
Dept. 178 Omaha, Neb.

UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Job Insurance

YOU'VE insured your home, your car, yourself. Have you ever thought of insuring your job?

You feel perfectly safe in your present employment—but are you? Remember that business inevitably goes through alternate periods of expansion and contraction. Some time the pendulum will start on the downward swing. How far will it go? Who can tell?

Right now, you may be in a precarious position. Are you absolutely certain you would be retained if dull times struck your particular business? You've seen other men laid off during slack periods—you felt sorry for them. Can you be sure that your wife and children will not suffer because of your unemployment?

Of course you can! You've noticed that the more capable men are always retained when a cut is necessary. Therefore, why not make yourself a better workman than your fellows? You want a higher position some day—but you ought first to make your present place secure.

Building for the future will be safer and easier because of it.

Job insurance of this type is unfailing and inexpensive. A great institution—The International Correspondence Schools—has been offering it since 1891. In that time, more than 3,500,000 people have literally taken out policies to hold old jobs and win new ones.

A short, elementary course, that will help to insure your job, costs surprisingly little—for the confidence and security that it gives. With a strengthened position and increased salary, you can enter upon advanced courses that will give you the training to go correspondingly further. It is a simple, cumulative process and the possibilities are limitless.

In this "Universal University," you may study at home in your spare time—while your work goes on without interruption.

Do you care enough about your job to insure it against misfortune? The coupon will help you—without obligation to yourself.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

MAIL THE COUPON FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 8472-G, Scranton, Penna.
"The Universal University"

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Personnel Organization
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Business Law
☐ Banking and Finance Management
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
☐ Nicholson-Prouty Cost Accounting
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ Private Secretary
☐ Spanish ☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Good English
☐ Civil Service
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ High School Subjects
☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Electric Lighting
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Metallurgy
☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Radio
☐ Architect
☐ Blueprint Reading
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Navigation
☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Address.....

Present Position.....

DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

☐ Home Dressmaking
☐ Professional Dressmaking
☐ Millinery ☐ Cooking

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

[THE ONLY CHILD Continued from Page Eighty-one]

are helpless little things who can't add or subtract; some complain and are insatiable for sympathy; some pride themselves on their cowardice; some are great self-pitiers. Self-pity is infantile, and so is almost all crying, although so many grown-up women consider it one of their most charming assets.

The irony of it is that self-pitiers who crave sympathy so much get very little, because everybody feels they are having such a good time already.

BUT now I come to the most serious disadvantage of all. It is this: The only child has two loving (or, worse still, only one), interfering, easily hurt, overanxious parents around his neck like a millstone for the greater part of his life.

A child who has many brothers and sisters can get away from home when he is grown. This is right and normal. He can be a black sheep if so inclined. He can make his own mistakes and get out of them again by himself. He can marry whom he pleases. He can become an arctic explorer or a stunt aviator, or something equally hazardous and adventurous if he wants to.

But to be the only, beloved darling, even of the most generous parents, means a terrible excess of home life, of shelter, particularly for the girl child.

Moreover, the parents of an only child are prone to demand too much love from him. This can be a serious lifelong strain. Children are apt to have very little genuine emotional affection for their parents, and this is quite natural and healthy.

Love can not exist as a duty, and to tell a child it *ought* to love its parents is useless and only adds to his inner nervousness and inferiority, and feeling of guilt that he must be unnatural and cruel. Moreover, it doesn't make his parents any more lovable to him, but less so. Parents who wish to be loved must behave so as to elicit love.

When the child is no longer dependent, then the original fierce parental love should also cease. It should become a detached affection and good-will, with great happiness in the child's well-being, but without ever a request for emotional love from the child, or for gratitude. But, of course, when parents have reared only one ewe lamb in whom they have centered all their emotion, ambition, and egotism, this affectionate and generous detachment is hardly possible.

A mother of an only child said to the president of a large college for girls:

"Now that she is gone from home there is nothing I have left to live for. My life was wrapped up in hers, and all is gone." Poor daughter!

Another mother lamented that her daughter failed in some of her studies.

"I have done everything for my child. I never even let her pack her own trunk when she left home! And this is how she rewards me."

It did not occur to this mother that her maternal training could have been a great help in making the girl a brilliant chemistry student, for that requires self-reliance, independent judgment, enterprise.

The only child, says this same college president, is self-depreciating, timid, and silent, quite certain that independent judgment is sure to be wrong. Such students, he says emphatically, are far more difficult to develop and make into active, capable persons than some neglected helter-skelter youngest child who has been allowed to grow up any old way.

NOW, of course, there are exceptions.

I know an only child who is so phenomenal you will think I am making him up for the benefit of this article.

His father, since he was in high school, has always kept $1,000 in the bank for him to draw on. He never drinks or smokes. He was a famous football player. He is generous. He is popular. He is exceptionally handsome. He is a hard worker. He has a remarkably good and responsible position for his age.

Yet he is an only child, and is what we used to call "a spoiled child," if there ever was one, and here he is, growing up to be the ideal American son.

But probably the secret of it is that his parents didn't smother him, or goad him, or insist that he become something he didn't want to be. Nor did they assume that if they treated him much as they would treat an old friend, he would go to the devil.

If a mother shows concern every time the child complains, then her child will doubtless acquire a habit of complaining later in life.

If you have an only child, remember that ideas of spoiling have been reversed. Once we were afraid that if a child was allowed to be happy, free, and independent of his parents, not advised and warned and interrupted and coddled and cautioned at every turn, then he was spoiled. Now it is scientifically known that if he is not allowed to be all these things, then he is spoiled indeed.

"The thing to remember is," says Dr. Andrus, "that parents are not potters to mold clay, but gardeners to protect bulbs."

THE END

Old King Spear was a merry old dear,
A merry old dear was he—
He called for his gum—when they brought him some
He shouted "Hurrah for Wrigley!"

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

It's Easy to Remember Wrigley's Double Mint.

Once you try it you won't forget the lasting, full-strength Peppermint flavor of Double Mint!

For this is REAL, no-fooling Peppermint, *built-in*, generously heaped in, until it lasts, refreshes, satisfies unforgetably.

H115 *After every meal*

PIECES OF CHARM CHEST WITH MIRRORED INSIDE COVER
Eight Salad Forks, Eight Butter Spreaders, Eight Iced Tea Spoons, a Cold Meat Fork, a Gravy Ladle, a Berry Spoon, a Dessert Server, Twenty-eight pieces, $51.50. (*Prices slightly higher in Canada.*)

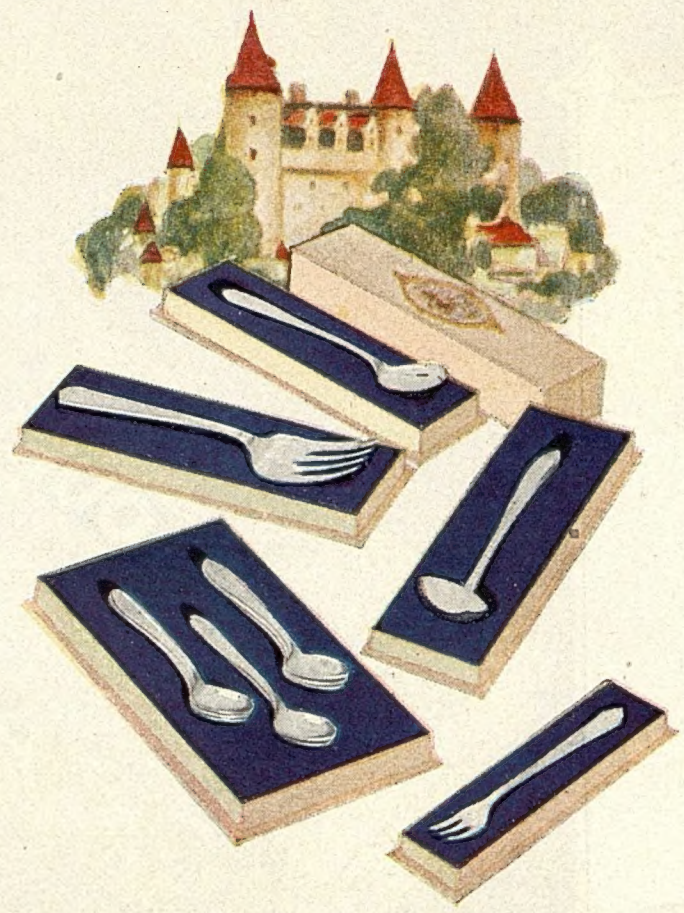
Presenting PIECES OF CHARM

Just what are PIECES OF CHARM? . . . Merely eliminate the necessities for the everyday meal —the conventional knives, forks and spoons— and you have them catalogued for you.

For PIECES OF CHARM are any, and all, of those pieces of tableware that almost every woman craves, and so few of them buy . . . the oyster forks, the bouillon spoons, the salad forks, the ice cream forks . . . and also that galaxy of individual pieces for the correct serving of meats, pickles, jellies, condiments and desserts.

"PIECES OF CHARM" in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate! How appropriately named! And how beautifully presented for this gay holiday season.

PIECES OF CHARM may be had in the gorgeous



Cabinet illustrated above (with the pad removed it will serve as a lovely vanity case for your dressing table), or in a beautiful tray, or as separate items, in individual gift boxes. The courtly group of Watteau figures in the illustration is reproduced on the covers of both the chest and individual boxes.

You have your choice of a variety of impeccably correct patterns, among them the Anniversary, Ancestral, Ambassador, and the new Argosy.

"TREASURE BOUND ON THE GOOD SHIP BUDGET"
Once you see Pieces of Charm, you'll never be satisfied till your silverware service is complete. And to make it so is now one of the easiest things imaginable. Send for our new booklet, "Treasure Bound on the Good Ship Budget," and learn how to buy Pieces of Charm systematically and with pleasing thrift. Ask for Booklet M-83, and address International Silver Company, Department E., Meriden, Connecticut.

· 1847 ROGERS BROS ·
SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO